

THE
HISTORY
Of the R E N O W N E D
DON QUIXOTE
De la M A N C H A.

Written in S P A N I S H by
Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

TRANSLATED by Several H A N D S :
And P U B L I S H ' D by
P E T E R M O T T E U X.

Adorn'd with New S C U L P T U R E S.

The S I X T H E D I T I O N,
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To the Right Honourable
HENRY BOYLE, Esq;
Chancellor of Her Majesty's
Exchequer, &c.

S I R,



I S a Hardship that I am de-
stitute of other Means to
acknowledge my Obligati-
ons, than by hazarding the
Forfeiture of my Pretences
to your Favour; and that I am forced to
repay your Acts of Generosity in this
manner, by an Imposition on your Hu-
manity: But the Muses are of that

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Sex, which, if once obliged, think they have a Right still to persecute their Benefactor.

The Encouragement You are pleas'd to give my Attempt upon *Don Quixote* was one great Motive to my Prosecution of the Design; and, to crown my Endeavours with a Success answerable, I must beg you to Patronize what you so generously promoted. But abating these Apologies for my Presumption, I have one unanswerable Plea, as I am a Translator: I must do my Author Justice; and if I have learn'd any thing of the Humour of the Writer, by examining his Work, the Great *Cervantes*, were he now alive, would have laid the Original where I deposite the Copy: He would have chosen a Person whose Illustrious Birth might blazon his Book with Honour, whose Knowledge in polite Learning might silence the Tongues of Criticism, and whose personal Virtues might stop even the Mouth of Envy. He would certainly have call'd for Protection to some Influence superior to his own; and where could the Great *Cervantes* find it, but in the Name of *BOYLE*, a Name that Philosophy,

The Epistle Dedicatory. v

losophy, Poetry, and Literature have dress'd with all their Charms, that the World might know it for their Darling ! I need not, Sir, particularize the Branches of your Illustrious House that are dignify'd that way. Fame has them upon Record, and they may be found in all the primitive Studies of *England*, all the Publick Libraries of *Europe* ; but most of all, Sir, in your Self.

'Tis a Reflection, Sir, upon Epistles Dedicatory, that all Writers address their Patrons much after the same manner: But Men should consider that there is a Transmigration of Vertue from one Illustrious Person to another, and that whatever has been said of *Mæcenas*, should for the same Reason be said of You. His Capacity for arduous Affairs was highly evident, from his great Share in the Management of Publick Business. Your Employments in the State, with your Affiduity in the Senate, make You an Ornament to your Station, and a Benefit to your Country. He was famous for his countenancing of Parts and Learning, and You are no less eminent for your Encouragement of Arts and Ingenuity.

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The Subject of our Praise is the same, the *Roman* is every way here, but there wants a *Virgil* or a *Horace* to make the Parallel compleat. Had I the Spirit of the Poet, as you have the Qualifications of the Patron, I would with less Blushing, and more Assurance, have ventur'd to own my self,

S I R,



Your most Humble and

most Obedient Servant,

Peter Motteux.

THE



THE

Author's PREFACE.

BLESS me! Reader, gentle or simple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful Invectives against the Author of the * second Don Quixote. But I must beg your Pardon: for I shall say no more of him than every Body says, That Tordefillas is the Place where he was Begotten, and Tarragona the Place where he was Born; and though it be universally said, that even a Worm when trod upon, will turn again, yet I'm resolv'd for once to cross the Proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him Coxcomb, Fool, and Mad-man; but I'm of another Mind; and so let his Folly be its own Punishment. But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over: He is pleas'd to upbraid me with my Age: Indeed had

* A Person who wrote himself a Native of Tordefillas, Published an Impudent Book by that Name, Printed at Tarragona, while our Author was preparing his second Part for the Press.

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it been in the Power of Man to stop the Career of Time, I would not have suffer'd the Old Gentleman to have laid his Fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the Loss of one of my Hands: as if that Main had been got in a scandalous or Drunken Quarrel in some Tavern, and not upon the most memorable * Occasion that either past or present Ages have beheld, and which perhaps Futurity will never parallel. If my Wounds do not redound to my Honour in the Thoughts of some of those that look upon 'em, they will at least secure me the Esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A Soldier makes a nobler Figure as he lies Bleeding in the Bed of Honour, than safe in an Inglorious Flight; and I am so far from being affam'd of the Loss of my Hand, that were it possible to recal the same Opportunity, I should think my Wounds but a small Price for the Glory of sharing in that Prodigious Action. The Scars in a Soldier's Face and Breast, are the Stars that by a Laudable Imitation guide others to the Port of Honour and Glory. Besides, it is not the Hand, but the Understanding of a Man, that may be said to Write; and those Years that he is pleas'd to quarrel with, always improve the latter.

I am not wholly insensible of his Epithets of Ignorant and Envious; but I take Heaven to Witness, I never was acquainted with any Branch of Envy beyond a sacred, generous, and Ingenuous Emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a Clergyman, especially if made the more Reverend by a Post in the Inquisition: And if any such Person thinks himself affronted, as that Author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a Veneration for his Parts, admire his Works, and have an awful Regard for the efficacious Virtue of his Office.

* The Battle of Lepanto.

I must

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I must return this fine Dogmatical Gentleman my hearty Thanks for his Criticism upon my Novels: He is pleas'd very judiciously to say, that they have more of Satyr than of Morality; and yet owns, that the Novels are good. Now I thought that if a Thing was good, it must be so in every respect.

Methinks, Reader, I hear you blame me for shewing so little Resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, 'tis not good to bear too hard upon a Man that is so over-modest and so much in Affliction: for certainly this must needs be a miserable Soul; He has not the Face, poor Man, to appear in Publick; but conscious of his wretched Circumstances, conceals his Name, and counterfeits his Country, as if he had committed Treason, or some other punishable Crime: Well then, if ever you shou'd happen to fall into his Company, pray in Pity tell him from me, that I have not the least Quarrel in the World with him: For I am not ignorant of the Temptations of Satan; and of all his Imps, the Scrubbling Devil is the most Irresistible. When that Demon is got into a Man's Head, he takes the Possession for Inspiration, and full of his false Ability, falls flap-dash to Writing and Publishing, which gets him as much Fame from the World as he has Money from the Booksellers, and as little Money from the Booksellers as he has Fame from the World. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be dispos'd to be merry, pray tell him this Story.

Once upon a time, there was a Mad-man in Sevil that hit upon one of the prettiest out of the way Whims that ever Mad-man in this World was posses'd withal. He gets him a hollow Cane, small at one end, and catching hold of a Dog in the Street, or any where else, he clapp'd his Foot on one of the Cur's Legs, and holding up his Hind-Legs in his Hand, he fitted his Cane to the Dog's Back-side, and blew him up as round as a Ball: Then giving him a Thump or two on the Guts, and turning to the By-standers, who are

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always a great many upon such Occasions : Well, Gentlemen, said he, What do you think, Is it such an easy Matter to blow up a Dog ? And what think you, Sir, Is it such an easy Matter to write a Book ? But if this Picture be not like him, pray honest Reader, tell him this other Story of a Dog and a Mad-man.

There was a Mad-man at Cordova, who made it his Business to carry about the Streets upon his Head, a huge Stone of a pretty Conscionable Weight ; and whenever he met with a Dog without a Master, especially such a surly Cur as would stalk up to his Nose, he very fairly droppe'd his Load all at once, fouse upon him : The poor Beast would howl, and growl, and clapping his Tail between his Legs, limp'd away without so much as looking behind him, for two or three Streets length at least. The Mad-man, mightily pleas'd with his new Device, serv'd every Dog that had Courage to look him in the Face, with the same Sauce ; till one Day it was his Fortune to meet with a Sportsman's Dog, a Capmaker's by Trade, though that's neither here nor there. The Dog was mightily valu'd by his Master, but that was more than the Mad-man knew ; so flap went the Stone upon the poor Dog. The Animal being almost crush'd to Death, set up his Throat, and yelp'd most piteously ; insomuch that his Master knowing it was his Dog by the Howl, runs out, and touch'd with the Injury, whips up a Stick that was at Hand, lets drive at the Mad-man, and belabours him to some Purpose, crying out at every Blow, You Son of a Bitch, abuse my Spaniel ! You Inhumane Rascal, did not you know that my Dog was a Spaniel ! And so thwack'd the poor Lunatick, till he had not a whole Bone in his Skin. At last he crawl'd from under his Clutches, and it was a whole Month before he could lick himself whole again. Nevertheless out he came once more with his Invention, and heavier than the former ; but coming by the same Dog again, though he had a Month's Mind to give him

him t'other Dib; yet recollecting himself, and shrugging up his Shoulders: No quoth he, I must have a care, this Dog's a Spaniel. In short all Dogs he met whether Mastiffs or Hounds, were downright Spaniels to him ever after. Now the Moral of the Fable is this, this Author's Wit is the Mad-man's Stone, and 'tis likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

One Word more, and I have done with him. Pray tell the mighty Man, That as to his Menaces of taking the Bread out of my Mouth, I shall only Answer him with a piece of an Old Song, God Prosper long our Noble King, our Lives and Safeties all, — and so Peace be with him. Long Live the great Conde Lemos, whose Humanity, and celebrated Liberality sustain me under the most severe Blows of Fortune! And may the eminent Charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal Monument to his Fame! Had I never Publish'd a Word, and were as many Books Published against me, as there are Letters in Mingo Revulgo's Poems; yet the Bounty of these two Princes, that have taken Charge of me, without any Soliciting, or Adulation, were sufficient in my Favour: And I think myself Richer and Greater in their Esteem, than I would of any profitable Honour that can be Purchas'd at the ordinary rate of Advancement. The Indigent Man may attain their Favour, but the Vicious cannot. Poverty may partly Eclipse a Gentleman, but cannot totally Obscure him; and those Glimmerings of Ingenuity that peep through the Chinks of a narrow Fortune, have always gain'd the Esteem of the truly Noble and Generous Spirits.

Now Reader, I have done with him and you, only give me leave to tell you, that this Second Part of *Don Quixote*, which I now present you, is cut by the same hand, and of the same Piece with the First. Here you have the Knight once more fitted out, and at last brought to his Death, and fairly laid in his Grave; that

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no Body may presume to raise any more Stories of him. He has committed Extravagancies enough already, he's sorry far't, and that's enough. Too much of one thing clogs the Appetite, but Scarcity makes every thing go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my Persiles is almost finish'd, and expects to kiss your Hands in a little time; and the Second Part of the Galatea will shortly put in for the same Honour.



T H E



THE
Life and Atchievements
Of the Renowned
Don *Quixote de la Mancha.*

P A R T II. V O L. III.

C H A P. I.

*What pass'd between the Curate, the Barber
and Don Quixote, concerning his Indisposi-
tion.*

CIDE HAMET Benengeli relates in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote's third Sally, that the Curate and the Barber were almost a whole Month without giving him a Visit; lest calling to mind his former Extravagancies, he might take Occasion to renew them. However, they fail'd not every Day to see his Niece, and his House-keeper, whom they charged to treat

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treat and cherish him with great Care, and to give him such Diet as might be most proper to cheer his Heart, and comfort his Brain, whence in all likelihood his Disorder wholly proceeded. They answer'd, that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power; the rather because they observed, that sometimes he seemed to be in his right Senses. This News was very welcome to the Curate and the Barber, who looked on this Amendment as an Effect of their contrivance, in bringing him home in the Enchanted Wagon, as 'tis Recorded in the last Chapter of the first Part of this most important, and no less punctual History. Thereupon they resolved to give him a Visit, and make tryal themselves of the Progress of a Cure, which they thought almost impossible. They also agreed not to speak a Word of Knight-Errantry, lest they should endanger a Wound so lately closed and so tender. In short, they went to see him, and found him sitting up in his Bed in a Wastecote of green Bays, and a red *Toledo* Cap on his Head: But the poor Gentleman was so wither'd and wasted, that he look'd like a meer Mumey. He received them very civilly, and when they enquired of his Health, gave them an account of his Condition, expressing himself very handsomely, and with a great deal of Judgment. After they had discours'd a while of several Matters, they fell at last on State-Affairs and Forms of Government, Correcting this Grievance, and Condemning that, Reforming one Custom, Rejecting another, and Establishing new Laws, as if they had been the *Lycurgus's* or *Sol ns* of the Age; till they had refined and new modelled the Commonwealth at such a rate, that they seemed to have clapped it into a Forge, and drawn it out wholly different from what it was before. Don *Quixote* reasoned with so much Discretion on every Subject, that his two Visitants now undoubtedly believed him in his right Senses.

His

His Niece and House-keeper were present at these Discourses; and hearing him give so many Marks of a sound Understanding, thought they could never return Heaven sufficient thanks for so extraordinary a Blessing. But the Curate who wondered at this strange Amendment being resolved to try whether *Don Quixote* was perfectly recovered, thought fit to alter the Resolution he had taken to avoid entring into any Discourse of Knight-Errantry; and therefore began to talk to him of News, and among the rest that it was credibly reported at Court, that the Grand Signior was advancing with a vast Army, and no Body knew where the Tempest would fall, that all *Christendom* was alarmed, as it used to be almost every Year, and that the King was providing for the Security of the Coasts of *Sicily* and *Naples*, and the Island of *Malta*. His Majesty said *Don Quixote*, acts the part of a most prudent Warrior, in putting his Dominions betimes in a Posture of Defence; for by that Precaution he prevents the Surprizes of the Enemy: But yet if my Counsel were to be taken in this Matter, I would advise another sort of Preparation, which I fancy his Majesty little thinks of at present. Now Heaven assist thee, poor *Don Quixote*, (said the Curate to himself, hearing this,) I am afraid thou art now tumbling from the Top of thy Madness to the very bottom of Simplicity. Thereupon the Barber, who had presently made the same Reflexion, desired *Don Quixote* to communicate to them this mighty Project of his; for, said he, who knows, but after all, it may be one of those that are only to find a Place in the List of impertinent Admonitions usually given to Princes. No, good Mr. Trimmer, answer'd *Don Quixote*, my Project is not impertinent, but highly adviseable. I meant no harm in what I said, Sir, replied the Barber, only we generally find, most of these Projects that are offered to the King, are either Impracticable or Whimfical, or tend to the Detriment of the King or

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or Kingdom. But mine, said *Don Quixote*, is neither impossible nor ridiculous; far from that, 'tis the most easy, the most thoroughly weighed, and the most concise, that ever can be devis'd by Man. Methinks you are too long before you let us know it, Sir, said the Curate. To deal freely with you, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I should be loth to tell it you here now, and have it reach the Ear of some Privy-Counsellor to morrow, and so afterwards see the Fruit of my Invention reap'd by somebody else. As for me, said the Barber, I give you my Word here, and in the Face of Heaven, never to tell it, either to King, Queen, Rook, Pawn, or Knight, or any earthly Man: An Oath I learn'd out of the Romance of the Curate, in the Preface to which he tells the King, who it was that robb'd him of his hundred Doublons, and his Ambling Mule. I know nothing of the Story, said *Don Quixote*; but I have reason to be satisfied with the Oath, because I'm confident Master Barber is an honest Man. Tho' he were not, said the Curate, I'll be his Surety in this matter, and will engage for him, that he shall no more speak of it, than if he were dumb, under what Penalty you please. And who shall answer for you, Mr. Curate, answer'd *Don Quixote*? My Profession, reply'd the Curate, which binds me to Secrecy. Body of me then! cry'd *Don Quixote*, what has the King to do more, but to cause publick Proclamation to be made, enjoyning all the Knight-Errants that are dispers'd in this Kingdom, to make their Personal Appearance at Court upon a certain Day. For though but half a Dozen should meet, there may be some one among them, who even alone might be able to destroy the whole united Force of *Turkey*. For pray-observe well what I say, Gentlemen, and take me along with ye. Do you look upon it as a new thing for one Knight-Errant alone to Rout an Army of Two Hundred Thousand Men, with as much ease as if all of 'em joyn'd together

together had but one Throat, or were made of Sugar-Paste? You know how many Histories are full of these Wonders. Were but the Renown'd Don *Bellianis* living now, with a Vengeance on me, (for I'll curse no Body else) or some Knight of the innumerable Race of *Amadis de Gaul*, and he met with these *Turks*, what a woful Condition would they be in! However, I hope Providence will in Pity look down upon his People, and raise up, if not so prevalent a Champion as those of former Ages, at least, some one who may perhaps rival them in Courage; Heaven knows my meaning; I say no more. Alas! said the Niece, hearing this, I'll lay my Life, my Uncle has still a hankring after Knight-Errantry. I will die a Knight Errant, cry'd Don *Quixote*, and so let the *Turks* Land where they please, how they please, and when they please, and with all the Forces, they can Muster; once more I say, Heaven knows my meaning. Gentlemen, said the Barber, I beg leave to tell you a short Story of somewhat that happened at *Sevil*: Indeed it falls out as pat as if it had been made for our present Purpose, and so I have a great mind to tell it. Don *Quixote* gave Consent, the Curate and the rest of the Company were willing to hear; and thus the Barber began

A certain Person being Distracted, was put into the Mad-house at *Sevil* by his Relations. He had studied the Civil-Law, and taken his Degrees at *Offuna*; tho', had he taken them at *Salamanca*, many are of Opinion he would have been mad too. After he had lived some Years in this Confinement, he was pleas'd to fancy himself in his right Senses, and upon this Conceit wrote to the Archbishop, beseeching him with great Earnestness, and all the Colour of Reason imaginable, to release him out of his Misery by his Authority, since by the Mercy of Heaven he was wholly freed from any Disorder in his Mind; only his Relations, he said,

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said, kept him in still to enjoy his Estate, and designed, in spight of Truth, to have him Mad to his dying Day. The Archbishop, perswaded by many Letters which he wrote to him on that Subject, all penn'd with Sense and Judgment, order'd one of his Chaplains to enquire of the Governor of the House, into the Truth of the Matter, and also to discourse with the Party, that he might set him at large, in case he found him free from Distraction. Thereupon the Chaplain went, and having ask'd the Governor what Condition the Graduate was in? Was answer'd, that he was still mad; that sometimes indeed he would talk like a Man of excellent Sense, but presently after he would relapse into his former Extravagancies, which at least ballanced all his rational Talk, as he himself might find, if he pleas'd to discourse him. The Chaplain being resolv'd to make the Experiment, went to the Mad-man, and convers'd with him above an Hour, and in all that time could not perceive the least Disorder in his Brain; far from that, he deliver'd himself with so much Sedateness, and gave such direct and pertinent Answers to every Question, that the Chaplain was oblig'd to believe him sound in his Understanding: nay, he went so far, as to make a plausible Complaint against his Keeper, alledging, that, for the Lucre of those Presents which his Relations sent him, he represented him to those who came to see him, as one who was still distracted, and had only now and then lucid Intervals; but that after all, his greatest Enemy was his Estate, the Possession of which his Relations being unwilling to resign, they would not acknowledge the Mercy of Heaven, that had once more made him a rational Creature. In short, he pleaded in such a manner, that the Keeper was suspected, his Relations were censured as Covetous and Unnatural, and he himself was thought Master of so much Sense, that the Chaplain resolv'd to take him along with him, that the Archbishop might

might be able to satisfy himself of the Truth of the whole Business. In order to this, the credulous Chaplain desir'd the Governor to give the Graduate the Habit which he had brought with him at his first coming. The Governor us'd all the Arguments which he thought might dissuade the Chaplain from his Design, assuring him, that the Man was still frantick and disorder'd in his Brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the Mad-man there any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the Archbishop's Order, and returned the Man his Habit, which was neat and decent.

Having now put off his Madman's Weeds, and finding himself in the Garb of rational Creatures, he begg'd of the Chaplain, for Charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late Companions in Affliction. The Chaplain told him he would bear him Company, having a mind to see the Mad folks in the House. So they went up Stairs, and with them some other People that stood by. Presently the Graduate came to a kind of a Cage, where lay a Man that was outrageously Mad, though at that Instant still and quiet; and addressing himself to him, Brother, said he, have you any Service to command me? I am just going to my own House, Thanks be to Heaven, which, of its infinite Goodness and Mercy, has restored me to my Senses. Be of good Comfort, and put your Trust in the Father of Wisdom, who will, I hope, be as Merciful to you as he has been to me. I'll besure to send you some choice Victuals, which I would have you eat by all means; for I must needs tell you, that I have Reason to imagine, from my own Experience, that all our Madness proceeds from keeping our Stomachs empty of Food, and our Brains full of Wind. Take heart then, my Friend, and be cheerful; for, this desponding in Misfortunes impairs our Health, and hurries us to the Grave. Just over-against that Room lay another Mad-man, who having listen'd with

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with an envious Attention to all this Discourse, starts up from an old Mat on which he lay stark naked; Who's that, cry'd he aloud, that's going away so well recover'd and so wise? 'Tis I, Brother, that am going, reply'd the Graduate; I have now no need to stay here any longer; for which Blessing I can never cease to return my humble and hearty Thanks to the infinite Goodness of Heaven. Doctor, quoth the Mad-man, have a Care what you say, and let not the Devil delude you. Stir not a Foot, but keep snug in your old Lodging, and save your self the cursed Vexation of being brought back to your Kennel. Nay, answer'd the other, I'll warrant you there will be no Occasion for my coming hither again; I know I am perfectly well. You well! cry'd the Mad-man, we shall soon see that.

— Farewel, but by the Sovereign *Jupiter*, whose Majesty I represent on Earth, for this very Crime alone, for setting thee at large, I say, for presumptuously affirming, that thou art sound in thy Intellects, I will take such a severe Revenge on this whole City, that it shall be remember'd with Terror from Age to Age, and for ever and aye. Dost thou not know, my poor Brainless Thing in a Gown, that this is in my Power? I that am the Thundering *Jove*, that grasp in my Hands the red-hot Bolts of Heaven, with which I keep the threaten'd World in awe, and might reduce it all to Ashes. But stay, I will commute the fiery Punishment, which this ignorant Town deserves, into another: I will only shut up the Flood-Gates of the Skies, so that there shall not fall a Drop of Rain upon this City, nor on all the neighbouring Country round about it, for three Years together; to begin from the very Moment that gives Date to this my inviolable Execration. Thou free! thou well, and in thy Senses! and I here mad, distemper'd, and confined! By my Thunder, I will no more indulge the Town with Rain, than I would

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 21

would hang my self. As every one there was attentive to these loud and frantick Threats, the Graduate turn'd to the Chaplain, and taking him by the Hand; Sir, said he, let not that Mad-man's Threats trouble you. Never mind him; for, if he be *Jupiter*, and will not let it Rain, I am *Neptune* the Parent and God of the Waters, and it shall Rain as often as I please, where-ever Necessity shall require it. However, answered the Chaplain, good Mr. *Neptune*, 'tis not convenient to provoke Mr. *Jupiter*: Therefore be pleas'd to stay here a little longer, and some other Time at convenient Leisure, I may chance to find a better Opportunity to wait on you, and bring you away. The Keeper and the rest of the Company could not forbear Laughing, which put the Chaplain almost out of Countenance. In short, Mr. *Neptune* was disrob'd again, stay'd where he was, and there's an end of the Story.

Well, Mr. Barber, said Don *Quixote*, and this is your Tale which you said came to pat to the present purpose, that you could not forbear telling it! Ah, Good-man Cut-beard, Good-man Cut-beard! How blind must he be that can't see thto' a Sieve! Is it possible your pragmatical Worship should not know that Comparisons made between Wit and Wit, Courage and Courage, Beauty and Beauty, Birth and Birth, are always odious and ill taken? I am not *Neptune* the God of the Waters, good Mr. Barber: neither do I pretend to set up for a wise Man when am not so. All I aim at, is only to make the World sensible how much they are to blame, in not abouring to revive those most happy Times, in which the Order of Knight-Errantry was in its full Glory. But indeed, this degenerate Age of ours is unworthy the Enjoyment of so great a Happiness, which former Ages could boast, when Knights-Errant took upon themselves the Defence of Kingdoms, the Protection of Damsels, the Relief of Orphans, the Punish-

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Punishment of Pride and Oppression, and the Reward of Humility. Most of your Knights now-a-days, keep a greater Rustling with their Sumptuous Garments of Damask, Gold Brocade, and other costly Stuffs, than with the Coats of Mail, which they should glory to wear. No Knight now will lie on the hard Ground in the open Field, expos'd to the injurious Air, from Head to Foot inclos'd in ponderous Armour: Where are those now, who without taking their Feet out of the Stirrups, and only leaning on their Lances, like the Knights-Errant of Old, strive to disappoint invading Sleep, rather than indulge it? Where is that Knight, who having first travers'd a spacious Foret, climb'd up a steep Mountain, and journey'd over a dismal barren Shore, wash'd by a turbulent tempestuous Sea; and finding on the Brink a little Skiff, destitute of Sails, Oars, Mast, or any kind of Tackling, is yet so bold as to throw himself into the Boat with an undaunted Resolution, and resign himself to the implacable Billows of the Main, that now mount him to the Skies, and then hurry him down to the most profound Recesses of the Waters; till, with his insuperable Courage, surmounting at last the Hurricane, even in its greatest Fury, he finds himself above Three Thousand Leagues from the Place where he first imbark'd, and leaping ashore in a remote and unknown Region, meets with Adventures that deserve to be recorded, not only on Parchment, but on *Corinthian* Brads. But now, alas! Sloth and Effeminacy triumph over Vigilance and Labour, Idleness over Industry, Vice over Virtue, Arrogance over Valour, and the Theory of Arms over the Practice; that true Practice, which only liv'd and flourish'd in those Golden Days, and among those Professors of Chivalry. For, when shall we hear of a Knight more Valiant and more Honourable than the Renowned *Amadis de Gaul*? Who more discreet than *Palmerin of England*? Who

more Affable and Complaisant than *Tirante the White*? Who more Gallant than *Lisuarte of Greece*? Who more Cut and Hack'd, or a greater Cutter and Hacker than *Don Bellianis*? Who more Intrepid than *Perion of Gaul*? Who more Daring than *Pelixmarte of Hyrcania*? Who more Sincere than *Esplandian*? Who more Courteous than *Ciriongilio of Thrace*? Who more Brave than *Rodomont*? Who more Prudent than King *Sobrino*? Who more Desperate than *Rinaldo*? Who more Invincible than *Orlando*? And who more Agreeable or more Courteous than *Rogero*? From whom, (according to *Turpin* in his Geography) the Dukes of *Ferrara* are descended? All these Champions, Mr. Curate, and a great many more that I could mention, were Knights-Errant, and the very Light and Glory of Chivalry; now, such as these are the Men I would advise the King to employ; by which means his Majesty would be effectually se:v'd, and freed from a vast Expence, and the *Turk* would tear his very Beard for Madness. For my part, I don't design to stay where I am, because the Chaplain will not fetch me out; tho', if *Jupiter*, as Mr. Barber said, will send no Rain, here stands one that will, and can Rain, when he pleases. This I say, that Goodman Bason here may know I understand his meaning. Truly, good Sir, said the Barber, I meant no ill, Heaven is my Witness, my Intent was good; and therefore I hope your Worship will take nothing amiss. Whether I ought to take it amiss or no, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is best known to my self. Well, said the Curate, I have hardly spoken a Word yet; and before I go, I would gladly be eas'd of a Scruple, which *Don Quixote*'s Words started within me, and which grates and gnaws my Conscience. Mr. Curate may be free with me in greater Matters, said *Don Quixote*, and so may well tell his Scruple; for 'tis no Pleasure to have a Burden upon one's Conscience. With your leave then,

Sir

Sir, said the Curate, I must tell you, that I can by no means prevail with my self to believe, that all this Multitude of Knights-Errant, which your Worship has mention'd, were ever real Men of this World, and true substantial Flesh and Blood; but rather, that whatever is said of them, is all Fable and Fiction, Lies and Dreams, related by Men rather half asleep than awake. This is indeed another Mistake, said Don *Quixote*, into which many have been led, who do not believe there ever were any of those Knights in the World. And in several Companies, I have many Times had occasion to vindicate that manifest Truth from the almost universal Error, that is entertained to its Prejudice. Sometimes my Success has not been answerable to the Goodness of my Cause, though at others it has; being supported on the Shoulders of Truth, which is so apparent, that I dare almost say, I have seen *Amadis de Gaul* with these very Eyes. He was a tall comely Personage, of a good and lively Complexion, his Beard well ordered tho' black, his Aspect at once awful and affable: A Man of few Words, slowly provoked, and quickly pacify'd. And, as I have given you the Picture of *Amadis*, I fancy I could readily delineate all the Knights-Errant that are to be met with in History: For once apprehending, as I do, that they were just such as their Histories report them, 'tis an easy matter to guess their Features, Statures and Complexions, by the Rules of ordinary Philosophy, and the Account we have of their Atchievements, and various Humours. Pray, good Sir, quoth the Barber, how tall then might the Giant *Morgante* be? Whether there ever were Giants or no, answer'd Don *Quixote*, is a Point much controverted among the Learned. However, the Holy Writ, that cannot deviate an Atome from Truth, informs us there were some, of which we have an Instance in the account it gives us of that huge *Philistine*, *Goliath*, who

who was seven Cubits and a half high; which is a prodigious Stature. Besides, in *Sicily* Thigh-bones and Shoulder-bones have been found of so immense a Size, that from thence of Necessity we must conclude by the certain Rules of Geometry, that the Men to whom they belong'd were Giants, as big as huge Steeples. But, for all this I cannot positively tell you how big *Morgante* was; though I am apt to believe he was not very tall, and that which makes me inclinable to believe so, is, that in the History which gives us a particular Account of his Exploits, we read, that he often us'd to lie under a Roof. Now if there were any House that could hold him, 'tis evident he could not be of an immense Bigness. That must be granted, said the Curate, who took some Pleasure in hearing him talk at that strange Rate, and therefore ask'd him what his Sentiments were of the Faces of *Rinaldo* of *Montalbon*, *Orlando*, and the rest of the twelve Peers of *France*, who had all of 'em been Knights-Errant? As for *Rinaldo*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I dare venture to say, he was broad-fac'd, of a ruddy Complexion, his Eyes sparkling and large, very Captious, extremely Cholerick, and a Favourer of Robbers and profligate Fellows. As for *Rolando*, *Rotolando*, or *Orlando*, (for all these several Names are given him in History) I am of Opinion and assure my self, that he was of middling Stature, broad-shoulder'd, somewhat bandy-legg'd, brown-visag'd, red-bearded, very hairy on his Body, surly-look'd, no Talker, but yet very civil and good-humour'd. If *Orlando* was no handomer than you tell us, said the Curate, no wonder if the fair *Angelica* slighted him, and preferr'd the brisk, pretty, charming, downy-chinn'd young *Moor* before him; neither was she to blame to neglect the Roughness of the one for the soft Embraces of the other. That *Angelica*, Mr. Curate, said Don *Quixote*, was a dissolute Damsel, a wild flirting wanton Creature, and

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somewhat capricious to boot. She left the World as full of her Impertinencies as of the Fame of her Beauty. She despis'd a thousand Princes, a thousand of the inost valiant and discreet Knights in the whole World, and took up with a paltry beardless Page, that had neither Estate nor Honour, and who could lay Claim to no other Reputation, but that of being grateful, when he gave a Proof of his Affection to his Friend *Dardinel*. And indeed, even that great Extoller of her Beauty, the celebrated *Ariosto*, either not daring, or rather not desiring to rehearse what happen'd to *Angelica*, after she had so basely prostituted her self (which Passages doubtless could not be very much to her Reputation) that very *Ariosto*, I say, dropp'd her Character quite, and left her with these Verses,

Perhaps some better Lyre shall sing,

How Love and she made him Cataya's King.

And without doubt that was a Kind of a Prophecy; for the Denomination of *Vates*, which signifies a Prophet, is common to those whom we otherwise call Poets. Accordingly indeed this Truth has been made evident; for in Proces of Time, a famous *Andalusian* Poet wept for her, and celebrated her Tears in Verse; and another eminent and choice Poet of *Castile* made her Beauty his Theme. But, pray Sir, said the Barber, among so many Poets that have written in that Lady *Angelica*'s Praise, did none of 'em ever write a Satyr upon her? Had *Sacripante*, or *Orlando* been Poets, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I make no Question but they would have handled her to some Purpose; for there's nothing more common than for cast Poets, when disdain'd by their feign'd or false Mistresses, to revenge themselves with Satyrs and Lampoons; a Proceeding certainly unworthy a generous Spirit. However, I never yet did hear of any Defamatory Verses on the Lady *Angelica*, tho' she made so much Mischief in the World. That's

• Mi-

a Miracle indeed, cry'd the Curate. But here they were interrupted by a Noise below in the Yard, where the Niece and the House-keeper, who had left 'em some time before, were very Obstreperous, which made 'em all hasten to know what was the Matter.

C H A P. II.

Of the memorable Quarrel between Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote's Niece and House-keeper; with other pleasant Passages.

THE History informs us, that the Occasion of the Noise which the Niece and House-keeper made, was *Sancho Panza's* endeavouring to force his way into the House, while they at the same time held the Door against him to keep him out. What have you to do in this House, ye Paunch-gutted Squob, cry'd one of 'em? Go, go, keep to your own home, Friend. 'Tis all along of you, and no body else, that my poor Master is distracted, debauch'd, and carry'd a Rambling all the Country over. Thou House-keeper for the Devil, reply'd *Sancho*, 'Tis I that am distracted, debauch'd, and carried a rambling, and not your Master. 'Twas he led me the Jaunt; so you are wide of the Matter. 'Twas he that inveigled me from my House and Home with his Colloquing, and saying he would give me an Island; which is not come yet, and I still wait for. May'st thou be choak'd with thy plaguy Islands, cry'd the Niece, thou cursed Paunch! And what are your Islands! Any thing to eat, Good-man Greedy-gut, ha? Hold you there, answer'd *Sancho*! They are not to eat, but to govern; and better Governments than any four Cities, or as many Heads of the King's

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best Corporations. For all that, quoth the House-keeper, thou com'st not within these Doors, thou Bundle of Wickedness, and Sack-full of Roguery! Go, govern your own House! Work, you lazy Rogue! To the Plough, and never trouble your Jolter-head about Islands or Oylets. The Curate and the Barber took a great deal of Pleasure to hear this Dialogue. But Don *Quixote* fearing lest *Sancho* should not keep within Bounds, but blunder out some Discoveries prejudicial to his Reputation, while he ripped up a Pack of little foolish Slander, call'd him in, and enjoined the Women to be silent. *Sancho* enter'd, and the Curate and the Barber took leave of Don *Quixote*, despairing of his Cure, considering how deep his Folly was rooted in his Brain, and how bewitch'd he was with his silly Knight-Errantry. Well, Neighbour, said the Curate to the Barber, now do I expect nothing better of our Gentleman, than to hear shortly he is gone upon another Ramble. Nor I neither, answer'd the Barber; but I don't wonder so much at the Knight's Madness as at the Silliness of the Squire, who thinks himself so sure of the Island, that I fancy all the Art of Man cou'd never beat it out of his Scull. Heaven mend 'em said the Curate! In the mean time let us observe 'em; we shall find what will be the Event of the Extravagance of the Knight, and the Foolishnes of the Squire. One wou'd think they had been cast in one Mould; and indeed the Master's Madness without the Man's Impertinence, were not worth a Rush. 'Tis so, said the Barber, and now they are together, methinks I long to know what passes between 'em. I don't doubt but the two Women will be able to give an Account of that, for they are not of a Temper to withstand the Temptation of List'ning. Mean while Don *Quixote* having lock'd himself up with his Squire, they had the following Colloquy. I take it very ill, said he, *Sancho*,

Sancho, that you should report, as you do, that I enticed you out of your paltry Hut, when you know, that I my self left my own Mansion-House. We set out together, continued together, and travel'd together. We ran the same Fortune, and the same Hazards together. If thou hast been toss'd in a Blanket once, I have been batter'd and bruis'd a hundred times; and that's all the Advantage I have had above thee. And reason good, answer'd *Sancho*; for you your self use to say, that Ill-luck and Cross-Bittings are oftner to light on the Knights than on their Squires. Thou art mistaken, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for the Proverb will tell thee, that *Quando caput dolet, &c.* Nay, quoth *Sancho*, I understand no Language but my own. I mean, said *Don Quixote*, that when the Head akes, all the Members partake of the Pain: So then, as I am thy Master, I am also thy Head; and as thou art my Servant, thou art one of my Members; it follows therefore, that I cannot be sensible of Pain, but thou too ought'st to be affected with it; and likewise, that nothing of Ill can befall thee, but I must bear a Share. Right, quoth *Sancho*; but yet when I, as a Limb of you, was toss'd in a Blanket, my Head was pleas'd to stay a't'other Side of the Wall, and saw me frisking in the Air, without going Snacks in my bodily Trouble. Thou art greatly mistaken, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, if thou think'st I was not sensible of thy Sufferings: For I was then more tortur'd in Mind, than thou wast tormented in Body; but let us adjourn this Discourse till some other time, which doubtless will afford us an Opportunity to redress past Grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the Town say of me? What do the Neighbours, what do the People think of me? What say the Gentry, and the better Sort? How do the Knights discourse of my Valour, my high Feats of Arms, and my courteous Behaviour? What

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What Thoughts do they entertain of my Design, to raise from the Grave of Oblivion the Order of Knight-Errantry, and restore it to the World? In short, tell me freely and sincerely whatever thou hast heard; neither enlarg'd with flattering Commendations, nor lessen'd by any Omission of my Dispraise; for 'tis the Duty of Faithful Servants to lay Truth before their Masters in its Honourable Nakedness. And I would have thee know, *Sancho*, that if it were to appear before Princes, in its native Simplicity, and disrobed of the odious Disguise of Flattery, we should see happier Days; this Age would be chang'd into an Age of Gold, and former Times compared to this, would be call'd the Iron Age. Remember this, and be advis'd, that I may hear thee impart a faithful Account of these Matters. That I will, with all my Heart, answer'd *Sancho*, so your Worship will not take it amiss, if I tell what I have heard, just as I heard it, and neither better nor worse. Nothing shall provoke me to Anger, answer'd *Don Quixote*; speak freely, and without any Circumlocution. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, first and foremost you are to know, that the common People take you for a downright Mad-man, and me for one that has not much Guts in his Brains. The Gentry say, that not being content to keep within the Bounds of Gentility, you have taken upon you to be a *Don*, and set up for a Knight, and a Right Worshipful, with a small Vineyard, and two Acres of Land, a Tatter before, and another behind. The Knights forsooth, take Pepper i'th' Nose, and say, they don't like to have your small Gentry think themselves as good as they, especially your Old-fashion'd Country Squires that mend and Lamp-black their own Shoes, and darn ye their old black Stockings themselves with a Needleful of Green Silk. All this does not affect me, said *Don Quixote*, for I always wear good Clothes, and never have 'em patch'd,

patch'd. 'Tis true, they may be a little torn sometimes, but that's more with my Armour than my long Wearing. As for what relates to your Prowess, (said *Sancho* proceeding) together with your Feats of Arms, your courteous Behaviour, and your Undertaking, there are several Opinions about it. Some say he's mad, but a pleasant Sort of a Madman; others say, he's Valiant, but his Luck is nought; others, he's Courteous, but damn'd impertinent. And thus they spend so many Verdicts upon you, and take us both so to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a sound Bone in our Skins. Consider, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that the more eminently Virtue shines, the more 'tis expos'd to the Persecution of Envy. Few or none of those famous Heroes of Antiquity, could escape the venomous Arrows of Calumny. *Julius Cæsar*, that most Courageous, Prudent and Valiant Captain, was mark'd, as being Ambitious, and neither so clean in his Apparel, nor in his Manners, as he ought to have been. *Alexander*, whose mighty Deeds gain'd him the Title of the Great, was charg'd with being addicted to Drunkenness. *Hercules*, after his many heroick Labours, was accus'd of Voluptuousness and Effeminacy. *Don Galaor*, the Brother of *Amadis de Gaul*, was taxed with being Quarrelsom, and his Brother himself with being a Whining, Blubbering Lover. And therefore, my *Sancho*, since so many Worthies have not been free from the Attacks of Detraction, well may I be content to bear my Share of that Epidemical Calamity, if it be no more than thou hast told me now. Body of my Father! quoth *Sancho*, there's the Business; you say well, if this were all: But they don't stop here. Why, said *Don Quixote*, what can they say more? More, cry'd *Sancho*, Oddsnigs! we are still to flea the Cat's Tail. You have had nothing yet but Apple-pies and Sugar-plumbs. But if you have a mind to hear all those

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Slanders and Backbitings that are about Town concerning your Worship, I'll bring you one anon that shall tell you every kind of thing that's said of you, without baiting you an Ace on't! *Bartholomew Carrasco's* Son I mean, who has been a Scholard at the Varsity of *Salamanca*, and is got to be a Bachelor of Arts. He came last Night, you must know, and as I went to bid him welcome Home, he told me, that your Worship's History is already in Books, by the Name of the most Renowned Don *Quixote de la Mancha*. He says I am in too, by my own Name of *Sancho Pança*, and eke also my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; nay, and many things that pass'd betwixt no Body but us Two, which I was amaz'd to hear, and could not for my Soul imagine, how the Devil he that set 'em down cou'd come by the Knowledge of 'em. I dare assure thee, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, that the Author of our History must be some Sage Inchanter, and one of those from whose universal Knowledge, none of the things which they have a mind to record can be conceal'd. How should he be a Sage and an Inchanter, quoth *Sancho*? The Bachelor *Sampson Carrasco*, for that's the Name of my Tale's Master, tells me, he that wrote the History is call'd *Cid Hamet** *Berengenas*. That's a *Moorish* Name, said Don *Quixote*. Like enough, quoth *Sancho*; your *Moors* are main Lovers of *Berengenas*. Certainly, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou art mistaken in the Sirname of that *Cid*, that *Lord*, I mean; for *Cid* in *Arabick* signifies *Lord*. That may very well be, answer'd *Sancho*. But if you'll have me fetch you the young Scholard, I'll fly to bring him hither. Truly, Friend, said Don *Quixote*, thou wilt do me a particular Kindness; for what thou hast already told me, has

* A Sort of Fruit in Spain, which they boil with their Beef and Mutton, as we do Carrots, &c.

o fill'd me with Doubts and Expectations, that I shall not eat a Bit that will do me good till I am inform'd of the whole Matter. I'll go and fetch him, said *Sancho*, With that, leaving his Master, he went to look for the Batchelor, and having brought him along with him awhile after, they all had a very pleasant Dialogue.

C H A P. III.

*The pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote,
Sancho Pança, and the Batchelor Samp-
son Carrasco.*

DON *Quixote* remain'd strangely pensive, expecting the Batchelor *Carrasco*, from whom he hop'd to hear News of himself, recorded and printed in a Book, as *Sancho* had informed him: He could not be persuaded that there was such a History extant, while yet the Blood of those Enemies he had cut off, had scarce done reeking on the Blade of his Sword; so that they could not have already finish'd and printed the History of his mighty Feats of Arms. However, at last he concluded, that some Learned Sage had, by the way of Inchantment, been able to commit them to the Press, either as a Friend, to extol his Heroick Achievements above the Noblest Performances of the most famous Knights-Errant; or as an Enemy, to fully and annihilate the Lustre of his great Exploits, and debase 'em below the most inferior Actions that ever were mention'd of any of the meanest Squires. Though (thought he to himself) the Actions of Squires were never yet recorded; and after all, if there were such a Book printed, since it was the History of a Knight-Errant, it could not choose but be Pompous, Lofty, Magnificent

ficient and Authentick. This Thought yielded him awhile some small Consolation; but then he relaps'd into melancholick Doubts and Anxieties, when he consider'd that the Author had given himself the Title of *Cid*, and consequently must be a *Moor*. A Nation from whom no Truth could be expected, they all being given to impose on others with Lies and fabulous Stories, to falsify and counterfeit, and very fond of their own Chimera's. He was not less uneasy, lest that Writer should have been too lavish in treating of his Amours, to the Prejudice of his Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*'s Honour. He earnestly wish'd, that he might find his own inviolable Fidelity celebrated in the History, and the Reservedness and Decency which he had always so religiously observed in his Passion for her; slighting Queens, Empresses, and Damsels of every Degree for her Sake, and suppressing the dangerous Impulses of natural Desire. *Sancho* and *Carrasco* found him thus agitated and perplex'd with a thousand melancholick Fancies, which yet did not hinder him from receiving the Stranger with a great deal of Civility.

This Batchelor, though his Name were *Sampson*, was none of the biggest in Body, but a very great Man at all manner of Drollery; he had a pale and bad Complexion, but good Sense. He was about four and twenty Years of Age, round Visag'd, flat Nos'd, and wide Mouth'd, all Signs of a malicious Disposition, and of one that would delight in nothing more than in making Sport for himself, by ridiculing others; as he plainly discover'd when he saw *Don Quixote*. For, falling on his Knees before him, admit me to kiss your Honour's Hand, cry'd he, most Noble *Don Quixote*; for by the Habit of *St. Peter*, which I wear, (though indeed I have as yet taken but the Four first of the Holy Orders) you are certainly one of the most renowned Knights-Errant that ever was, or ever will,

will be through the whole Extent of the habitable Globe. Blest, may the Sage *Cid Hamet Benengeli* be, for enriching the World with the History of your mighty Deeds; and more than blest, that curious Virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the *Arabick* into our vulgar Tongue, for the universal Entertainment of Mankind! Sir, said *Don Quixote*, making him rise, is it then possible that my History is extant, and that it was a *Moor*, and one of the Sages that penn'd it? 'Tis so notorious a Truth, said the Bachelor, that I do not in the least doubt but at this Day there have already been publish'd above Twelve thousand Copies of it. *Portugal*, *Barcelona*, and *Valencia*, where they have been printed, can witness that, if there were Occasion. 'Tis said, that 'tis also now in the Press at *Antwerp*. And I verily believe there's scarce a Language into which it is not to be translated. Truly, Sir, said *Don Quixote*, one of the things that ought to yield the greatest Satisfaction to a Person of eminent Virtue, is to live to see himself in good Reputation in the World, and his Actions publish'd in Print. I say, in good Reputation, for otherwise there's no Death but would be preferable to such a Life. As for a good Name and Reputation, reply'd *Carrasco*, your Worship has gain'd the Palm from all the Knights-Errant that ever liv'd: For, both the *Arabian* in History, and the Christian in his Version, have been very industrious to do Justice to your Character: your peculiar Galantry; your Intrepidity and Greatness of Spirit in confronting Danger; your Constancy in Adversities, your Patience in suffering Wounds and Afflictions, your Modesty and Continence in that Amour, so very *Platonick*, between your Worship and my Lady *Donna Dulcinea del Toboso*. Odsbobs! cry'd *Sancho*, I never heard her call'd so before; that *Donna* is a new Kick; for she us'd to be call'd only my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; in that, the History is out already.

ready. That's no material Objection, said *Carrasco*. No, certainly, added *Don Quixote*: But pray, good Mr. Batchelor, on which of all my Adventures does the History seem to lay the greatest Stress of Remark? As to that answer'd *Carrasco*, the Opinions of Men are divided according to their Tastes: Some cry up the Adventure of the Wind-mills, which appear'd to your Worship so many *Briareus's* and Giants. Some are for that of the Fulling-mills: Others stand up for the Description of the two Armies, that afterwards prov'd two Flocks of Sheep. Others prize most the Adventure of the dead Corps that was carrying to *Segovia*. One says, that none of them can compare with that of the Galley-Slaves; another, that none can stand in Competition with the Adventure of the *Benedictine* Giants, and the Valorous *Biscayner*. Pray, Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Sancho*, is there nothing said of that of the *Tanguefians*, an't please you, when our precious *Rozinante* was so maul'd for offering to take a little carnal Recreation with the Mares? There's not the least thing omitted, answer'd *Carrasco*; the Sage has inserted all with the nicest Punctuality imaginable; so much as the Capers which honest *Sancho* fetch'd in the Blanket. I fetch'd none in the Blanket, quoth *Sancho*, but in the Air; and that too, oftner than I cou'd ha' wish'd, the more my Sorrow. In my Opinion, said *Don Quixote*, there is no manner of History in the World, where you shall not find Variety of Fortune; much less any Story of Knight-Errantry, where a Man cannot always be sure of good Success. However, said *Carrasco*, some who have read your History, wish that the Author had spar'd himself the Pains of registering some of that infinite Number of Drubs which the Noble *Don Quixote* receiv'd. There lies the Truth of the History, quoth *Sancho*. Those things in human Equity said *Don Quixote*, might very well have been omitted; for Actions that nei-
the

ther impair nor alter the History, ought rather to be bury'd in Silence than related, if they redound to the Discredit of the Hero of the History. Certainly *Æneas* was never so pious as *Virgil* represents him, nor *Ulysses* so prudent as he is made by *Homerc*. I am of your Opinion, said *Carrasco*; but 'tis one thing to write like a Poet, and another thing to write like an Historian. 'Tis sufficient for the first to deliver Matters as they ought to have been, whereas the last must relate 'em as they were really transacted, without adding or omitting any thing, upon any Pretence whatever. Well, quoth *Sancho*, if this same *Moorish* Lord be once got into the Road of Truth, a hundred to one but among my Master's Rib-roastings he has not forgot mine: for they never took measure of his Worship's Shoulders, but they were pleas'd to do as much for my whole Body: But 'twas no Wonder; for 'tis his own Rule, that if once his Head akes, every Limb must suffer too. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, you are an arch unlucky Knave; upon my Honour you can find Memory when you have a mind to have it. Nay, quoth *Sancho*, though I were minded to forget the Rubs and Drubs I ha' suffer'd, the Bumps and Tokens that are yet fresh on my Ribs would not let me. Hold your Tongue, said *Don Quixote*, and let the Learned Batchelor proceed, that I may know what the History says of me. And of me too quoth *Sancho*, for they tell me I am one of the top Parsons in't. Persons, you should say, *Sancho*, said *Carrasco*, and not Parsons. Hey-day! quoth *Sancho*, have we got another Corre&tor of hard Words. If this be the Trade, we shall never ha' done. May I be curs'd, said *Carrasco*, if you be not the second Person in the History, honest *Sancho*; nay, and some there are who had rather hear you talk than the best there; though some there are again that will say, you were horribly credulous, to flatter your self with having the Government of that Island,

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Island, which your Master here present promis'd you. While there's Life there's Hope, said Don Quixote: When *Sancho* is grown mature with Time and Experience, he may be better qualify'd for a Government than he is yet. Odsbodikins! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if I been't fit to govern an Island at these Years, I shall never be a Governor, though I live to the Years of *Methusalah*; but there the Mischief lies, we have Brains enough, but we want the Island. Come, *Sancho*, said Don Quixote, hope for the best; trust in Providence; all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine: But know, there's not a Leaf on any Tree that can be moved without the Permission of Heaven. That's very true, said *Carrasco*; and I dare say, *Sancho* shall not want a Thousand Islands to govern, much less one; that is, if it be Heaven's Will. Why not, quoth *Sancho*? I ha' seen Governors in my Time, who, to my thinking, could not come up to me passing the Sole of my Shoes, and yet forsooth, they call'd them Your Honour, and they eat their Victuals all in Silver. Ay, said *Carrasco*, but these were none of your Governors of Islands, but of other easy Governments: Why, Man, these ought at least to know their Grammat. Ay, ay, quoth *Sancho*, give me but a *Grey Mare* once, and I shall know her well enough, I'll warrant ye. But leaving the Government in the Hands of him that will best provide for me, I must tell you, Master Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, I am huge glad, that as your Author has not forgot me, so he has not given an ill Character of me; for by the Faith of a trusty Squire, had he said any thing that did not become ^{*}an *Old Christian* as I am, I had rung him such a Peal, that the Deaf should have heard me. That

* A Name the Spaniards desire to be distinguish'd from the Jews and Moors by.

were

were a Miracle, said *Carraasco*. Miracle me no more Miracles, cry'd *Sancho*; let every Man take care how he talks, or how he writes of other Men, and not set down at random, higgle-de-piggledy, whatever comes into his Noddle. One of the Faults found with this History, said *Carraasco*, is, that the Author has thrust into't a Novel, which he calls *The Curious Impertinent*; not that 'tis ill writ; or the Design of it to be mislik'd; but because it is not in its right Place, and has no Coherence with the Story of *Don Quixote*. I'll lay my Life, quoth *Sancho*, the Son of a Mungrel has made a Gallimawfry of it all. Now, said *Don Quixote*, I perceive that he who attempted to write my History, is not one of the Sages, but some ignorant prating Fool, who would needs be meddling and set up for a Scribbler, without the least Grain of Judgment to help him out; and so he has done like *Orbaneja*, the Painter of *Ubeda*; who being ask'd what he painted, answer'd, As it may hit; and when he had scrawl'd out a mis-shapen Cock, was forc'd to write underneath in *Gothick Letters*, *This is a Cock*. At this rate, I believe he has perform'd in my History, so that it will require a Commentary to explain it. Not at all, answer'd *Carraasco*; for he has made every thing so plain, that there's not the least thing in't but what any one may understand. Children handle it, Youngsters read it, Men understand it, and Old People applaud it. In short, 'tis universally so thumb'd, so glean'd, so studied, and so known, that if the People do but see a Lean Horse, they presently cry, There goes *Rozinante*. But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your Pages: There's ne'er a Nobleman's Anti-chamber where you shan't find a *Don Quixote*. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there 'tis snatch'd up by another. In a word, 'tis esteem'd the most pleasant and least dangerous Diversion that ever was seen,

seen, as being a Book that does not betray the least indecent Expression, nor so much as a profane Thought. To write after another manner, said Don *Quixote*, were not to write Truth but Falshood; and those Historians who are guilty of that, should be punish'd like those who counterfeit the Lawful Coin. But I cannot conceive what could move the Author to stuff his History with foreign Novels and Adventures, not at all to the Purpose; while there was a sufficient Number of my own to have exercis'd his Pen. Without doubt they should observe the Proverb, *Ne'er stuff the Cushion with Straw, if you have Down enough*. And certainly, had he altogether confin'd himself to my Thoughts, my Sighs, my Tears, my laudable Designs, my Adventures, he might yet have swell'd his Book to as great a Bulk at least as all *Tostatus's* Works. I have also Reason to believe, Mr. Batchelor, that to compile a History or write any Book whatsoever, is a more difficult Task than Men imagine. There's Need of a vast Judgment and a ripe Understanding. It belongs to none but great Genius's to express themselves with Grace and Elegance, and draw the Manners and Actions of others to the Life. The most artful Part in a Play is the Fool's, and therefore a Fool must not pretend to write it. On the other Side, History is in a manner a sacred thing, so far as it contains Truth; for where Truth is, the Supreme Father of it may also be said to be, at least in as much as concerns Truth. However, there are Men that will make you Books, and turn 'em loose into the World, with as much Dispatch as they would do a Dish of Fritters. There's no Book so bad, said the Batchelor, but some thing may be found in it. That's true, said Don *Quixote*; yet 'tis a common thing for Men, who had gain'd a very great Reputation by their Writings, before they printed them, to lose it afterwards quite, or at least the greatest Part. The Rea-

Reason's plain, said *Carrasco*; their Faults are more easily discover'd, after their Books are printed, as being then more read, and more narrowly examin'd; the rather, if the Author had been much cry'd up before, the Severity of the Scrutiny is so much the greater. All those that have rais'd themselves a Name by their Ingenuity, great Poets and celebrated Historians, are most commonly, if not always, envy'd by a Sort of Men, who delight in censuring the Writings of others, though they never publish any of their own. That's no Wonder, said *Don Quixote*, for there are many Divines, that could make but very dull Preachers, and yet are very quick at finding Faults and Superfluities in other Mens Sermons. All this is Truth, reply'd *Carrasco*; and therefore I could wish these Censurers would be more merciful and less scrupulous, and not dwell ungenerously upon small Spots, that are in a manner but so many Atoms on the Face of the clear Sun which they murmur at. *Si aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let 'em consider how many Nights he kept himself awake to bring his noble Works to Light, as little darken'd with Defects as might be. Nay, many times it may happen that what is censur'd for a Fault is rather an Ornament, like Moles that sometimes add to the Beauty of the Face. And when all is said, he that publishes a Book runs a very great Hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may secure the Approbation of every Reader. Sure, said *Don Quixote*, that which treats of me can have pleas'd but few. Quite contrary, said *Carrasco*; for as *Sultorum infinitus est numerus*, so an infinite Number has admir'd your History. Only some there are who have tax'd the Author with want of Memory or Sincerity; because he has forgot to give an account who it was that stole *Sancho's Dapple*; for that Particular is not mention'd there; only we find by the Story that it was stol'n;

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stol'n; and yet by and by, we find him riding the same Ass again, without any previous Light given us into the Matter. Then they say, that the Author forgot to tell the Reader, what *Sancho* did with those Hundred Pieces of Gold he found in the Portmanteau in *Sierra Morena*; for there's not a word said of 'em more; and many People have a great mind to know what he did with 'em, and how he spent 'em; which is one of the most material Points in which the Work is defective. Master *Sampson*, quoth *Sancho*, I an't now in a Condition to cast up my Accompts, for I'm taken ill of a sudden with such a Wambling in the Stomach, and find my self so maukish, that if I don't see and fetch it up with a Sup or two of good old Bub, I shall waste like the Snuff of a farthing Candle. I have that Cordial at home, and my Chuck stays for me. When I have had my Dinner, I am for you, and will satisfy you, or any Man that wears a Head, about any thing in the World, either as to the Loss of the Ass, or the laying out of those same Pieces of Gold. This said, without a word more, or waiting for a Reply, away he went. Don *Quixote* desir'd, and intreated the Batchelor to stay and do Penance with him. The Batchelor accepted his Invitation, and stay'd. A Couple of Pigeons were got ready to mend their Commons. All Dinner-time they discours'd about Knight-Errantry, *Carrasco* humouring him all the while. After they had slept out the Heat of the Day, *Sancho* came back, and they renew'd their former Discourse.

CHAP. IV.

Sancho Pança satisfies the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco in his Doubts and Queries: With other Passages fit to be known and related.

SANCHO return'd to Don *Quixote*'s House, and beginning again where he left off; Now, quoth he, as to what Master *Sampson* wanted to know; that is, when, where, and by whom my *Ass* was stol'n: I answer, That the very Night that we march'd off to the *Sierra Morena*, to avoid the Hue and Cry of the Holy Brotherhood, after the rueful Adventure of the Galley-Slaves, and that of the dead Body that was carrying to *Segovia*, my Master and I flunk into a Wood; where he leaning on his Lance and I, without alighting from *Dapple*, both sadly bruis'd and tir'd with our late Skirmishes, fell fast asleep, and slept as soundly as if we had had Four Feather-beds under us; but I especially was as serious at it as any Dormouse; so that the Thief, whoever he was, had Leisure enough to clap four Stakes under the four Corners of the Pack-Saddle, and then leading away the *Ass* from between my Legs, without being perceiv'd by me in the least, there he fairly left me mounted. This is no new thing, said Don *Quixote*, nor is it difficult to be done: With the same Stratagem *Scripante* had his Steed stol'n from under him by that notorious Thief *Brunel* at the Siege of *Albraca*. It was broad Day, said *Sancho*, going on, when I, half awake and half asleep, began to stretch my self in my Pack-Saddle; but with my stirring, down came the Stakes, and down came I souse, with a confounded Squelch on the Ground. Presently I look'd for my *Ass*, but

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but no Ass was to be found. O how thick the Tears trickled from my Eyes, and what a piteous Moan I made! If he that made our History has forgot to set it down word for word, I wou'd not give a Rush for his Book, I'll tell him that. Some time after, I can't just tell you how long it was, as we were going with my Lady the Princess *Micomicona*, I knew my Ass again, and he that rid him, though he went like a Gipsy; and who shou'd it be, d'ye think, but *Gines de Passamonte*, that Son of Mischief, that Crack-Rope, whom my Master and I sav'd from the Galleys. The Mistake does not lie there, said *Carrasco*; but only that the Author sets you upon the same Ass that was lost, before he gives an Account of his being found. As to that, reply'd *Sancho*, I don't know very well what to say. If the Man made a Blunder, who can help it? But mayhaps 'twas a Fault of the Printer. I make no question of that, said *Carrasco*; but pray, what became of the Hundred Pieces? Were they sunk? I fairly spent 'em on my self, quoth *Sancho*, and on my Wife and Children; they help'd me to lay my Spouse's Clack, and made her take so patiently my rambling and trotting after my Master *Don Quixote*; for had I come back with my empty Pockets, and without my Ass, I must have look'd for a rueful Greeting. And now if you have any more to say to me, here am I, ready to answer the King himself; for what has any Body to meddle or make whether I found or found not, or spent or spent not? If the Knocks and Swadlings that have been bestow'd on my Carcase in our Jaunts, were to be rated but at Three *Maravedis* apiece, and I to be satisfy'd Ready-Cash for every one, a Hundred Pieces of Gold more would not pay for half of them; and therefore let every Man lay his Finger on his Mouth, and not run hand over head, and mistake Black for White, and White for Black; for every Man is as

Heaven

Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. Well, said the Bachelor, if the Author print another Edition of the History, I'll take special Care he shan't forget to insert what honest *Sancho* has said, which will make the Book as good again. Pray, good Mr. Bachelor, ask'd *Don Quixote*, are there any other Emendations requisite to be made in this History? Some there are, answer'd *Carrasco*, but none of so much Importance as those already mention'd. Perhaps the Author promises a Second Part, said *Don Quixote*? He does, said *Carrasco*; but he says he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: So that we doubt whether it will come out or no; as well for this Reason, as because some People say that *Second Parts* are never worth any thing; others cry, there's enough of *Don Quixote* already: However, many of those that love Mirth better than Melancholy, cry out, Give us more *Quixotery*; let but *Don Quixote* appear, and *Sancho* talk, be it what it will, we are satisfy'd. And how stands the Author affected? said the Knight. Truly, answer'd *Carrasco*, as soon as ever he can find out the History, which he is now looking for with all imaginable Industry, he is resolved to send it immediately to the Press, though more for his own Profit than through any Ambition of Applause. What, quoth *Sancho*, does he design to do it to get a Penny by't? nay, then we are like to have a rare History indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your Taylors on *Easter-Eve*, and give us a Huddle of Flimflams that will never hang together; for your hasty Work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr. *Moor* take care how he goes to work; for, my Life for his, I and my Master will stock him with such a Heap of Stuff in Matter of Adventures and odd Chances, that he'll have enough not only to write a Second Part, but an Hundred. The poor Fellow, belike, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a Hay-

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a Hay-mow; but let us once put Foot into the Stirrup, and he'll see what we are about: This at least I'll be bold to say, that if my Master would be rul'd by me, we had been in the Field by this time, undoing of Misdeeds and righting of Wrongs, as good Knights-Errant use to do. Scarce had *Sancho* made an end of his Discourse, when *Rozinante*'s Neighing reach'd their Ears. Don *Quijote* took it for a lucky Omen, and resolv'd to take another Turn within three or four Days. He discover'd his Resolutions to the Batchelor, and consulted him to know which way he shou'd steer his Course. The Batchelor advis'd him to take the Road of *Saragosa* in the Kingdom of *Arragon*, a solemn Tournament being shortly to be perform'd at that City on St. *George*'s Festival; where by worsting all the *Arragonian* Champions he might win immortal Honour, since to out-tilt them would be to out-rival all the Knights in the Universe. He also applauded his Design, but withal admonish'd him not to be so desperate in exposing himself to Dangers, since his Life was not his own, but theirs who in Distress stood in want of his Assistance and Protection. That's it now, quoth *Sancho*, that makes me sometimes ready to run mad, Mr. Batchelor, for my Master makes no more to set upon an Hundred armed Men, than a young hungry Taylor to guttle down half a Dozen of Cucumbers. Body of me! Master Batchelor, there's a Time to retreat as well as a Time to assail; *Saint Jago* and *key for the Honour of Spain*, must not always be the Cry: For I've heard somebody say, and, if I an't mistaken, 'twas my Master himself, That Valour lies just half way between Rashness and Cow-heartedness; and if it be so, I would not have him run away without there's a Reason for't, nor would I have him fall on when there's no Good to be got by't. But above all things I wou'd have him to know, if he has a mind I shou'd go with him,

him, that the Bargain is, He shall fight for us both, and that I am ty'd to nothing but to look after him and his Victuals and Clothes: So for as this comes to, I will fetch and carry like any Water-Spaniel; but to think I'll lug out my Sword, though it be but against poor Rogues, and sorry Shirks, and Hedge-birds, y'troth I must beg his Diversion. For my part, Mr. Batchelor, 'tis not the Fame of being thought Valiant that I aim at, but that of being deem'd the very best and trustiest Squire that ever follow'd the Heels of a Knight-Errant: And if, after all my Services, my Master *Don Quixote* will be so kind as to give me one of those many Islands which his Worship says he shall light on, I shall be much beholden to him; but if he does not, why then I am born, d'ye see, and one Man must not live to rely on another, but on his Maker. Mayhaps the Bread I shall eat without Government, will go down more favourably than if I were a Governor; and what do I know but that the Devil is providing me one of these Governments for a Stumbling-block, that I may stumble and fall, and so break my Jaws, and ding out my Butter-Teeth. I was born *Sancho*, and *Sancho* I mean to die; and yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, with little Trouble and less Danger, Heaven would bestow on me an Island, or some such-like Matter, I'm no such Fool neither, d'ye see, as to refuse a good thing when 'tis offer'd me. No, I remember the old Saying, When the Ass is given thee, run and take him by the Halter; and when good Luck knocks at thy Door, let him in, and keep him there. My Friend *Sancho*, said *Carrasco*, you have spoken like any University-Professor: However, trust in Heaven's Bounty, and the noble *Don Quixote*, and he may not only give thee an Island, but even a Kingdom. One as likely as the other, quoth *Sancho*; and yet let me tell you, Mr. Batchelor, the Kingdom which my Master is to give

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give me, you shan't find it thrown into an old Sack; for I have felt my own Pulse, and find my self found enough to rule Kingdoms and govern Islands; I ha' told my Master as much before now. Have a care *Sancho*, said *Carrasco*, Honours change Manners; perhaps when you come to be a Governor, you will scarce know the Mother that bore ye. This, said *Sancho*, may happen to those that were born in a Ditch, but not to those whose Souls are cover'd, as mine is, four Fingers thick with good old Christian Fat. No, do but think how good-condition'd I be, and then you need not fear I shou'd do dirtily by any one. Grant it, good Heaven, said *Don Quixote*! we shall see when the Government comes, and methinks I have it already before my Eyes. After this he desir'd the Batchelor, if he were a Poet, to oblige him with some Verses on his design'd Departure from his Mistress *Dulcinea del Toboso*, Every Verse to begin with one of the Letters of her Name, so that joining every first Letter of every Verse together, they might make *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The Batchelor told him, that though he were none of the famous Poets of *Spain*, who, they say, were but three and a half, he would endeavour to make that Acrostick; though he was sensible this would be no easy Task, there being Seventeen Letters in the Name; so that if he made four Stanza's of four Verses apiece, there wou'd be a Letter too much; and if he made his Stanza's of five Lines, so as to make a double *Decima* or a *Redondilla*, there would be three Letters too little; however, he wou'd strive to drown a Letter, and so take in the whole Name in sixteen Verses. Let it be so by any means, said *Don Quixote*; for no Woman will believe that those Verses were made for her where her Name is not plainly to be discern'd. After this, 'twas agreed they should set out within a Week. *Don Quixote* charg'd the Batchelor not to speak a word of all this, especially

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to the Curate, Mr. Nicholas the Barber, his Niece, and his House keeper, lest they shou'd obstruct his honourable and valorous Design Carrasco gave him his Word, and having desir'd Don Quixote to send an Account of his good or bad Success at his Conveniency, took his Leave, and left him; and Sancho went to get every thing ready for his Journey.

CHAP. V.

The wise and pleasant Dialogue between Sancho Panza, and Teresa Panza his Wife: Together with other Passages worthy of happy Memory.

THE Translator of this History, being come to this Fifth Chapter, thinks fit to inform the Reader, that he holds it to be Apocryphal; because it introduces *Sancho* speaking in another Style than could be expected from his slender Capacity, and saying things of so refin'd a Nature, that it seems impossible he cou'd know 'em. However, he thought himself oblig'd to render it into our Tongue, to maintain the Character of a faithful Translator, and therefore he goes on in this manner.

Sancho came home so cheerful and so merry, that his Wife read his Joy in his Looks as far as she cou'd see him. Being impatient to know the Cause, My Dear, cry'd she, what makes you so merry? I shou'd be more merry, my Chuck, quoth *Sancho*, wou'd but Heaven so order it, that I were not so well pleas'd as I seem to be. You speak Riddles, Husband, quoth she; I don't know what you mean by saying, You shou'd be more merry if you were not so well pleased; for, tho' I am silly enough, I can't think a Man can take pleasure in not being

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pleas'd. Look ye, *Teresa*, quoth *Sancho*, I am mer-
ry because I am once more going to serve my Ma-
ster Don *Quixote*, who is resolv'd to have t'other
Frolick, and go a hunting after Adventures, and I
must go with him; for he needs must, whom the
Devil drives. What should I lie starving at home
for? The Hopes of finding another Parcel of Gold
like that we spent, rejoices the Cockles of my
Heart: But then it grieves me to leave thee, and
those sweet Babes of ours; and wou'd Heaven but
be pleas'd to let me live at home dry-shod, in Peace
and Quietness, without gadding over Hill and Dale,
thro' Brambles and Briars (as Heaven might well
do with small Cost, if it wou'd, and with no man-
ner of Trouble, but only to be willing it should be
so) why then 'tis a clear Case that my Mirth wou'd
be more firm and found, since my present Gladness
is mingl'd with a Sorrow to part with thee. And so
I think I have made out what I have said, that I
should be merrier if I did not seem so well pleas'd.
Look you, *Sancho*, quoth the Wife, ever since you
have been a Member of a Knight Errant, you talk
so round about the Bush, that no body can under-
stand you. 'Tis enough, quoth *Sancho*, that he un-
derstands me who understands all things; and so
scatter no more Words about it, Spouse. But be
sure you look carefully after *Dapple* for these three
Days, that he may be in good Case, and fit to bear
Arms; double his Pittance, look out his Pannel
and all his Harness, and let every thing be set to
rights; for we are not going to a Wedding, but to
roam about the World, and to make our Party good
with Giants, and Dragons, and Hobgoblins, and to
hear nothing but hissing, and yelling, and roaring,
and howling and bellowing; all which wou'd yet
be but Sugar-plumbs, if we were not to meet with
Tangestian Carriers, and Enchanted *Moors*. Nay,
as for that Husband, quoth *Teresa*, I am apt enough
to think you Squires-Errant don't eat their Ma-
ster's

ster's Bread for nothing; and therefore it shall be my daily Prayer, that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy Trouble. Troth, Wife, quoth *Sancho*, were not I in hopes to see myself, ere it be long, Governor of an Island, o' my Conscience I shou'd drop down dead on the Spot. Not so, my Chicken, quoth the Wife, *Let the Hen live, though it be with Pip*. Do thou live, and let all the Governments in the World go to the Devil. Thou cam'st out of thy Mother's Belly without Government, thou hast liv'd hitherto without Government, and thou may'st be carried to thy long home without Government, when it shall please the Lord. How many People in this World live without Government, yet do well enough, and are well look'd upon? There's no Sauce in the World like Hunger, and as the Poor never want that, they always eat with a good Stomach. But look ye, my Precious, if it shou'd be thy good Luck to get a Government, prithee don't forget your Wife and Children. Take notice that little *Sancho* is already full Fifteen, and 'tis thought fit he go to School, if his Uncle the Abbot mean to leave him something in the Church. Then there's *Mary Sancha*, your Daughter; I dare say the Burden of Wedlock will never be the Death of her, for I shrewdly guess, she longs as much for a Husband, as you do for a Government; and when all comes to all, better my Daughter ill married, than well kept. I' good sooth! Wife, quoth *Sancho*, if it be Heaven's blessed Will that I get any thing by Government, I'll see and match *Mary Sancha* so well, that she shall, at least, be call'd my Lady. By no means, Husband, cry'd the Wife, let her match with her Match: If from clouted Shoes you set her upon high Heels, and from her coarse Russet Coat you put her into a Fardingale, and from plain *Moll* and *Thee* and *Thou*, go to call her Madam, and your Ladyship, the poor Girl won't know how to behave

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her self, but will every Foot make a Thousand Blunders, and shew her home spun Country Breeding. Tush! Fool, answer'd *Sancho*, 'twill be but two or three Years Prentiship; and then you'll see how strangely she'll alter, your Ladyship and keeping of State will become her, as if they had been made for her; and suppose they should not, what is it to any body? Let her but be a Lady, and let what will happen. Good *Sancho*, quoth the Wife, don't look above your self; I say, keep to the Proverb, that says, Birds of a Feather flock together. 'Twould be a fine thing, e'trow! for us to go and throw away our Child on one of your Lordlings, or Right Worshipfuls, who, when the Toy shou'd take him in the Head, wou'd find new Names for her, and call her Country *Joan*, Plough-Jobber's Bearn, and Spinster's Web. No, no, Husband, I han't bred the Girl up as I ha'done, to throw her away at that rate, I'll warrant ye. In thee but bring home Money, and leava me to get her a Husband. Why, there's *Lope Tocho*, old *Jahu Tocho*'s Son, a hale jolly young Fellow, and one whom we all know; I have observ'd he casts a Sheep's Eye at the Wench, he's one of our Inches, and will be a good Match for her; then we shall always have her under our Wings, and be all as one, Father and Mother, Children and Grandchildren, and Heaven's Peace and Blessing will always be with us. But ne'er talk to me of marrying her at your Courts, and Great Men's Houses, where she'll understand no Body, and no Body will understand her. Why, thou Beast, cry'd *Sancho*, thou Wife for *Barrabas*, why dost thou hinder me from marrying my Daughter to one that will get me Grandchildren that may be call'd your Honour and your Lordship? Han't I always heard my Betters say, That he who will not, when he may, when he will, he shall have nay: When good Luck is knocking at our Door, is't fit to shut him out? No, no, let us make Hay while

the

the Sun shines, and spread our Sails before this prosperous Gale. [This Mode of Locution, and the following Huddle of Reflexions and Apothegms, said to have been spoken by *Sancho*, made the Translator of this History say, he held this Chapter Apocryphal.] Can't thou not perceive, thou senseless Animal, said *Sancho* going on, that I shall venture over Head and Ears to light on some good gainful Government, that may free our Ancles from the Clogs of Necessity, and marry *Mary Sancha* to whom I please? Then thou'l see how Folks will call thee my Lady *Teresa Panza*, and thou'l sit in the Church with thy Carpets and Cushions, and lean and loll in State, though the best Gentlewoman in the Town burst with Spight and Envy. No, no, remain as you are, still in the same Posture, neither higher nor lower, like a Picture in the Hangings. Go to, let's have no more of this, little *Sancha* shall be a Countess in Spight of thy Teeth, I say. Well, well, Husband, quoth the Wife, have a care what you say, for I fear me these high Kicks will be my *Molly's* Undoing. Yet do what you will, make her a Dutchess or a Princess, but I'll never give my Consent. Look ye, Yoke-Fellow, for my part, I ever lov'd to see every thing upon the Square, and can't abide to see Folks take upon them when they should not. I was christen'd plain *Teresa*, without any Fiddle-faddle, or Addition of Madam, or your Ladyship. My Father's Name was *Cascajo*; and because I married you, they call me *Teresa Panza*, though indeed by right I should have been call'd *Teresa Cuscajo*: But where the Kings are, there are the Laws, and I am e'en contented with that Name without a Flourish before it, to make it longer and more tedious than 'tis already; neither will I make my self any body's Laughing-stock. I'll give 'em no Cause to cry, (when they see me go like a Countess, or a Governor's Madam,) Look, look, how Madam

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Hog-wash struts along! 'Twas but t'other Day she'd tug ye a Distaff, capp'd with Hemp from Morning till Night, and would go to Mass with her Coat over her Head for want of a Hood; yet now look how she goes in her Fardingale, and her rich Trimmings and Fallals, no less than a whole Tradesman's Shop about her mangy Back, as if every Body did not know her. No, Husband, if it please Heaven but to keep me in my Seven Senses, or my Five, or as many as I have, I'll take care to tie up Peoples Tongues from setting me out at this rate. You may go, and be a Governor, or an Islander, and look as big as Bull-Beef an you will; but by my Grandmother's Daughter, neither I nor my Girl will budge a Foot from our Thatch'd House. Better a broken Leg than a Crack in my Credit; and let them seek for Jointures who can't work with their Ten Fingers. March you and your Don *Quixote* together, to your Islands and Adventures, and leave us here to our sorry Fortune: I'll warrant you Heaven will better it, if we live as we ought to do. I wonder though who made him a Don; neither his Father nor his Grandsire ever had that Feather in their Caps. The Lord help thee, Woman! quoth *Sancho*, what a Heap of Stuff hast thou twisted together without Head or Tail! What have thy *Cascojo*'s, thy Fardingales and Fallals, thy old Saws, and all this Tale of a roasted Horse, to do with what I have said? Hark thee me, Gammer Addlepate, (for I can find no better Name for thee, since thou'rt such a blind Buzzard as to miss my Meaning, and stand in thy own Light) should I ha' told thee that my Girl was to throw herself Head foremost from the Top of some Steeple, or to trot about the World like a Gypsy, or, as the Infanta *Donna Urraca* did, then thou might'st have some Reason not to be of my Mind. But if in the twinkling of an Eye, and while one might toss a Pancake, I clap you a Don and

and a Ladyship upon the Back of her; if I fetch her out of her Straw, to sit under a stately Bed's Tester; and squat her down on more Velvet-Cushions, than all the *Almohada's* of *Morocco* had *Moors* in their Generation, why should't thou be against it, and not be pleas'd with what pleases me? Shall I tell you why, Husband, answer'd *Teresa*? 'tis because of the Proverb, *He that covers thee, discovers thee*. A poor Man is scarce minded, but every one's Eyes will stare upon the Rich; and if that rich Man has formerly been Poor, this sets others a grumbling and backbiting; and your evil Tongues will ne'er ha' done, but swarm about the Streets like Bees, and buz their Stories into People's Ears. Look you, *Teresa*, said *Sancho*, mind what I say to thee, I'll tell thee things that perhaps thou ne'er heard'st of in thy Life: Nor do I speak of my own Head, but what I heard from that good Father who preach'd in our Town all last *Lent*. He told us, if I an't mistaken, that all those things which we see before our Eyes do appear, hold and exist in our Memories much better, and with a greater Stress than things pass'd. [All these Reasons which are here offer'd by *Sancho*, are another Argument to persuade the Translator to hold this Chapter for *Apocryphal*, as exceeding the Capacity of *Sancho*.] From thence it arises, said *Sancho*, going on, that when we happen to see a Person well dres'd, richly equipp'd, and with a great Train of Servants, we find our selves mov'd and prompted to pay him Respect, in a manner, in spite of our Teeth, though at that very moment our Memory makes us call to remembrance some low Circumstances, in which we had seen that Person before. Now this Ignominy, be it either by reason of his Poverty, or mean Parentage, as 'tis already pass'd, is no more, and only that which we see before our Eyes remains. So then, if this Person, whom Fortune has rais'd to that height

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out of his former Obscurity, by his Father's Means, be Well-bred, Generous and Civil to all Men, and does not affect to vye with those that are of noble Descent; assure thy self, *Teresa*, no Body will remember what he was, but look upon him as what he is, unless it be your envious Spirits, from whose Taunts no prosperous Fortune can be free. I don't understand you, Husband, quoth *Teresa*, even follow your own Inventions, and don't puzzle my Brains with your Harangues and Re-tricks. If y're so devolv'd to do as ye say — Resolv'd you should say, Wife, quoth *Sancho*, and not devolv'd. Pr'ythee, Husband, said *Teresa*, let's ha' no Words about that Matter: I speak as Heaven's pleas'd I should; and for hard Words, I give my Share to the Curate. All I have to say now, is this: If you hold still in the Mind of being a Governor, pray e'en take your Son *Sancho* along with you; and henceforth train him up to your Trade of Governing; for 'tis but fitting that the Son should be brought up to the Father's Calling. When once I am Governor, quoth *Sancho*, I'll send for him by the Post, and I'll send thee Money withal; for I dare say, I shall want none; there never wants those that will lend Governors Money when they have none. But then be sure you clothe the Boy so, that he may look, not like what he is, but like what he is to be. Send you but Money, quoth *Teresa*, and I'll make him as fine as a *May-day* Garland. So then, Wife, quoth *Sancho*, I suppose we are agreed that our *Moll* shall be a Countess. The Day I see her a Countess, quoth *Teresa* I reckon I lay her in her Grave. However, I tell you again, e'en follow your own Inventions; you Men will be Masters, and we poor Women are born to bear the Clog of Obedience, though our Husbands have no more Sense than a Cuckoo. Here she fell a weeping as heartily at if she had seen her Daughter already

Dead

Dead and Buried. *Sancho* comforted her, and promis'd her, that though he was to make her a Countess, yet he would see and put it off as long as he cou'd. Thus ended their Dialogue, and he went back to *Don Quixote*, to dispose every thing for a March.

C H A P. VI.

What pass'd between Don Quixote, his Niece, and the House-keeper: being one of the most important Chapters in the whole History.

WHILE *Sancho Pança*, and his Wife *Teresa Cascajo*, had the foregoing impertinent Dialogue, *Don Quixote*'s Niece and House-keeper were not idle, guessing by a thousand Signs that the Knight intended a Third Sally. Therefore they endeavour'd by all possible Means to divert him from his foolish Design; but all to no purpose; for this was but preaching to a Rock, and hammering cold stubborn Steel. But among other Arguments; in short, Sir, quoth the House-keeper, if you will not be rul'd, but will needs run wandering over Hill and Dale, like a stray Soul between Heaven and Hell, seeking for Mischief, for so I may well call the hopeful Adventures which you go about, I'll never leave complaining to Heaven and the King, till there's a Stop put to't some way or other. What Answer Heaven will vouchsafe to give thee, I know not, answer'd *Don Quixote*: neither can I tell what Return his Majesty will make to thy Petition; this I know, that were I King, I would excuse my self from answering the infinite Number of impertinent Memorials that disturb the Repose of Princes. I tell thee, Woman, among the many other Fatigues

which Royalty sustains, 'tis one of the greatest to be oblig'd to hear every one, and to give Answer to all People. Therefore pray trouble not his Majesty with any thing concerning me. But, pray, Sir, tell me, reply'd she, are there not a many Knights in the King's Court? I must confess, said *Don Quixote*, that for the Ornament, the Grandeur, and the Pomp of Royalty, many Knights are, and ought to be maintained there. Why then, said the Woman, would it not be better for your Worship to be one of those brave Knights, who serve the King their Master on Foot in his Court. Hear me, Sweet-heart, answer'd *Don Quixote*, all Knights cannot be Courtiers, nor can all Courtiers be Knights-Errant. There must be of all Sorts in the World; and though we were all to agree in the common Appellation of Knights, yet there would be a great Difference between the one and the other. For your Courtiers, without so much as stirring out of their Chambers, or the Shade and Shelter of the Court, can journey over all the Universe in a Map, without the Expence and Fatigue of Travelling, without suffering the Inconveniencies of Heat, Cold, Hunger, and Thirst; while we, who are the true Knight-Errants, expos'd to those Extremities, and all the Inclemencies of Heaven, by Night and by Day, on Foot as well as on Horseback, measure the whole Surface of the Earth with our own Feet. Nor are we only acquainted with the Pictures of our Enemies, but with their very Persons, ready upon all Occasions and at all times to engage 'em, without standing upon Trifles, or the Ceremony of measuring Weapons, stripping, or examining whether our Opponents have any holy Relicks, or other secret Charms about 'em, whether the Sun be duly divided, or any other *Putt&ilios* and Circumstances observ'd among private Duelists; Things which thou understandest not, but I do:

And

And must further let thee know, that the true Knight-Errant, though he meet Ten Giants, whose tall aspiring Heads not only touch but over-top the Clouds, each of 'em stalking with prodigious Legs like huge Towers, their sweeping Arms like Masts of Mighty Ships; each Eye as large as a Mill-Wheel, and more fiery than a Glass-Furnace; yet he is so far from being afraid to meet them, that he must encounter them with a gentle Countenance, and an undaunted Courage, assail them, close with them, and if possible, vanquish and destroy 'em all in an Instant; nay, though they came arm'd with the Scales of a certain Fish, which they say is harder than Adamant; and instead of Swords had dreadful Sabres of keen *Damascen* Steel, or mighty Maces with Points of the same Metal, as I have seen them more than a Dozen times. I have condescended to tell thee thus much, that thou may'st see the vast Difference between Knights and Knights; and I think 'twere to be wish'd that all Princes knew so far how to make the Distinction, as to give the Preeminence to this first Species of Knights-Errant, among whom there have been some whose Fortitude has not only been the Defence of our Kingdom, but of many more, as we read in their Histories. Ah! Sir, said the Niece, have a care what you say; all the Stories of Knights-Errant are nothing but a Pack of Lies and Fables, and if they are not burnt, they ought at least to wear a *Sanbenito*, the Badge of Heresy, or some other Mark of Infamy, that the World may know 'em to be wicked, and Perverters of good Manners. Now by the powerful Sustainer of my Being, cry'd Don *Quixote*, wert thou not so nearly related to me, wert thou not my own Sister's Daughter, I would take such Revenge for the Blasphemy thou hast uttered, as would resound through the whole Universe. Who ever heard of the like impudence?

That

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That a young Baggage, who scarce knows her Bobbins from a Bodkin, shou'd presume to put in her Oar, and censure the Histories of Knights-Errant! What would Sir *Amadis* have said, had he heard this! But he undoubtedly would have forgiven thee, for he was the most Courteous and Complaisant Knight of his Time, especially to the Fair Sex, being a great Protector of Damsels; but thy Words might have reach'd the Ears of some, that would have sacrific'd thee to their Indignation; for all Knights are not possess'd of Civility or Good-nature; some are Rough and Revengeful; and neither are all those that assume the Name, of a Disposition suitable to the Function; some indeed were of the right Stamp, but others are either Counterfeit, or of such an Allay as cannot bear the Touch-stone, though they deceive the Sight. Inferior Mortals there are, who aim at Knight-hood, and strain to reach the Height of Honour; and High-born Knights there are, who seem fond of groveling in the Dust, and being lost in the Crowd of inferior Mortals. The first raise themselves by Ambition or by Virtue; the last debase themselves by Negligence or by Vice; so that there is need of a distinguishing Understanding to judge between these two Sorts of Knights, so near ally'd in Name, and so different in Actions. B'ess me! dear Uncle, cry'd the Niece, that you should know so much, as to be able, if there was Occasion, to get up into a Pulpit, or preach * in the Streets, and yet be so strangely mistaken, so grossly blind of Understanding, as to fancy a Man of your Years and Infirmitie can be strong and valiant; that you can set every thing right, and force stubborn Malice

* A common thing in Spain for the Fryars, in an extraordinary Fit of Zeal, to preach in any Part of the Street or Market-Place,

to bend, when you your self stoop beneath the Burden of Age; and what's yet more odd, that you are a Knight, when 'tis well known you are none? For though Gentlemen may be Knights, a poor Gentleman can't purchase a Knighthood. Therefore you say well, Niece, answer'd Don *Quixote*; and as to this last Observation, I could tell you things that you would admire at, concerning Families; but because I will not mix Sacred Things with Profane, I wave the Discourse. However, listen both of you, and for your further Information know, that all the Lineages and Descents of Mankind, are reduceable to these four Heads: First, Of those, who from a very small and obscure Beginning, have rais'd themselves to a spreading and prodigious Magnitude. Secondly, Of those who deriving their Greatness from a noble Spring, still preserve the Dignity and Character of their original Splendor. A Third, Are those who, though they had large Foundations, have ended in a Point like a Pyramid, which by little and little dwindle as it were into nothing, or next to nothing, in comparison of its Basis. Others there are (and those are the Bulk of Mankind) who have neither had a good Beginning, nor a rational Continuance, and whose Ending shall therefore be obscure; such are the common People, the *Plebeian* Race. The *Ottoman* Family is an Instance of the first Sort, having deriv'd their present Greatness from the poor Beginning of a base born Shepherd. Of the second Sort, there are many Princes who being born such, enjoy their Dominions by Inheritance, and leave them to their Successors without Addition or Diminution. Of the third Sort, there is an infinite Number of Examples; for all the *Pharaohs* and *Ptolemies* of *Egypt*, your *Cæsars* of *Rome*, and all the Swarm (if I may use that Word) of Princes, Monarchs, Lords, *Medes*, *Affyrians*, *Perians*, *Greeks*, and *Barbarians*: All these Families and Empires have ended in a Point, as well as those who gave

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gave rise to 'em : for it were impossible at this Day to find any of their Descendants, or if we cou'd find 'em, it wou'd be in a poor groveling Condition. As for the Vulgar, I say nothing of 'em, more than that they are thrown in as Cyphers to increase the Number of Mankind, without deserving any other Praise. Now, my good-natur'd Souls, you may at least draw this reasonable Inference from what I have said of this promiscuous Dispensation of Honours, and this Uncertainty and Confusion of Descent, That Virtue and Liberality in the present Posseſſor, are the most just and undisputable Titles to Nobility ; for the Advantages of Pedigree without these Qualifications, serve only to make Vice more conspicuous. The great Man that is Vicious will be greatly Vicious, and the rich Miser is only a covetous Beggar ; for, not he who posſeffes, but that spends and enjoys his Wealth, is the rich and the happy Man, nor he neither who barely spends, but who does it with Discretion. The poor Knight indeed cannot shew he is one by his Magnificence ; but yet by his Virtue, Affability, Civility, and courteous Behaviour, he may display the chief Ingredients that enter into the Compositions of the Knighthood ; and though he cannot claim Liberality, wanting Riches to support it, his Charity may recompence that Defect ; for an Alms of two *Maravedis* chearfully bestow'd upon an indigent Beggar, by a Man in poor Circumstances, speaks him as liberal as the larger Donative of a vain-glorious rich Man before a fawning Crowd. These Accomplishments will always shine thro' the Clouds of Fortune, and at last break through 'em with Splendor and Applause. There are two Paths to Dignity and Wealth ; Arts and Arms. Arms I have chosen, and the Influence of the Planet *Mars* that presided at my Nativity, led me to that adventurous Road. So that all your Attempts to shake my Resolution are in vain : for in spite of all Mankind, I will pursue what Heaven has

has fated, Fortune ordain'd, what Reason requires, and (which is more) what my Inclination demands. I am sensible of the many Troubles and Dangers that attend the Prosecution of Knight-Errantry, but I also know what infinite Honours and Rewards are the Consequences of the Performance. The Path of Virtue is narrow, and the Way of Vice easy and open; but the Difference in the End is as inconsiderable. The latter is a broad Road indeed, and down-hill all the way, but Death and Contempt are always met at the End of the Journey; whereas the former leads to Glory and Life, not a Life that soon must have an End, but an immortal Being. For I know, as our great * Castilian Poet expresses it, that

*Thro' steep Ascents, thro' strait and rugged Ways,
Our selves to Glory's lofty Seats we raise :
In vain he hopes to reach the bless'd Abode,
Who leaves the narrow Path, for the more easy Road.*

Alack a-day! cry'd the Niece, my Uncle is a Poet too! He knows every thing. I'll lay my Life he might turn Mason in case of Necessity. If he would but undertake it, he could build a House as easy as a Bird-cage. Why truly, Niece, said Don Quixote, were not my Understanding wholly involv'd in Thoughts relating to the Exercise of Knight-Errantry, there is nothing which I durst not engage to perform, no Curiosity should escape my Hands, especially Cages and Tooth-pickers. By this some body knock'd at the Door and being ask'd who it was, Sancho answer'd, 'twas he. Whereupon the House-keeper slipp'd out of the way, not willing to see him, and the Niece

* Boscan, one of the first Reformers of the Spanish Poetry.

Let him in. Don Quixote receiv'd him with open Arms; and locking themselves both in the Closet, they had another Dialogue as pleasant as the former.

C H A P. VII.

An Account of Don Quixote's Conference with his Squire, and other most famous Passages.

THE House-keeper no sooner saw her Master and *Sancho* lock'd up together, but she presently surmis'd the Drift of that close Conference; and concluding that no less than Villanous Knight-Errantry would prove the Result of this private Interview, she flung her Veil over her Head, and quite cast down with Sorrow and Vexation, trudg'd away to seek *Sampson Carrasco*, the Bachelor of Arts; depending on his Wit and Eloquence, to dissuade his Friend *Don Quixote* from his frantick Resolution. She found him walking in the Yard of his House, and fell presently on her Knees before him in a cold Sweat, and with all the Marks of a disorder'd Mind. What's the matter, Woman, said he, (somewhat surpriz'd at her Posture and Confusion) what has befallen you, that you look as if you were ready to give up the Ghost? Nothing, said she, dear Sir, but that my Master's departing, he's departing, that's most certain. How! cry'd *Carrasco*. What d'you mean? Is his Soul departing out of his Body? No, answer'd the Woman, but all his Wits are quite and clean departing. He means to be Gadding again into the wide World, and is upon the Spur now the third time to hunt after Ventures, as he calls 'em, though I don't know why he calls those Chances so. The first time he was brought home, was athwart an

Afs,

Ass, and almost cudgel'd to pieces. T'other Bout he was forc'd to ride home in a Waggon, coop'd up in a Cage, where he would make us believe he was enchanted; and the poor Soul look'd so dismally, that the Mother that bore him would not have known the Child of her Bowels; so meagre, wan, and wither'd, and his Eyes so sunk and hid in the utmost Nook and Corner of his Brain, that I am sure I spent about Six Hundred Eggs to cocker him up again; ay, and more too, as Heaven and all the World's my Witness, and the Hens that laid 'em can't deny it. That I believe, said the Batchelor, for your Hens are so well-bred, so fat and so good, that they won't say one thing and think another for the World. But is this all? Has no other ill Luck befall'n you, besides this of your Master's intended Ramble? No other, Sir, quoth she. Then trouble your Head no farther, said he, but get you home, and as you go, say me the Prayer of St. *Apollonia*, if you know it: then get me some warm Bit for Breakfast, and I'll come to you presently, and you shall see Wonders. Dear me, quoth she, the Prayer of St. *Polonia*! Why, 'tis only good for the Tooth-ach; but his Ailing lies in his Skull. Gammer, said he, don't dispute with me: I know what I say. Have I not cominenc'd Batchelor of Arts at *Salamanca*, and do you think I have my Degrees for nothing? With that away she gues, and he went presently to find the Curate, to consult with him about what shall be declar'd in due time.

When *Sancho* and his Master were lock'd up together in the Room, there pass'd some Discourse between them, of which the History gives a very partial and impartial Account. Sir, quoth *Sancho* to his Master. I have at last reluc'd my Wife, to let me go with your Wor'ship where-ever you'll have me. Reduc'd you would say, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and not reluc'd. Look you, Sir, quoth

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quoth *Sancho*, If I an't mistaken, I have wish'd you once or twice not to stand correcting my Words, if you understand my Meaning: If you don't, why then do but say to me, *Sancho*, Devil, or what you please, I understand thee not; and if I don't make out my Meaning plainly, then take me up; for I am so forcible — I understand you not, said Don *Quixote* interrupting him, for I can't guess the Meaning of your *Forcible*. Why, so *Forcible*, quoth *Sancho*, is as much as to say, *Forcible*. That is, I am so and so, as it were. Less and less do I understand thee, said the Knight. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, there's an end of the Matter, it must e'en stick there for me, for I can speak no better. O! now, quoth Don *Quixote*, I fancy I guess your Meaning; you mean docible, I suppose, implying that you are so ready and apprehensive, that you will presently observe what I shall teach you. I'll lay any even Wager now, said the Squire, you understood me well enough at first, but you had a mind to put me out, merely to hear me put your fine Words out-a-joint. That may be, said Don *Quixote*, but pr'ythee tell me, what says *Teresa*? Why, an't please you, quoth *Sancho*, *Teresa* bids me make sure Work with your Worship, and that we may have less Talking and more Doing; that a Man must not be his own Carver; that he who Cuts does not Shuffle; that 'tis good to be certain; that Paper speaks when Beards never wag; that a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush. One *Hold-fast* is better than two *I'll give the*; and I say, a Woman's Counsel is not worth much, yet he that despises it, is no wiser than he shou'd be — I believe so too, said Don *Quixote*; but pray, good *Sancho*, proceed; for thou art in an excellent Strain; thou talk'st most sententiously to Day. I say, quoth *Sancho*, as you better know your self than I do, that we're all mortal Men, here to Day and gone to Morrow, as soon goes the young Lamb to the Spit, as the old Weather;

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Weather; no Man can tell the Length of his Days; for Death is deaf, and when he knocks at the Door, Mercy on the Porter. He's in Post-haste, neither fair Words nor foul, Crowns nor Mitres can stay him, as the Report goes, and as we are told from the Pulpit. All this I grant, said *Don Quixote*: But what would you infer from hence? Why, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, all I wou'd be at is, that your Worship allow me so much a * Month for my Wages, whilst I stay with you, and that the aforesaid Wages be paid me out of your Estate. For I'll trust no longer to Rewards, that mayhaps may come late, and mayhaps not at all. I'd be glad to know what I get, be't more or less. A little in one's own Pocket, is better than much in another Man's Purse. 'Tis good to keep a Nest-Egg. Every little makes a mickle; while a Man gets he never can lose. Should it happen indeed, that your Worship should give me this same Island, which you promis'd me, though 'tis what I dare not so much as hope for, why then I an't such an ungrateful, nor so unconscionable a Muck-worm, but that I am willing to strike off upon the Income, for what Wages I receive, Cantity for Cantity. Would not Quantity have been better than Cantity, ask'd *Don Quixote*? Ho! I understand you now, cry'd *Sancho*: I dare lay a Wager I should have said Quantity and not Cantity: but no matter for that, since you knew what I meant. Yes, *Sancho*, quoth the Knight, I have div'd to the very Bottom of your Thought, and understand now the Aim of all your numerous Shot of Proverbs. Look you, Friend *Sancho*, I shou'd never scruple to pay thee Wages, had I any Example to warrant such a Practice. Nay, could I find the least glimmering of a Precedent thro' all the Books of Chivalry that ever I read, for any yearly

* The Custom of Spain is to pay their Servants Wages by the Month.

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or monthly Stipend, your Request should be granted. But I have read all, or the greatest Part of the Histories of Knights-Errant, and find that all their Squires depended purely on the Favour of their Masters for a Subsistence; till by some surprizing Turn in the Knight's Fortune, the Servants were advanced to the Government of some Island, or some equivalent Gratuity; at least, they had Honour and a Title conferred on them as a Reward. Now Friend *Sancho*, if you will depend on these Hopes of Preferment, and return to my Service 'tis well; if not, get you home, and tell your impertinent Wife, that I will not break through all the Rules and Customs of Chivalry, to satisfy her sordid Diffidence and yours; and so let there be no more Words about the matter, but let us part Friends; and remember this, that if there be Vetches in my Dove-House, it will want no Pigeons. Good Arrears are better than ill Pay; and a Fee in Reversion is better than a Farm in Possession. Take notice too, there's Proverb for Proverb, to let you know that I can pour out a Volley of 'em as well as you. In short, if you will not go along with me upon Courtesy, and run the same Fortune with me, Heaven be with you, and make you a Saint; I do not question but I shall get me a Squire, more Obedient, more Careful, and less Saucy and Talkative than you.

Sancho hearing his Master's firm Resolution, 'twas cloudy Weather with him in an Instant; he was struck dumb with Disappointment, and down sunk at once his Heart to his Girdle; for he verily thought he could have brought him to any Terms, through a vain Opinion, that the Knight would not for the World go without him. While he was thus dolefully bury'd in Thought, in came *Sampson Carrasco* and the Niece very eager to hear the Batchelor's Arguments to dissuade Don *Quixote* from his intended Sally. But *Sampson*, who was

a rare

a rare Comedian, presently embracing the Knight, and beginning in a high Strain, soon disappointed her. O Flower of Chivalry, cry'd he, resplendent Glory of Arme, living Honour and Mirror of our Spanish Nation, may all those who prevent the Third Expedition which thy heroick Spirit meditates, be lost in the Labyrinth of their perverse Desires, and find no Thread to lead 'em to their Wishes. Then turning to the House keeper, You have no need now to say the Prayer of St. *Appollonia*, said he, for I find it written in the Stars, that the Illustrious Champion must no longer delay the Prosecution of Glory; and I should injure my Conscience, should I presume to dissuade him from the Benefits that shall redound to Mankind, by exerting the Strength of his formidable Arm, and the innate Virtues of his Heroick Soul. Alas! his Stay deprives the oppressed Orphans of a Protector, Damsels of a Deliverer, Champions of their Honour, Widows of an obliging Patron, and marry'd Women of a vigorous Comforter; and delays a Thousand other important Exploits and Atchievements, which are the Duty, and necessary Consequences of the honourable Order of Knight-Errantry. Go on then, my Graceful, my Valorous Don *Quixote*, rather this very Day than the next; let your Greatness be upon the Wing, and if any thing be wanting towards the compleating of your Equipage, I stand forth to supply you with my Life and Fortune, and ready, if it be thought expedient, to attend your Excellence as a Squire, an Honour which I am ambitious to attain. Well, *Sancho*, (said Don *Quixote*, hearing this, and turning to his Squire) did not I tell thee I should not want Squires; behold who offers me his Service, the most excellent Bachelor of Arts, *Sampson Carrasco*, the perpetual Darling of the Muses, and Glory of the *Salamanca*-Schools, sound and active of Body, patient of Labour, inur'd

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ur'd to Abstinence, silent in Misfortune, and in short, endow'd with all the Accomplishments that constitute a Squire. But forbid it Heav'n, that to indulge my private Inclinations I should presume to weaken the whole Body of Learning, by removing from it so substantial a Pillar, so vast a Repository of Sciences, and so eminent a Branch of the Liberal Arts. No, my Friend, remain thou another *Sampson* in thy Country, be the Honour of *Spain*, and the Delight of thy ancient Parents; I shall content my self with any Squire, since *Sancho* does not vouchsafe to go with me. I do, I do, (cry'd *Sancho*, relenting with Tears in his Eyes) I do vouchsafe; it shall never be said of *Sancho Pança*, no longer Pipe no longer Dance. Nor have I a Heart of Flint, Sir; for all the World knows, and especially our Town, what the whole Generation of the *Pança*'s has ever been: Besides, I well know, and have already found by a many good Turns, and more good Words, that your Worship has had a good Will towards me all a-long; and if I have done otherwise than I should, in standing upon Wages, or so, it were merely to humour my Wife, who, when once she's set upon a thing, stands digging and hammering at a Man like a Cooper at a Tub, till she clinches the Point. But hang it, I am the Husband, and will be her Husband, and she's but a Wife, and shall be a Wife. None can deny but I am, a Man every Inch of me, where-ever I am, and I will be a Man at home in spite of any Body; so that you've no more to do, but to make your Will and Testament; but be sure you make the Conveyance so firm, that it can't be rebuk'd, and then let's be gone as soon as you please, that Master *Sampson*'s Soul may be at rest; for he says his Conscience won't let him be quiet, till he has set you upon another Journey thro' the World; and I here again offer my self to follow your Worship, and promise

mise to be Faithful and Loyal, as well, nay, and better than all the Squires that ever waited on Knights-Errant. The Batchelor was amaz'd to hear *Sancho Pança* expres himself after that manner ; and thongh he had read much of him in the first Part of his History, he could not believe him to be so pleasant a Fellow as he is there represented. But hearing him now talk of rebuking instead of revoking Testaments and Conveyances, he was induc'd to credit all that was said of him, and to conclude him one of the most solemn Madmen of the Age; nor could he imagine that the World ever saw before so extravagant a Couple as the Master and the Man.

Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* embrac'd, becoming as good Friends as ever, and so with the Approbation of the Grand *Carrasco*, who was then the Knight's Oracle, it was decreed, that they should set out at the Expiration of three Days; in which time all Necessaries should be provided, especially a whole Helmet, which Don *Quixote* said he was resolv'd by all means to purchase. *Sampson* offer'd him one which he knew he could easily get of a Friend, and which look'd more dull with the Mold and Rust, than bright with the Lustre of the Steel. The Niece and the House-keeper made a woful Out-cry ; they tore their Hair, scratch'd their Faces, and howl'd like common Mourners at Funerals, lamenting the Knight's Departure, as it had been his real Death ; and cursing *Carrasco* most unmercifully, though his Behaviour was the Result of a Contrivance plotted between the Curate, the Barber, and himself. In short, Don *Quixote* and his Squire having got all things in a Readiness, the one having pacify'd his Wife, and the other his Niece and House-keeper ; towards the Evening without being seen by any body but the Batchelor, who would needs accompany them about half a League from the Village, they set forward for *Toboso*.

The

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The Knight mounted his *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* his trusty *Dapple*, his Wallet well stuff'd with Provisions, and his Purse with Money, which *Don Quixote* gave him to defray Expences. At last *Sampson* took his Leave, desiring the Champion to give him from time to time, an Account of his Success, that according to the Laws of Friendship, he might sympathize in his good or evil Fortune. *Don Quixote* made him a Promise, and then they parted; *Sampson* went home, and the Knight and Squire continu'd their Journey for the great City of *Toboso*.

C H A P. VIII.

Don Quixote's Success in his Journey to visit the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Blessed be the mighty *Alla*, says *Hamet Benengeli*, at the Beginning of his Eighth Chapter; blessed be *Alla*. Which Ejaculation he thrice repeated, in Consideration of the Blessing that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* had once more taken the Field again; and that from this Period the Readers of their delightful History may date the Knight's Atchievements, and the Squire's Pleasantries; and he intreats 'em to get for the former heroical Transactions of the wonderful Knight, and fix their Eyes upon his future Exploits, which take Birth from his setting out for *Toboso*, as the former began in the Fields of *Montiel*. Nor can so small a Request be thought unreasonable, considering his Performance in Prospect; which begins in this manner.

Don *Quixote* and his Squire were no sooner parted from the Batchelor, but *Rozinante* began to neigh, and *Dapple* to bray; which both the Knight

Knight and the Squire interpreted as good Omens, and most fortunate Presages of their Success; tho' the Truth of the Story is, that as *Dapple*'s Braying exceeded *Rozinante*'s Neighing, *Sancho* concluded that his Fortune should out-rival and eclipse his Master's; which Inference I will not say he drew from some Principles in Judicial Astrology, in which he was undoubtedly well-grounded, though the History is silent in that Particular; however, 'tis recorded of him, that oftentimes upon the falling or stumbling of his As, he wish'd he had not gone abroad that Day, and from such Accidents prognosticated nothing but Dislocation of Joints, and breaking of Ribs; and notwithstanding his foolish Character, this was no bad Observation. Friend *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote* to him, I find the approaching Night will overtake us, ere we can reach *Toboso*, where before I enter upon any Expedition, I am resolv'd to pay my Vows, receive my Benediction, and take my Leave of the Peerless *Dulcinea*; being assured after that of happy Events, in the most dangerous Adventures; for nothing in this world inspires a Knight-Errant with so much Valour, as the Smiles and favourable Aspects of his Mistress. I am of your Mind, quoth *Sancho*; but I am afraid, Sir, you will hardly come at her, to speak with her, at least not to meet her in a Place where she may give you her Blessing, unless she throw it you over the Mud-Wall of the Yard, where I first saw her, when I carried her the News of your mad Pranks, in the midst of *Sierra Morena*. Mud-Wall, dost thou say, cry'd Don *Quixote*! Mistaken Fool, that Wall could have no Existence but in thy muddy Understanding: 'Tis a mere Creature of thy dirty Fancy; for that never duly celebr'd Paragon of Beauty and Gentility, was then undoubtedly in some Court, in some stately Gallery, or Walk, or as 'tis properly called, in some sum-

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ptuous and Royal Palace. It may be so said *Sancho*, though so far as I can remember, it seem'd to me neither better nor worse than a Mud-Wall. 'Tis no matter, reply'd the Knight, let us go thither; I will visit my dear *Dulcinea*; let me but see her, though it be over a Mud-Wall, through a Chink of a Cottage, or the Pales of a Garden, at a Lettice, or any where; which way soever the least Beam from her bright Eyes reaches mine, it will so enlighten my Mind, so fortify my Heart, and invigorate every Faculty of my Being, that no Mortal will be able to rival me in Prudence and Valour. Troth! Sir, quoth *Sancho*, when I beheld that same Sun of a Lady, methought it did not shine so bright, as to cast forth any Beams at all; but perhaps the Reason was, that the Dust of the Grain she was winnowing rais'd a Cloud about her Face, and made her look somewhat dull. I tell thee again, Fool, said *Don Quixote*, the Imagination is dusty and foul; will it never be beaten out of thy stupid Brain, that my Lady *Dulcinea* was winnowing? Are such Exercises us'd by Persons of her Quality, whose Recreations are always noble, and such as display an Air of Greatness suitable to their Birth and Dignity? Can't thou not remember the Verses of our Poet, when he recounts the Employments of the four Nymphs at their Crystal Mansions, when they advanc'd their Heads above the Streams of the lovely *Tagus*, and sat upon the Grass, working those rich Embroideries, where Silk and Gold, and Pearl emboss'd, were so curiously interwoven, and which that ingenious Bard so artfully describes? So was my Princess employ'd when she blessed thee with her Sight; but the envious Malice of some base Necromancer fascinated thy Sight, as it represents whatever is most grateful to me in different and displeasing Shapes. And this makes me fear, that if the History of my Atchievements, which

which they tell me is in Print, has been written by some Magician who is no Well-wisher to my Glory, he has undoubtedly deliver'd many things with Partiality, misrepresented my Life, inserting a hundred Falshoods for one Truth, and diverting himself with the Relation of idle Stories, foreign from the Purpose, and obnoxious to the Continuation of a true History. O Envy ! Envy ! Thou gnawing Worm of Virtue, and Spring of infinite Mischiefs ! There is no other Vice, my *Sancho*, but pleads some Pleasure in its Excuse ; but Envy is always attended by Disgust, Rancour, and distracting Rage. I am much of your Mind, said *Sancho*, and I think, in the same Book which Neighbour *Carrasco* told us he had read of our Lives, the Story makes bold with my Credit, and has handled it at a strange rate, and has dragg'd it about the Kennels, as a body may say. Well, now as I am an honest Man, I never spoke an ill Word of a Magician in my born Days ; and I think they need not envy my Condition so much. The Truth is, I am somewhat malicious ; I have my roguish Tricks now and then ; but I was ever counted more Fool than Knave for all that, and so indeed I was bred and born ; and if there were nothing else in me but my Religion (for I firmly believe whatever our holy *Roman Catholick* Church believes, and I hate the *Jews* mortally) these same Historians should take pity o' me, and spare me a little in their Books. But let 'em say on to the End of the Chapter ; naked I caine into the World, and naked must go out. 'Tis all a Case to *Sancho*, I can neither win nor lose ; and so they put me in their Books, and toss my Name from Post to Pillar, I care not a Fig for the worst they can say. What thou say'st, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, puts me mind of a Story. A celebrated Poet of our Time wrote a very scurtilous and abusive Lampoon upon all the intriguing

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Ladies of the Court, forbearing to name one, as not being sure whether she deserv'd to be put into the Catalogue or no; but the Lady not finding her self there, was not a little affronted at the Omission, and made a great Complaint to the Poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he shou'd leave her out of his List; desiring him at the same time to enlarge his Satire, and put her in, or expect to hear farther from her. The Author obeyed her Commands, and gave her a Character with a Vengeance, and, to her great Satisfaction, made her as famous for Infamy as any Woman about the Town. Such another Story is that of *Diana's Temple*, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, burnt by an ignoble Fellow merely to eternize his Name; which, in spite of an Edict that enjoin'd all People never to mention it, either by Word of Mouth, or in Writing, yet is still known to have been *Erostratus*. The Story of the great Emperor *Charles the Fifth*, and a *Roman* Knight, upon a certain Occasion, is much the same. The Emperor had a great Desire to see the famous Temple once called the *Pantheon*, but now more happily, the Church of *All Saints*. 'Tis the only entire Edifice remaining of Heathen *Rome*, and that which best gives an Idea of the Glory and Magnificence of its great Founders. 'Tis built in the Shape of a half Orange, of a vast Extent and very lightsome, tho' it admits no Light, but at one Window, or to speak more properly, at a round Aperture on the Top of the Roof. The Emperor being got up thither, and looking down from the Brink upon the Fabrick, with a *Roman* Knight by him, who shew'd all the Beauties of that vast Edifice: after they were gone from the Place, says the Knight, addressing the Emperor, It came into my Head a thousand times, Sacred Sir, to embrace your Majesty, and cast my self with you, from the Top of the Church to the Bottom, that I might

might thus purchase an immortal Name. I thank you, said the Emperor, for not doing it; and for the future, I will give you no Opportunity to put your Loyalty to such a Test. Therefore I banish you my Presence for ever; which done, he bestow'd some mighty Favour on him. I tell thee, *Sancho*, this Desire of Honour is a strange bewitching thing. What dost thou think made *Horatius*, arm'd at all Points, plunge headlong from the Bridge into the rapid *Tyber*? What prompted *Curtius* to leap into the profound flaming Gulph? What made *Murius* burn his Hand? What forc'd *Cæsar* over the *Rubicon*, spite of all the Omens that dissuaded his Passage? And to instance a more modern Example, what made the undaunted *Spaniards* sink their Ships, when under the most courteous *Cortez*, but that scorning the stale Honour of this so often conquer'd World, they sought a Maiden Glory in a new Scene of Victory? These, and a Multiplicity of other great Actions, are owing to the immediate Thirst and Desire of Fame, which Mortals expect as the proper Price and immortal Recompence of their great Actions. But we that are Christian Catholick Knights-Errant must fix our Hopes upon a higher Reward, plac'd in the Eternal and Celestial Regions, where we may expect a permanent Honour and compleat Happiness; not like the Vanity of Fame, which at best is but the Shadow of great Actions, and must necessarily vanish, when destructive Time has eat away the Substance which it follow'd. So, my *Sancho*, since we expect a Christian Reward, we must suit our Actions to the Rules of Christianity. In Giants we must kill Pride and Arrogance: But our greatest Foes, and whom we must chiefly combat, are within. Envy we must overcome by Generosity and Nobleness of Soul; Anger, by a repos'd and easy Mind; Riot and Drowsiness, by Vigilance and Temperance; Lasciviousness,

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riousnes, by our inviolable Fidelity to those who are Mistresses of our Thoughts; and Sloth, by our indefatigable Peregrinations through the Universe, to seek Occasions of Military, as well as Christian Honours. This, *Sancho*, is the Road to lasting Fame, and a good and honourable Renown. I understand passing well every Tittle you have said, answer'd *Sancho*; but pray now, Sir, will you dissolve me of one Doubt, that's just come into my Head. Resolve thou would'st say, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Well, speak, and I will endeavour to satisfy thee. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, pray tell me, these same *Julys*, and these *Augusts*, and all the rest of the famous Knights you talk of that are dead, where are they now? Without doubt, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the Heathens are in Hell. The Christians, if their Lives were answerable to their Profession, are either in Purgatory, or in Heaven. So far so good, said *Sancho*; but pray tell me, the Tombs of these Lordlings, have they any Silver Lamps still burning before 'em, and are their Chapel-Walls hung about with Crutches, Winding-sheets, old Periwigs, Legs and Wax-Eyes, or with what are they hung? The Monuments of the dead Heathens, said *Don Quixote*, were for the most part sumptuous Pieces of Architecture. The Ashes of *Julius Cæsar* were deposited on the Top of an Obelisk, all of one Stone of a prodigious Bigness, which is now called *Aguaglia di San Pietro*, St. Peter's Needle. The Emperor *Adrian's* Sepulchre was a vast Structure as big as an ordinary Village, and called *Moles Adriani*, and now the Castle of St. *Angelo* in *Rome*. Queen *Artemisia* buried her Husband *Mausolus* in so curious and magnificent a Pile, that his Monument was reputed one of the seven Wonders of the World. But none of these, nor any other of the Heathen Sepulchres, were adorn'd with any Winding-sheets, or other Offering, that might imply the Persons interred

tered were Saints. Thus far we are right, quoth *Sancho*; now, Sir, pray tell me, which is the greatest Wonder, to raise a dead Man, or kill a Giant? The Answer is obvious, said *Don Quixote*; to raise a dead Man certainly. Then, Master, I have nick'd you, saith *Sancho*, for he that raises the Dead, makes the Blind see, the Lame walk, and the Sick healthy, who has Lamps burning Night and Day before his Sepulchre, and whose Chapel is full of Pilgrims, who adore his Relicks on their Knees; that Man, I say, has more Fame in this World and in the next, than any of your Heathenish Emperors or Knights-Errant e'er had, or will ever have. I grant it, said *Don Quixote*. Very good, quoth *Sancho*, I'll be with you anon. This Fame, these Gifts, these Rights, Privileges, and what d'ye call 'em, the Bodies and Relicks of these Saints have; so that by the Consent and Good-liking of our Holy Mother the Church, they have their Lamps, their Lights, their Winding-sheets, their Crutches, their Pictures, their Heads of Hair, their Legs, their Eyes, and the Lord knows what, by which they stir up People's Devotion, and spread their Christian Fame. Kings will vouchsafe to carry the Bodies of Saints or their Relicks on their Shoulders, they'll kiss you the Pieces of their Bones, and spare no Cost to set off and deck their Shrines and Chapels. And what of all this, said *Don Quixote*? What's your Inference? Why, truly, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that we turn Saints as fast as we can, and that's the readiest and cheapest way to get this same Honour you talk of. 'Twas but Yesterday or t'other Day, or I can't tell when, I'm sure 'twas not long since, that two poor bare-footed Friars were Sainted; and you can't think what a Crowd of People there is to kiss the Iron Chains they wore about their Wastes instead of Girdles, to humble the Flesh. I dare say, they are more reverenc'd than *Orlando's* Sword, that hangs

in the Armory of our Sovereign Lord the King, whom Heaven grant long to reign ! So that for ought I see, better it is to be a Friar, tho' but of a beggarly Order, than a valiant Errant Knight; and a Dozen or two of sound Lashes, well meant, and as well laid on, will obtain more of Heaven than two thousand Thrusts with a Lance; tho' they be given to Giants, Dragons, or Hobgoblins. All this is very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but all Men cannot be Friars; we have different Paths allotted us, to mount to the high Seat of Eternal Felicity. Chivalry is a Religious Order, and there are Knights in the Fraternity of Saints in Heaven. However, quoth *Sancho*, I have heard say, there are more Friars there than Knights-Errant. That is, said *Don Quixote*, because there is a greater Number of Friars than of Knights. But are there not a great many Knights-Errant too? said *Sancho*. There are many indeed, answer'd *Don Quixote*, but very few that deserve the Name. In such Discourses as these, the Knight and Squire pass'd the Night, and the whole succeeding Day, without encountering any Occasion to signalize themselves; at which *Don Quixote* was very much disgusted. At last, towards Evening the next Day, they discover'd the goodly City of *Toboso*, which reviv'd the Knight's Spirits wonderfully, but had a quite contrary Effect on his Squire, because he did not know the House where *Dulcinea* liv'd, no more than his Master. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other very melancholick and disturb'd in Mind, because he had never seen her; nor did he know what to do, shou'd his Master send him to *Toboso*. However, as *Don Quixote* would not make hi. Entry in the Day-time, they spent the Evening among some Oaks not far distant from the Place, till the prefix'd Moment came; then they enter'd the City, where they met with Adyventures indeed.

C H A P. IX.

That gives an Account of Things which you'll know when you read it.

THE fable Night had spun out half her Course, when *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* descended from a Hill, and enter'd *Toboso*. A profound Silence reign'd over all the Town, and all the Inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretch'd out at their Ease. The Night was somewhat clear, though *Sancho* wish'd it dark, to hide his Master's Folly and his own. Nothing disturb'd the general Tranquility, but now and then the Barking of Dogs, that wounded *Don Quixote*'s Ears, but more poor *Sancho*'s Heart. Sometimes an Ass bray'd, Hogs grunted, Cats mew'd; which jarring Mixture of Sounds was not a little augmented by the Stilness and Serenity of the Night, and fill'd the enamour'd Champion's Head with a Thousand inauspicious Chimera's. However, turning to his Squire, My dear *Sancho*, said he, shew me the Way to *Dulcinea*'s Palace, perhaps we shall find her still awake. Body on me, cry'd *Sancho*, what Palace do you mean? When I saw her Highness, she was in a little paltry Cot. Perhaps, reply'd the Knight, she was then retir'd into some Corner of the Palace, to divert her self in private with her Damsels, as great Ladies and Princesses sometimes do. Well, Sir, said *Sancho*, since it must be a Palace whether I will or no, yet can you think this is a Time of Night to find the Gates open, or a seasonable Hour to thunder at the Door, till we raise the House and alarm the whole Town? Are we going to a Bawdy-house, think you, like your Wenchers, that can rap at a Door any Hour of the Night, and knock People up when they list?

Let us once find the Palace, said the Knight, and then I'll tell thee what we ought to do: But stay, either my Eyes delude me, or that lofty gloomy Structure which I discover yonder, is *Dulcinea's* Palace. Well, lead on, Sir, said the Squire; and yet though I were to see it with my Eyes, and feel it with my ten Fingers, I shall believe it e'en as much as I believe 'tis now Noon-day. The Knight led on, and having rode about Two Hundred Paces, came at last to the Building which he took for *Dulcinea's* Palace; but found it to be the great Church of the Town. We are mistaken, *Sancho*, said he, I find this is a Church. I see it is, said the Squire; and I pray the Lord we have not found our Graves; for 'tis a plaguy ill Sign to haunt Church-yards at this Time of Night, especially when I told you, if I an't mistaken, that this Lady's House stands in a little blind Alley, without any Thorough-fair. A Curse on thy distemper'd Brain! cry'd *Don Quixote*; where, Blockhead, where did'st thou ever see Royal Edifices and Palaces built in a blind Alley, without a Thorough-fair? Sir, said *Sancho*, every Country has its several Fashions; and for ought you know, they may build their great Houses and Palaces in blind Alleys at *Tobuſi*: And therefore, good your Worship, let me alone to hunt up and down in what By-Lanes and Allies I may strike into; mayhap in some Nook or Corner we may light upon this same Palace: Wou'd Old Nick had it for me, for leading us such a Jaunt, and plaguing a body at this rate. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, speak with greater Respect of my Mistress's Concerns; be merry and wise, and do not throw the Helve after the Hatchet. Cry Mercy, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but wou'd it not make any Man mad, to have you put me upon finding readily our Dame's House at all times, which I never saw but once in my Life? nay, and to find it at Midnight, when you your self can't find it, that have seen it a thousand

sand times! Thou wilt make me desperately angry, said the Knight: Hark you, Heretick, have I not repeated it a Thousand times, that I never saw the peerless *Dulcinea*, nor ever enter'd the Portals of her Palace; but that I am in Love with her purely by Hear-say, and upon the great Fame of her Beauty and rare Accomplishments? I hear you say so now, quoth *Sancho*; and since you say you never saw her, I must needs tell you I never saw her neither. That's impossible, said Don *Quixote*; at least you told me you saw her winnowing Wheat, when you brought me an Answer to the Letter which I sent by you. That's neither here nor there, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*; for to be plain with you, I saw her but by Hear-say too, and the Answer I brought you was by Hear-say as well as the rest; and I know the Lady *Dulcinea* no more than the Man in the Moon. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, there's a Time for all Things; unseasonable Mirth always turns to Sorrow. What, because I declare that I have never seen nor spoken to the Mistress of my Soul, is it for you to trifle and say so too, when you're so sensible of the contrary?

Here their Discourse was interrupted, a Fellow with two Mules happening to pass by them, and by the Noise of the Plough which they drew along, they gues'd it might be some Country Labourer going out before Day to his Husbandry; and so indeed it was. He went singing the doleful Ditty of the Defeat of the French at *Roncesvalles*; *Ye Frenchmen all must rue the woful Day*. Let me die (said Don *Quixote*, hearing what the Fellow sung) if we have any good Success to Night; dost thou hear what this Peasant sings, *Sancho*? Ay marry do I, quoth the Squire; but what's the Rout at *Roncesvalles* to us? it concerns us no more than if he had sung the Ballad of *Colly my Cow*; we shall speed neither the better nor the worse for it. *B* this time the Ploughman being come up to them, Good

Good-morrow, honest Friend, cry'd Don *Quixote* to him ; pray can you inform me which is the Palace of the peerle's Princess, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* ? Sir, said the Fellow, I am a Stranger, and but lately come into this Town ; I'm Ploughman to a rich Farmer : But here right over-against you lives the Curate and the Sexton, they're the likeliest to give you some Account of that Lady-Princess, as having a List of all the Folks in Town, though I fancy there's no Princess at all liyes here ; there be indeed a power of Gentle-folk, and each of them may be a Princess in her own House for ought I know. Perhaps, Friend, said Don *Quixote*, we shall find the Lady for whom I enquire among those. Why truly Master, answer'd the Ploughman, as you say, such a thing may be, and so speed you well ! 'Tis Break of Day. With that, switching his Mules, he stay'd for no more Questions.

Sancho perceiving his Master in suspence, and not very well satisfy'd ; Sir, said he, the Day comes on apace, and I think 'twill not be very handsome for us to stay to be star'd at, and sit sunning our selves in the Street. We had better slip out of Town again, and betake our selves to some Wood hard by, and then I will come back, and search every Hole and Corner in Town for this same House, Castle, or Palace of my Lady's, and 'twill go hard if I don't find it out at long run ; then will I talk to her Highness, and tell her how you do, and how I left you hard by waiting her Orders and Instructions about talking with her in private, without bringing her Name in question. Dear *Sancho*, said the Knight, thou hast spoke, and included a thousand Sentences in the Compass of a few Words ; I approve, and lovingly accept thy Advice. Come, my Child, let us go, and in some neighbouring Grove find out a convenient Retreat ; then, as thou say'st, thou shalt return to seek to see,

see, and to deliver my Embassy to my Lady, from whose Discretion and most courteous Mind I hope, for a thousand Favours, that may be counted more than wonderful. *Sancho* sat upon Thorns till he had got his Master out of Town, lest he shou'd discover the Falshood of the Account he brought him in *Sierra Morena*, of *Dulcinea*'s answering his Letter; So hast'ning to be gone, they were presently got two Miles from the Town into a Wood, where *Don Quixote* took Covert, and *Sancho* was dispatch'd to *Dulcinea*. In which Negotiation some Accidents fell out, that require new Attention and a fresh Belief.

C H A P. X.

How Sancho cunningly found out a Way to enchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Passages no less certain than ridiculous.

THE Author of this important History being come to the Matters which he relates in this Chapter, says he would willingly have left 'em buried in Oblivion, in a manner despairing of his Reader's Belief: For *Don Quixote*'s Madness flies here to so extravagant a Pitch, that it may be said to have out-stripp'd by two Bow-shots, all imaginable Credulity. However, notwithstanding this Mis-trust, he has set down every Particular, just as the same was transacted, without adding or diminishing the least Atom of Truth through the whole History; not valuing in the least such Objections as may be rais'd to impeach him of Breach of Veracity. A Proceeding which ought to be commended; for Truth indeed rather alleviates than hurts, and will always bear up against Falshood, as Oil does above Water. And so continuing

ing his Narration, he tells us, That when Don *Quixote* was retir'd into the Wood or Forest, or rather into the Grove of Oaks near the Grand *Tolosa*, he order'd *Sancho* to go back to the City, and not to return to his Presence till he had had Audience of his Lady; beseeching her that it might please her to be seen by her Captive Knight, and vouchsafe to bestow her Benediction on him, that by the Virtue of that Blessing he might hope for a prosperous Event in all his Onsets and perilous Attempts and Adventures. *Sancho* undertook the Charge, engaging him as successful a Return of this as of his former Message.

Go then, Child, said the Knight, and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the Beams of that resplendent Sun of Beauty. Happy, thou, above all the Squires of the Universe! Observe and engrave in thy Memory the Manner of thy Reception; mark whether her Colour changes upon the Delivery of thy Commission; whether her Looks betray any Emotion or Concern when she hears my Name; whether she does not seem to sit on her Cushion with a strange Uneasiness, in case thou happen'st to find her seated on the pompous Throne of her Authority. And if she be standing, mind whether she stands sometimes upon one Leg, and sometimes on another; whether she repeats three or four times the Answer which she gives thee, or changes it from kind to cruel, and then again from cruel to kind; whether she does not seem to adjust her Hair, though every Lock appears in perfect Order. In short, observe all her Actions, every Motion, every Gesture; for by the accurate Relation which thou giv'st of these things, I shall divine the Secrets of her Breast, and draw just Inferences in relation to my Amour. For I must tell thee, *Sancho*, if thou dost not know it already, that the outward Motions of Lovers are the surest Indications of their inward Affec-

Affections, they are the most faithful Intelligencers in an amorous Negotiation. Go then, my trusty Squire, thy own better Stars, not mine, attend thee; and meet with a more prosperous Event, than that which in this doleful Desart, tos'd between Hopes and Fears, I dare expect. I'll go, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and I'll be back in a trice: Mean while cheer up, I beseech you; come, Sir, comfort that little Heart of yours, no bigger than a Hazle-Nut! Don't be cast down, I say; remember the old Saying, *Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady*: Where there's no Hook, to be sure there will hang no Bacon: The Hare leaps out of the Bush where we least look for her. I speak this, to give you to understand, that tho' we could not find my Lady's Castle in the Night, I may light on it when I least think on it now 'tis Day; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her. Well, *Sancho*, said the Knight, thou hast a rare Talent in applying thy Proverbs; Heaven give me better Success in my Designs! This said, *Sancho* turn'd his Back, and switching his *Dapple*, left the Don on Horseback, leaning on his Lance, and resting on his Stirrups, full of melancholy and confus'd Imaginations. Let us leave him too, to go along with *Sancho*, who was no less uneasy in his Mind. No sooner was he got out of the Grove, but turning about, and perceiving his Master quite out of Sight, he dismounted, and laying himself down at the Foot of a Tree, thus began to hold a Parley with himself. Friend *Sancho*, quoth he, pray let me ask you whither your Worship is a going? Is it to seek some Ass you have lost? No by my Troth. What is't then thou art hunting after? Why I am looking, you must know, for a thing of nothing, only a Princess, and in her the Sun of Beauty, forsooth, and all Heaven together. Well, and where dost thou think to find all this, Friend of mine? Where! why in the great City of *Toboso*.

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so And pray, Sir, who set you to work ! Who set me to work ! There's a Question ! Why, who but the most renowned Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, he that rights the Wrong'd, that gives Drink to the Hungry, and Meat to those that are a Dry. Very good, Sir; but pray dost know where she lives ? Not I, efackins ! but my Master says 'tis somewhere in a King's Palace, or stately Castle. And hast thou ever seen her trow ? No marry han't I : Why, my Master himself ne'er sat Eyes on her in his Life. But tell me, *Sancho*, what if the People of *Toboso* shou'd know that you are come to inveigle their Princesses, and make their Ladies run astray, and should baste your Carcase handsomely, and leave you ne'er a sound Rib, do you not think they would be mightily in the right on't ? Why, troth, they would not be much in the wrong ; tho' methinks they should consider too, that I am but a Servant, and sent on another body's Errand, and so I am not at all in Fault. Nay, never trust to that, *Sancho*, for your People of *la Mancha* are plaguy hot and toucheous, and will endure no Tricks to be put upon 'em : Body of me ! if they but smoke thee, they'll mawl thee after a strange rate. No, no, fore-warn'd fore-armed : Why do I go about to look for more Feet than a Cat has, for another Man's Maggot ! Besides, when all's done, I may perhaps as well look for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, or for a Scholar at *Salamanca*, as for *Dalcinea* all over the Town of *Toboso*. Well, 'tis the Devil, and nothing but the Devil, has put me upon this troublesome Piece of Work. This was the Dialogue *Sancho* had with himself ; and the Consequence of it was the following Soliloquy. Well, there's a Remedy for all things but Death, which will be sure to lay us flat one time or other. This Master of mine, by a thousand Tokens I ha' seen, is a downright Madman, and I think I come within an Inch of him ; nay, I am the greatest Cods-head

head of the Two, to serve and follow him as I do, if the Proverb ben't a Lyar, Shew me thy Company, I'll tell thee what thou art ; and t'other old Saw, Birds of a Feather flock together. Now then my Master being mad, and so very mad as to mistake sometimes one thing for another, Black for White, and White for Black ; as when he took the Wind-Mills for Giants, the Friar's Mules for Dromedaries, and the Flocks of Sheep for Armies, and much more to the same Tune ; I guess 'twill be no hard matter to pass upon him the first Country-Wench I shall meet with, for the Lady *Dulcinea*. If he won't believe, I'll swear it ; if he swear again, I'll out-swear him ; and if he be positive, I'll be more positive than he ; and stand to't, and out-face him in't, come what will on't : So that when he finds I won't flinch, he'll either resolve never to send me more of his sleeveless Errands, seeing what a lame Account I bring him, or he'll think some one of those wicked Wizards, who, he says, owes him a Grudge, has transmogrify'd her into some other Shape out of spite. This happy Contrivance help'd to compose *Sancho*'s Mind, and now he look'd on his grand Affair to be as good as done. Having therefore stay'd till the Evening, that his Master might not think he had employ'd so much Time in going and coming, things fell out very luckily for him ; for as he arose to mount his *Dapple*, he spy'd three Country-Wenches coming towards him from *Toboso*, upon three young Asses ; whether Male or Female, the Author has left undetermin'd, though we may reasonably suppose they were She-Asses, such being most frequently us'd to ride on by Country-Lasses in those Parts. But this being no very material Circumstance, we need not dwell any longer upon the Decision of that Point. 'Tis sufficient they were Asses, and discover'd by *Sancho* ; who thereupon made all the haste he cou'd to get to his Master,

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Master, and found him breathing out a Thousand Sighs and amorous Lamentations. Well, my *Sancho*, said the Knight immediately upon his Approach, what News? Are we to mark this Day with a white or a black Stone? Ev'n mark it rather with Red Oker, answer'd *Sancho*, as they do Church-Chairs, that every body may know who they belong to. Why then, said Don *Quixote*, I suppose thou bringest good News. Ay marry dol, quoth *Sancho*; you have no more to do but to clap Spurs to *Rozinante*, and get into the open Fields, and you'll see my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, with a Brace of her Damsels, coming to see your Worship. Blessed Heaven! cry'd Don *Quixote*, what art thou saying, my dear *Sancho*? Take heed, and do not presume to beguile my real Grief with a delusive Joy. Adsookers! Sir, said *Sancho*, what shou'd I get by putting a Trick upon you, and being found out the next Moment? Seeing is Believing all the World over. Come, Sir, put on, put on, and you'll see our Lady Princess coming, dress'd up and bedeck'd like her own sweet self indeed. Her Damsels and she are all one Spark of Gold; all Pearls, all Diamonds, all Rubies, all Cloth of Gold above ten Inches high. Their Hair spread over their Shoulders like so many Sunbeams, and dangling and dancing in the Wind; and what's more, they ride upon three Flea-bitten gambling Hags; there's not a Piece of Horse-flesh can match 'em in three Kingdoms. Ambling Nags thou meanest, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*. Gambling Hags or Ambling Nags, quoth *Sancho*, there's no such Difference methinks; but be they what they will, I'm sure I ne'er sat Eyes on finer Creatures than those that ride upon their Backs, especially my Lady *Dulcinea*; 'twou'd make one swoon away but to look upon her. Let us move then, my *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*; and as a Gratification for these unexpected happy Tidings, I freely bestow

on thee the best Spoils the next Adventure we meet with shall afford; and if that content thee not, take the Colts which my three Mares thou know'st of, are now ready to foal on our Town-Common. Thank you for the Colts, said *Sancho*; but as for the Spoils, I am not sure they'll be worth any thing. They were now got out of the Wood, and discover'd the three Country-Lasses at a small Distance. Don *Quixote* casting his Eyes towards *Toboso*, and seeing no body on the Road but the three Wenchs, was strangely troubled in Mind, and turning to *Sancho*, ask'd him whether the Princess and her Damsels were come out of the City when he left 'em? Out of the City, cry'd *Sancho*! Why where are your Eyes? Are they in your Heels, in the Name of Wonder, that you can't see 'em coming towards us, shining as bright as the Sun at Noon-Day? I see nothing, return'd Don *Quixote*, but three Wenchs upon as many Asses. Now Heaven deliver me from the Devil, quoth *Sancho*! Is't possible your Worship shou'd mistake Three what-d'ye call-ems, Three Ambling Nags I mean, as white as driven Snow, for Three ragged Ass-Colts? Body of me! I'll e'en peel off my Beard by the Roots an't be so. Take it from me, Friend *Sancho*, said the Knight, they are either He or She-Asses, as sure as I am Don *Quixote*, and thou *Sancho Pansa*; at least, they appear to be such. Come, Sir, quoth the Squire, don't talk at that rate, but snuff your Eyes, and go pay your Homage to the Mistress of your Soul; for she's near at hand; and so saying, *Sancho* hastens up to the three Country-Wenchs, and alighting from *Dapple*, took hold of one of the Asses by the Halter, and falling on his Knees, Queen, and Princess, and Dutches of Beauty, quoth he, an't please your Haughtiness, and Greatness, vouchsafe to take into your good Grace and Liking, yonder Knight, your Prisoner and Captive, who's turn'd of a sudden into

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into cold Marble-Stone, and struck all of a heap, to see himself before your High and Mightiness. I am *Sancho Pança*, his Squire, and he himself the wand'ring Weather-beaten Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd the Knight of the Woful Figure. By this time, *Don Quixote* having plac'd himself down on his Knees by *Sancho*, gaz'd with dubious and disconsolate Eyes on the Creature, whom *Sancho* call'd Queen and Lady; and perceiving her to be no more than a plain Country Wench, so far from being well-favour'd, that she was blubber-cheek'd, and flat-nos'd, he was lost in Astonishment, and cou'd not utter one Word. On the other side, the Wenches were no less surpriz'd, to see themselves stopp'd by two Men in such different Out-sides, and on their Knees. But at last, she whose Aſs was held by *Sancho* took Courage, and broke Silence in an angry Tone. Come, cry'd she, get out of our way with a Murrain, and let us go about our Business; for we are in haste. O Princess! and Universal Lady of *Tobuſo*, answer'd *Sancho*, why does not that great Heart of yours melt, to see the Post and Pillar of Knight Errantry fall down before your high and mighty Presence! Hoy-day (quoth another of the Females, hearing this) What's here to do! Look how your small Gentry come to jeer and flout poor Country Girls, as if we could not give 'em as good as they bring. Go, get about your Business, and let us go about ours, and speed you well. Rise, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, hearing this, for I am now convinc'd, that my malicious Stars, not yet satisfy'd with my past Misfortunes, still shed their baleful Influence, and have barr'd all the Passages that cou'd convey Relief to my miserable Soul, in this frail Habitation of Animated Clay. O! thou Extremity of all that's valuable, Master-piece of all human Perfection, and only Comfort of this afflicted Heart, thy Adorer; though now

now a spiteful Inchanter persecutes me, and fasci-
nates my Sight, hiding with Mists and Cataracts
from me, and me alone, those Peerless Beauties
under the foul Disguise of rural Deformity, if he
has not transform'd thy faithful Knight into some
ugly Shape to make me loathsome to thy Eyes,
look on me with a smiling amorous Eye; and in
the Submission and Genuflexion which I pay to
thy Beauty, even under the fatal Cloud that ob-
scures it, read the Humility with which my Soul
adores thee. Tittle-tattle, quoth the Country-
Wench, Spare your Breath to cool your Porridge,
and rid me of your idle Gibberish. Get you on,
Sir, and let us go; and we shall think it a Kind-
ness. This said, *Sancho* made way for her, and
let her pass, over-joy'd his Plot had succeeded so
well. The imaginary *Dalcinea* was not sooner at
Liberty, but punching her Ass with the End of a
Staff which she had in her Hand, she began to
scour along the Plain: But the angry Beast not
being us'd to such smart Instigations, fell a kick-
ing and wincing at such a rate, that down came
my Lady *Dalcinea*. Presently Don *Quixote* ran to
help her up, and *Sancho* to resettle and gird her
Pack-Saddle, that hung under the Ass's Belly.
Which being done, the Knight very courteously
was going to take his Inchanted Mistress in his
Arms, to set her on her Saddle; but she being
now got on her Legs, took a run, and clapping her
Hands upon the Ass's Crupper, at one Jump leap'd
into her Pannel, as swift as a Hawk, and there
the fate with her Legs astride like a Man. By
Sir *Roque*! quoth *Sancho*, our Lady Mistress is as
nimble as an Eel. Let me be hang'd, if I don't
think she might teach the best Jockey in *Cor-
dova* or *Mexico*, to get a Horse-back. At one
Jumb she was vaulted into the Saddle, and with-
out Spurs, makes her Nag smoke it away like a
Greyhound; her Damsels are notable Whipsters
too;

too ; adad ! they don't come much short of her, for they fly like the Wind. Indeed, he said true, for when *Dulcinea* was once mounted, they all made after her full Speed, without so much as looking behind 'em for above half a League. Don *Quixote* follow'd 'em as far as he cou'd with his Eyes ; and when they were quite out of Sight, turning to his Squire, Now *Sancho*, said he, What thinkest thou of this Matter ? Are not these base Inchanters Inexorable ! How extensive is their Spite, thus to deprive me of the Happiness of seeing the Object of my Wishes in her natural Shape and Glory. Sure I was doom'd to be an Example of Misfortunes, and the Mark against which those Caitiffs are employ'd to shoot all the Arrows of their Hatred. Note, *Sancho*, that these Traytors were not content to turn and transform my *Dulcinea*, but they must do it into the vile and deform'd Resemblance of that Country-Wench ; nay, they even took from her that sweet Scent of fragrant Flowers and Amber, those grateful Odours, so essential to Ladies of her Rank ; for, to tell the Truth, when I went to help her upon her Nag, as thou call'st it, (for to me it seem'd nothing but an Ass) such a Whiff, such a rank Hogo of hot Gatlick invaded my Nostrils, as had like to have overcome me, and put me into a Convulsion. O ye vile Wretches, cry'd *Sancho* ! O ye wicked and ill-minded Inchanters : O that I might but once see the whole Nest of ye threaded together on one String, and hung up a smoaking by the Gills like so many *Pilchards* ! You know a deal, you can do a deal, and you make a deal of Mischief. One would have thought you might have been contented, like a Pack of Rogues as you are, with having chang'd the Pearls of my Lady's Eyes into Acorns, and her most pure Golden Locks into a Red Cow's Tail ; but you must be meddling with her Breath, by which we might have

have guess'd what lay hid under that coarse Disguise; though for my part I must needs own, she did not appear to be Deform'd at all, but rather Fair and Beautiful; by the same Token that she had a Mole on the right Side of her Upper Lip, like a Whisker, whence sprouted Seven or Eight red Hairs, each about a Span in Length, looking like so many Strings of Gold Wire. As the Moles on the body, said Don *Quixote*, are generally answerable to those on the Face, *Dulcinea* should have such another Mole on that Thigh, which is opposite to that Side of her Face where that Beauty-spot, is seated: But methinks, *Sancho*, the Hairs thou talkest of, are of a Length somewhat extraordinary for Moles. That's neither here nor there, quoth *Sancho*; there they were I'll assure you, and they look'd too as if she had brought 'em with her into the World. That I believe, said Don *Quixote*, for every Part of *Dulcinea* must be naturally perfect and compleat; so that though a hundred Moles were scatter'd over her fair Outside, and as conspicuous too as that which thou didst see, they would be no Deformities in her; but so many Moons and Stars, an additional Lustre to her Beauty. But tell me, *Sancho*, that Saddle which appear'd to me to be the Pannel of an Ass, was it a Pillion or Side-Saddle? It was a Side-Saddle, answer'd *Sancho*, with a Field-covering, and so rich that it might purchase half a Kingdom. And could not I see all this, cry'd Don *Quixote*? Well, I have said it, and must repeat it a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate Man in the Universe. The cunning Rogue of a Squire, hearing his Master talk at that rate, could hardly keep his Countenance, and refrain from laughing, to see how admirably he had fool'd him. At last, after a great deal of Discourse of the same Nature they both mounted again, and took the Road for *Saragossa*, desiring to be present at the most celebrated Festivals

vals and Sports that are solemnized every Year in that noble City. But they met with many Accidents by the Way, and those so extraordinary, and worthy the Reader's Information, that they must not be pass'd over unrecorded nor unread; as shall appear from what follows.

C H A P. XI.

*Of the Stupendous Adventure that befel the
Valorous Don Quixote, with the Chariot
or Cart of the Court or Parliament of
Death.*

DON Quixote rod on very melancholick; the Malice of the Magicians, in transforming his Lady *Dulcinea*, perplex'd him strangely, and set his Thoughts upon the Rack, how to dissolve the Inchantment, and restore her to her former Beauty. In this disconsolate Condition, he went a-bandon'd to Distraction, carelessly giving *Rozinante* the Reins: And the Horse finding himself at Liberty, and tempted by the Goodness of the Grals, took the Opportunity to feed very heartily. Which *Sancho* perceiving, Sir, (said he, rousing him from his waking Dream) Sorrow was never design'd for Beasts, but Men; but yet let me tell you, if Men give way to't too much, they make Beasts of themselves. Come, Sir, awake, awake by any means, pull up the Reins, and ride like a Man; cheer up, and shew your self a Knight-Errant. What the Devil ails you? Was ever a Man so mop'd? Are we here, or are we in *France*, as the Saying is? Let all the *Dulcineas* in the World be doom'd to the Pit of Hell, rather than one single Knight-Errant be cast down at this rate.

Hold,

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 97

Hold, *Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, with more Spirit than one would have expected; hold, I say; not a blasphemous Word against that Beauteous Enchanted Lady; for all her Misfortunes are chargeable on the unhappy Don *Quixote*, and flow from the Envy which those Necromancers bear to me. So say I, Sir, reply'd the Squire; for would it not vex any one that had seen her before, to see her now as you saw her? Ah, *Sancho*, said the Knight, thy Eyes were bless'd with a View of her Perfections in their entire Lustre, thou hast reason to say so. Against me, against my Eyes only is the Malice of her Transformation directed. But now I think on't, *Sancho*, thy Description of her Beauty was a little absurd in that Particular, of comparing her Eyes to Pearls; sure such Eyes are more like those of a Whiting or a Sea-Bream, than those of a fair Lady; and in my Opinion, *Dulcinea's* Eyes are rather like two verdant Emeralds rail'd in with two Celestial Arches, which signify her Eye-brows. Therefore, *Sancho*, you must take your Pearls from her Eyes, and apply 'em to her Teeth, for I verily believe you mistook the one for the other. Troth! Sir, it might be so, reply'd *Sancho*, for her Beauty confounded me, as much as her Ugliness did you. But let us leave all to Heaven, that knows all things that befall us in this Vale of Misery, this wicked troublesome World, where we can be sure of nothing without some Spice of Knavery or Roguery. In the mean time, there's a thing comes into my Head that puzzles me plaguiy. Pray, Sir, when you get the better of any Giant or Knight, and send 'em to pay Homage to the Beauty of your Lady and Mistress, how the Devil will the poor Knight or Giant be able to find this same *Dulcinea*. I can't but think how they'll be to feck, how they'll saunter about, gaping and staring all over *Toboso* Town, and if they should meet her full butt in the Middle of the King's Highway, yet

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they'll know her no more than they knew the Father that begot me. Perhaps, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, the Force of her Inchantment does not extend so far as to debar Vanquish'd Knights and Giants from the Privilege of seeing her in her unclouded Beauties; I will try the Experiment on the first I conquer, and will command them to return immediately to me, to inform me of their Success. I like what you say main well, quoth *Sancho*; we may chance to find out the Truth by this means; and if so be my Lady is only hid from your Worship, she has not so much Reason to complain as you may have; but when all comes to all, so our Mistress be safe and sound, let us make the best of a bad Market, and e'en go seek Adventures. The rest we'll leave to Time, which is the best Doctor in such Cases, nay, in worse Diseases. Don *Quixote* was going to return an Answer, but was interrupted by a Cart that was crossing the Road. He that drove it was a hideous Devil, and the Cart being open, without either Tilt or Boughs, expos'd a Parcel of the most surprizing and different Shapes imaginable. The first Figure that appear'd to Don *Quixote*, was no less than Death it self, though with a human Countenance; on the one Side of Death stood an Angel with large Wings of different Colours; on the other Side was plac'd an Emperor with a Crown that seem'd to be of Gold; at the Feet of Death lay *Cupid* with his Bow, Quiver and Arrows, but not blind-fold. Next to these a Knight appear'd compleatly arm'd except his Head, on which, instead of a Helmet, he wore a Hat; whereon was mounted a large Plume of Party-colour'd Feathers. There were also several other Persons in strange and various Dresses. This strange Appearance at first somewhat Surpriz'd Don *Quixote*, and frighted the poor Squire out of his Wits; but presently the Knight clear'd up on second Thoughts, imagining it some

rare

re and hazardous Adventure that call'd on his Courage. Pleas'd with this Conceit, and arm'd with a Resolution able to confront any Danger, he plac'd himself in the Middle of the Road, and with a loud and menacing Voice, You Carter, Coachman, or Devil, cry'd he, or whatever you be, let me know immediately whence you come, and whither you go, and what strange Figures are those which load that Carriage, which by the Freight rather seems to be *Charon's* Boat, than any terrestrial Vehicle. Sir, answer'd the Devil very civilly, stopping his Cart, we are strolling Players, that belong to *Angulo's* Company, and it being *Corpus-Christi-tide*, we have this Morning acted a Tragedy, call'd *The Parliament of Death*, in a Town yonder behind the Mountain, and this Afternoon we are to play it again in the Town you see before us, which being so near, we travel to it in the same Cloaths we act in, to save the Trouble of new dressing our selves. That young Man plays Death; that other an Angel: This Woman, Sir, our Poet's Bedfellow, plays the Queen; there is one acts a Soldier; he next to him an Emperor; and I my self play the Devil; and you must know, the Devil is the best Part in the Play. If you desire to be satisfy'd in any thing else, do but ask and I'll resolve you, for the Devil knows every thing. Now by the Faith of my Function, said *Don Quixote*, I find we ought not to give Credit to Appearances, before we have made the Experiment of feeling them; for at the Discovery of such a Scene, I would have sworn some strange Adventure had been approaching. I wish you well good People; drive on to act your Play, and if I can be serviceable to you in any Particular, believe me ready to assist you with all my Heart; for in my very Childhood I lov'd Shows, and have been a great Admirer of Dramatick Representations from my youthful Days. During this friendly Conver-

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versation, it unluckily fell out, that one of the Company antickly dress'd, being the Fool of the Play, came up frisking with his Morrice Bells, and three full blown Cow's Bladders fasten'd to the End of a Stick. In this odd Appearance he began to flourish his Stick in the Air, and bounce his Bladders against the Ground just at *Rozinante's* Nose. The Jingling of the Bells, and the rattling Noise of the Bladders so startl'd and affrighted the quiet Creature; that Don *Quixote* cou'd not hold him in; and having got the Curb betwixt his Teeth, away the Horse hurried his unwilling Rider up and down the Plain, with much more Swiftness than his feeble Bones seemed to promise. *Sancho* considering the Danger of his Master's being thrown, presently alighted, and ran as fast as he cou'd to his Assistance; but before he cou'd come up to him, *Rozinante* had made a false Step, and laid his Master and himself on the Ground; which was indeed the common End of *Rozinante's* mad Tricks and presumptuous Racing. On the other Side, the Fool no sooner saw *Sancho* slide off to help his Master, but he leap'd upon poor *Dapple*, and rattling his Bladders over the terrify'd Animal's Hide, made him fly through the Field towards the Town where they were to play. *Sancho* beheld his Master's Fall, and his Ass's Flight at the same time, and stood strangely divided in himself, not knowing which to assist first, his Master or his Beast. At length the Duty of a good Servant and a faithful Squire prevailing, he ran to his Master, though every obstreperous Bounce with the Bladders upon *Dapple's* Hind-quarters, struck him to the very Soul, and he would have wish'd every Blow upon his own Eye Balls, rather than on the least Hair of his Ass's Tail. In this Agony of Spirit, he came to Don *Quixote*, whom he found in far worse Circumstances than the poor Knight could have wish'd; and helping him to remount; O! Sir, cry'd he, the

the Devil is run away with *Dapple*. What Devil, ask'd Don *Quixote*? The Devil with the Bladders, answer'd *Sancho*. No matter, said Don *Quixote*, I'll force the Traitor to restore him, though he were to lock him up in the most profound and gloomy Caverns of Hell. Follow me *Sancho*, We may easily overtake the Waggon, and the Mules shall atone for the Loss of the Asses. You need not be in such haste now, quoth *Sancho*, for I perceive the Devil has left *Dapple* already, and is gone his ways. What *Sancho* said was true, for both Ass and Devil tumbled for Company, in Imitation of Don *Quixote* and *Rozinante*; and *Dapple* having left his new Rider to walk on foot to the Town, now came himself running back to his Master. All this, said Don *Quixote*, shall not hinder me from revenging the Affront put upon us by that unmannerly Devil, at the Expence of some of his Companions, though it were the Emperor himself. O good your Worship! cry'd *Sancho*, never mind it; I beseech you take my Counsel, Sir; never meddle with Players, there's never any thing to be got by't; they are a Sort of People that always find a many Friends. I have known one of 'em taken up for two Murders, yet 'scape the Gallows. You must know, that as they are a Parcel of merry Wags, and make Sport where-ever they come, every body is fond of 'em, and is ready to stand their Friend, especially if they be the King's Players, or some of the noted Gangs, who go at such a taring Rate, that one might mistake some of 'em for Gentlemen or Lords. I care not, said Don *Quixote*, tho all Mankind united to assist 'em, that buffooning Devil shall never 'scape unpunish'd, to make his Boast that he has affronted me. Whereupon riding up to the Waggon, which was now got pretty near the Town, Hold, hold, he cry'd; Stay, my pretty Sparks, I'll teach you to be civil to the Beasts that are intrusted with the

honourable Burden of a Squire to a Knight-Errant. This loud Salutation having reach'd the Ears of the Strolling Company, tho at a good Distance, they presently understood what it import'd; and resolving to be ready to entertain him, Death presently leap'd out of the Cart; the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel immediately follow'd; and even the Queen, and the God *Cupid*, as well as the rest, having taken up their Share of Flints, stood rang'd in Battle-Array ready to receive their Enemy, as soon as he should come within Stone-shot. Don *Quixote* seeing them drawn up in such excellent Order, with their Arms lifted up, and ready to let fly at him a furious Volley of Shot, made a Halt to consider in what Quarter he might attack this dreadful Battalion with least Danger to his Person. Thus pausing, *Sancho* overtook him, and seeing him ready to charge, For Goodness Sake, Sir, cry'd he, what d'ye mean? Are you mad, Sir? There's no Fence against the Beggar's Bullets, unless you could fight with a Brazen Bell over you. Is it not rather Rashness than true Courage, think you, for one Man to offer to set upon a whole Army? where Death is too, and where Emperors fight in Person; nay, and where good and bad Angels are against you? But if all this weighs nothing with you, consider I beseech you, that though they seem to be Kings, Princes and Emperors, yet there's not so much as one Knight-Errant among 'em all. Now thou hast hit upon the only Point, said Don *Quixote*, that could stop the Fury of my Arm: For indeed, as I have often told thee, *Sancho*, I am bound up from drawing my Sword against any below the Order of Knighthood. 'Tis thy Business to fight in this Cause, if thou hast a just Resentment of the Indignities offer'd to thy Ass; and I from this Post will encourage and assist thee with salutary Orders and Instructions. No, I thank you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I hate Revenge;

Revenge; a true Christian must forgive and forget; and as for *Dapple*, I don't doubt but to find him willing to leave the Matter to me, and stand to my Verdict in the Case, which is to live peaceably and quietly as long as Heaven is pleas'd to let me. Nay then, said *Don Quixote*, if that be thy Resolution, Good *Sancho*, Prudent *Sancho*, Christian *Sancho*, downright *Sancho*, let us leave these idle Apparitions, and proceed in Search of more substantial and honourable Adventurers, of which, in all probability, this Part of the World will afford us a wonderful Variety. So saying, he wheel'd off, and *Sancho* follow'd him. On the other side, Death with all his flying Squadron, return'd to their Cart, and went on their Journey. Thus ended the most dreadful Adventure of the Chariot of Death, much more happily than could have been expected, Thanks to the laudable Counsels which *Sancho Pança* gave his Master; who the Day following had another Adventure no less remarkable, with one that was a Knight-Errant and a Lover too.

CHAP. XII.

The Valorous Don Quixote's strange Adventure with the Knight of the Mirrors.

DON *Quixote* pass'd the Night, that succeeded his Encounter with Death, under the Cover of some lofty Trees; where, at *Sancho*'s Persuasion, he refresh'd himself with some of the Provisions which *Dapple* carried. As they were at Supper, Well, Sir, quoth the Squire, what a rare Fool I had been, had I chosen for my good News the Spoils of your first Venture, instead of the Breed of the three Mares! Troth! cominden

me to the Saying, *A Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush*. However, answer'd Don *Quixote*, hadst thou let me fall on, as I wou'd have done, thou might'st have shar'd at least the Emperors Golden Crown, and *Cupid's* painted Wings; for I wou'd have pluck'd 'em off, and put 'em into thy Power. Ay, but says *Sancho*, your strolling Emperor's Crowns and Sceptres are not of pure Gold, but Tinsel and Copper. I grant it, said Don *Quixote*; nor is it fit the Decorations of the Stage should be real, but rather Imitations, and the Resemblance of Realities, as the Plays themselves must be; which, by the way, I wou'd have you love and esteem, *Sancho*, and consequently those that write, and also those that act 'em; for they are all instrumental to the Good of the Commonwealth, and set before our Eyes those Looking-glasses that reflect a lively Representation of human Life; nothing being able to give us a more just Idea of Nature, and what we are or ought to be, than Comedians and Comedies. Prithee tell me, Hast thou never seen a Play acted, where Kings, Emperors, Prelates, Knights, Ladies, and other Characters, are introduced on the Stage? One acts a Ruffian, another a Soldier; this Man a Cheat, and that a Merchant; one plays a designing Fool, and another a foolish Lover: But the Play done, and the Actors undress'd, they are all equal, and as they were before. All this I have seen, quoth *Sancho*. Just such Comedy, said Don *Quixote*, is acted on the great Stage of the World, where some play the Emperors, others the Prelates, and, in short, all the Parts that can be brought into a Dramatick Piece; till Death, which is the Catastrophe and End of the Action, strips the Actors of all their Marks of Distinction, and levels their Quality in the Grave. A rare Comparison, quoth *Sancho*, though not so new, but that I have heard it over and over. Just such another is that

of a Game at Chess, where while the Play lasts every Piece has its particular Office; but when the Game's over, they are all mingl'd and huddled together, and clapp'd into a Bag, just as when Life's ended we are laid up in the Grave. Truly, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thy Simplicity lessens, and thy Sense improves every Day. And good reason why, quoth *Sancho*; some of your Worship's Wit must needs stick to me; for your dry unkindly Land, with good dunging and tilling, will in time yie'd a good Crop. I mean, Sir, that the Dung and Muck of your Conversation being thrown on the barren Ground of my Wit, together with the Time I ha' served your Worship, and kept you Company; which is, as a body may say, the Tillage; I must needs bring forth blessed Fruit at last, so as not to shame my Master, but keep in the Paths of good Manners, which you have beaten into my sodden Understanding. *Sancho*'s affected Stile made Don *Quixote* laugh, though he thought his Words true in the main; and he could not but admire at his Improvement. But the Fellow never discover'd his Weakness so much as by endeavouring to hide it, being most apt to tumble when he strove to soar too high. His Excellence lay chiefly in a knack at drawing Proverbs into his Discourse, whether to the Purpose or not, as any one that has observ'd his manner of speaking in this History, must have perceived.

In such Discourses they passed a great part of the Night, till *Sancho* wanted to drop the Portcullices of his Eyes, which was his way of saying he had a mind to go to sleep. Thereupon he unharness'd *Dapple*, and set him a grazing: But poor *Rozinante* was condemn'd to stand saddl'd all Night, by his Master's Injunction and Prescription, us'd of old by all Knights-Errant, who never unsaddl'd their Steeds in the Field, but took off their Bridles, and hung 'em at the Pummel of the Saddle. How-

ever he was not forsaken by faithful *Dapple*, whose Friendship was so unparallel'd and inviolable, that unquestion'd Tradition has handed it down from Father to Son, that the Author of this true History compos'd particular Chapters of the united Affection of these two Beasts; though, to preserve the Decorum due to so heroick a History, he wou'd not insert 'em in the Work. Yet sometimes he cannot forbear giving us some new Touches on that Subject; as when he writes, That the two friendly Creatures took a mighty Pleasure in being together to scrub and lick one another; and when they had had enough of that Sport, *Rozinante* would gently lean his Head at least half a Yard over *Dapple's* Neck, and so they wou'd stand very lovingly together, looking wistly on the Ground for two or three Days; except somebody made 'em leave that Contemplative Posture, or Hunger compell'd them to a Separation. Nay, I cannot pass by what is reported of the Author, how he left in Writing, That he had compar'd their Friendship to that of *Nysus* and *Euryalus*, and that of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, which if it were so, deserves universal Admiration; the sincere Affection of these quiet Animals being a just Reflection on Men, who are so guilty of breaking their Friendship to one another. From hence came the Saying, *There's no Friend; all Friendship's gone: Now Men hug, then fight anon.* And that other, *Where you see your Friend, trust to your self.* Neither shou'd the World take it ill, that the cordial Affection of these Animals was compar'd by our Author to that of Men; since many important Principles of Prudence and Morality, have been learn'd from irrational Creatures; as, the Use of Clysters from the Stork, and the Benefit of Vomiting from the Dog. The Crane gave Mankind an Example of Vigilance, the Ant of Providence, the Elephant of Honesty, and the Horse of Loyalty. At last, *Sancho* fell asleep at

the

the Root of a Cork-tree, and his Master fetch'd a slumber under a spacious Oak. But it was not long ere he was disturb'd by a Noise behind him, and starting up, he look'd and hearken'd on the Side whence he thought the Voice came, and discover'd two Men on Horse-back; one of whom letting himself carelessly slide down from the Saddle, and calling to the other, Alight, Friend, said he, and unbridle the Horse; for methinks this Place will supply them plentifully with Pasture, and me with Silence and Solitude to indulge my amorous Thoughts. While he said this, he laid himself down on the Grass; in doing which, the Armour he had on made a Noise, a sure Sign, that gave *Don Quixote* to understand he was some Knight-Errant. Thereupon going to *Sancho*, who slept on, he pluck'd him by the Arm; and having wak'd him with much ado, Friend *Sancho*, said he, whispering him in his Ear, here's an Adventure. Heaven grant it be a good one! quoth *Sancho*. But where's that same Master Adventure's Worship? Where! dost thou ask, *Sancho*? Why, turn thy Head, Man, and look yonder. Dost thou not see a Knight-Errant there lying on the Ground? I have Reason to think he is in melancholick Circumstances, for I saw him fling himself off from his Horse, and stretch himself on the Ground in a disconsolate manner, and his Armour clash'd as he fell. What of all that, quoth *Sancho*? How do you make this to be an Adventure? I will not yet affirm, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that 'tis an Adventure; but a very fair Rise to one as ever was seen. But hark! he's tuning some Instrument, and by his coughing and spitting he's clearing his Throat to sing. Troth now, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis e'en so in good earnest; and I fancy 'tis some Knight that's in Love. All Knights-Errant must be so, answer'd *Don Quixote*. But let us hearken, and if he sings, we shall know more of his Circumstances presently,

presently; for out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth speaks. *Sancho* wou'd have answer'd but that the Knight of the Wood's Voice, which was but indifferent, interrupted him with the following

S O N G.

I.

BRight Queen, how shall your Loving Slave
Be sure not to displease?
Some Rule of Duty let him crave,
He begs no other Ease.

II.

Say, must I die, or hopeless live?
I'll Act as you Ordain:
Despair a silent Death shall give,
Or Love himself complain.

III.

My Heart, tho' soft as Wax, will prove
Like Diamonds firm and true:
For, what th' Impression can remove
That's stamp'd by Love and you?

The Knight of the Wood concluded his Song with a Sigh, that seem'd to be fetch'd from the very Bottom of his Heart; and after some Pause, with a mournful and disconsolate Voice: O the most Beautiful, but most Ungrateful of Woman-kind, cry'd he, how is it possible, most Serene *Casilda de Vanda'ia*, your Heart shou'd consent that a Knight who idolizes your Charms, shou'd waste

waste the Flower of his Youth, and kill himself with continual Wandrings and hard Fatigues? Is it not enough, that I have made you to be acknowledg'd the greatest Beauty in the World, by all the Knights of *Navarre*, all the Knights of *Leon*, all the *Tartefians*, all the *Castilians*, and, in fine, by all the Knights of *La Mancha*? Not so neither, said Don *Quixote* then; for I my self am of *La Mancha*, and never acknowledged, nor ever cou'd, nor ought to acknowledge a Thing so injurious to the Beauty of my Mistress; therefore, *Sancho*, 'tis a plain Case, this Knight is out of his Senses. But let us hearken, perhaps we shall discover something more. That you will, I'll warrant you, quoth *Sancho*, for he seems in Tune to hoan a Month together. But it happen'd otherwise; for the Knight of the Wood over-hearing them, ceas'd his Lamentation, and rais'ing himself on his Feet, in a loud but courteous Tone called to them, Who's there? What are ye? Are ye of the Number of the Happy or the Miserable? Of the Miserable, answer'd Don *Quixote*. Repair to me then, said the Knight of the Wood, and be assur'd you have met Misery and Affliction it self. Upon so moving and civil an Invitation, Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* drew near him; and the mournful Knight taking Don *Quixote* by the Hand, Sit down, said he, Sir Knight; for that your Profession is Chivalry, I need no other Conviction than to have found you in this Retirement, where Solitude and the cold Night-Dews are your Companions, and the proper Stations and reposing Places of Knights-Errant. I am a Knight, answer'd Don *Quixote*, and of the Order you mention; and though my Sorrows, and Disasters, and Misfortunes usurp the Seat of my Mind, I have still a Heart dispos'd to entertain the Afflictions of others. Yours, as I gather by your Complaints, is deriv'd from Love, and, I suppose, owing to the Ingratitude of that Beauty

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Beauty you now mention'd. While they were thus parleying together, they sate close by one another on the hard Ground, very peaceably and lovingly, and not like Men that by Break of Day were to break one another's Heads. And is it your Fortune to be in Love, ask'd the Knight of the Wood? 'Tis my Misfortune, answer'd Don *Quixote*; though the pleasant Reflexion of having plac'd our Affections Worthily, sufficiently balances the Weight of our Disasters, and turns them to a Blessing. This might be true, reply'd the Knight of the Wood, if the Disdain of some Mistresses were not often so galling to our Tempers, as to inspire us with something like the Spirit of Revenge. For my part, said Don *Quixote*, I never felt my Mistress's Disdain. No truly, quoth *Sancho*, who was near them, for my Lady is as gentle as a Lamb, and as soft as Butter. Is that your Squire, said the Knight of the Wood? It is, answer'd Don *Quixote*. I never saw a Squire, said the Knight of the Wood, that durst presume to interrupt his Master, when he was speaking himself. There's my Fellow yonder; he's as big as his Father, and yet no Man can say, he was ever so saucy as to open his Lips when I spoke. Well, well, quoth *Sancho*, I have talk'd, and may talk again, and before as, and perhaps — but I have done — The more ye stir, the more 'twill stink. At the same time the Squire of the Wood pulling *Sancho* by the Arm, Come Brother, said he, let us two go where we may chat freely by our selves, like downright Squires as we are, and let our Masters get over Head and Ears in the Stories of their Loves: I'll warrant ye they'll be at it all Night, and won't have done by that time 'tis Day. With all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*; and then I'll tell you who I am, and what I am, and you shall judge if I am not fit to make one among the talking Squires. With that the two Squires withdrew,

and

and had a Dialogue, as comical as that of their Masters was serious.

CHAP. XIII.

*The Adventure with the Knight of the Wood
continu'd; with the Wise, Rare and Pleasant Discourse that pass'd between the two Squires.*

THE Knights and their Squires thus divided, the latter to tell their Lives, and the former to relate their Amours; the Story begins with the Squire of the Wood. Sir, said he to *Sancho*, this is a troublesome Kind of Life, that we Squires of Knights-Errant lead: Well may we say, we eat our Bread with the Sweat of our Brows; which is one of the Curses laid on our first Parents. Well may we say too, quoth *Sancho*, we eat it with a cold Shivering of our Bodies; for there are no poor Creatures that suffer more by Heat or Cold, than we do. Nay, if we cou'd but eat at all, 'twou'd never vex one; for good Fare lessens Care; but sometimes we shall go ye a Day of two, and never so much as breakfast, unless it be upon the Wind that blows. After all, said the Squire of the Wood, we may bear with this, when we think of the Reward we are to expect; for that same Knight-Errant must be excessively Unfortunate, that has not some time or other the Government of some Island, or some good handsome Earldom, to bestow on his Squire. As for me, quoth *Sancho*, I have often told my Master, I wou'd be contented with the Government of any Island; and he is so Noble and Free-hearted, that he has promis'd it me over and over. For my part, quoth the other Squire,

I shou'd

I shou'd think my self well paid for my Services with some good Canony, and I have my Master's Word for it too. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, belike your Master is some Church-Knight, and may bestow such Livings on his good Squires. But mine is purely Laic; some of his wise Friends indeed (no Thanks to them for it) once upon a time counsell'd him to be an Archbishop: I fancy they wish'd him no good, but he wou'd not; for he'll be nothing but an Emperor. I was plaguily afraid he might have had a hankering after the Church, and so have spoil'd my Preferment, I not being gifted that way; for between you and I, though I look like a Man in a Doublet, I shou'd make but an Ass in a Cassock. Let me tell you, Friend, quoth the Squire of the Wood, that you are out in your Politicks; for these Island Governments bring more Cost than Worship; there's a great Cry, but little Wool; the best will bring more Trouble and Care than they are worth, and those that take 'em on their Shoulders are ready to sink under 'em. I think it were better for us to quit this confounded Slavery, and e'en jog Home, where we may have better Pastimes. There we may have Fishing, and Hunting, and the like; for he's a sorry Country Squire indeed, that wants his Horse, his Couple of Hounds, or his Fishing-Tackle, to live pleasantly at Home. All this I can have at Will, quoth *Sancho*: Indeed I have ne'er a Nag; but I have an honest Ass here, worth two of my Master's Horses any Day in the Year. A bad *Christmas* be my Lot, and may it be the next, if I wou'd swop Beasts with him, tho' he gave me four Bushels of Barley to boot, no marry wou'd not I: Laugh as much as you will at the Value I set on my *Dapple*; for *Dapple*, you must know, is his Colour. Now as for Hounds, we have enough to spare in our Town; and there's no Sport like Hunting at another Man's Cost. Faith and Troth!

Brother

Brother Squire, quoth the Squire of the Wood, I am fully set upon't. These Vagrant Knights may e'en seek their mad Adventures by themselves for me, I'll Home, and breed up my Children as it behoves me; for I have Three, as Precious as three Orient Pearls. I have but Two, quoth *Sancho*; but they might be presented to the Pope himself, especially my Girl, that I breed up to be a Countess (Heaven bless her) in spight of her Mother's Teeth. And how old, pray said the Squire of the Wood, may this same Young Lady Countess be? Why, she's about Fifteen, answer'd *Sancho*, a little over or a little under; but she's as tall as a Pike, as fresh as an *April-Morning*, and strong as a Porter. With these Parts, quoth the other, she may set up not only for a Countess, but for one of the Wood-Nymphs! Ah, the Young Buxsome Whore's Brood! What a Spring the Mettlesome Quean will have with her! My Daughter's no Whore, quoth *Sancho* in a grumbling Tone, and her Mother was an honest Woman before her: and they shall be Honest, by Heaven's Blessing, while I live and do well: So, Sir, pray keep your Tongue between your Teeth, or speak as you ought. Methinks your Master shou'd have taught you better Manners; for Knights-Errant are the very pink of Courtesy. Alas, quoth the Squire of the Wood, how you're mistaken! how little you know the way of praising People now-a-days! Have you never observ'd when any Gentleman at a Bull Feast gives the Bull a home Thrust with his Lance, or when any Body behaves himself cleverly upon any Occasion, the People will cry out, What a brisk Son of a Whore that is! a clever Dog, I'll warrant him. So what seems to be Slander, in that Sense is notable Commendation: And be advis'd by me, don't think those Children worth the owning, who won't do that which may make their Parents be commended in that Fashion.

Nay,

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Nay, if it be so, quoth *Sancho*, I'll disown 'em if they don't, and henceforth you may call my Wife and Daughter all the Whores and Bawds you can think on, and welcome; for they do a thousand things that deserve all these fine Names. Heaven send me once more to see them, and deliver me out of this mortal Sin of Squire-Erranting, which I have been drawn into a second time, by the wicked Bait of a hundred Ducats, which the Devil threw in my own way in *Sierra Morena*, and which he still haunts me with, and brings before my Eyes here and there and every where. Oh that plaguy Purse, 'tis still running in my Head; methinks I am counting such another over and over! Now I hug it, now I carry it home, now I'm buying Land with it; now I let Leases, now I'm receiving my Rents, and live like a Prince! Thus I pass away the Time, and this lulls me on to drudge on to the end of the Chapter, with this Dunder-headed Master of mine, who to my knowledge is more a Madman than a Knight. Truly, said the Squire of the Wood, this makes the Proverb true, Covetousness breaks the Sack. And now you talk of Madmen, I think my Master is worse than yours; for he is one of those, of whom the Proverb says, Fools will be meddling; and, who meddles with another Man's Business, Milks his Cows into a Sieve. In searching after another Knight's Wits, he loses his own; and hunts up and down for that, which may make him rue the finding. And is not the poor Man in Love, quoth *Sancho*? I marry, said t'other, and with one *Casilda de Vandalia*, one of the oddest Pieces in the World; she'll neither Roast nor Boil, and is neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red Herring. But that's not the Thing that plagues his Noddle now. He has some other Crotchets in his Crown, and you'll hear more of it ere long. There is no way so smooth, quoth *Sancho*,

Sancho, but it has Hole or Rub in't to make a Body stumble. In some Houses they boil Beans, and in mine are whole Kettles full. So Madness has more need of good Attendants than Wisdom. But if this old Saying be true, that it lightens Sorrow to have Companions in our Grief, you are the fittest to comfort me; you serve one Fool and I another. My Master, quoth the Squire of the Wood, is more stout than foolish, but more Knave than either. Mine is not like yours then, quoth *Sancho*, he has not one Grain of Knavery in him; he's as dull as an old crack'd Pitcher, hurts no Body, does all the Good he can to every Body; a Child may perswade him it is Night at Noon-Day, and he is so simple, that I can't help loving him with all my Heart and Soul, and can't leave him, in spite of all his Follies. Have a care, Brother, said the Squire of the Wood, when the Blind leads the Blind both may fall into the Ditch. 'Tis better to wheel about fair and softly, and steal home again to our own Fire-sides; for those who follow their Nose are often led into a Stink: Here the Squire of the Wood observing that *Sancho* spit very often and very dry, I fancy, Brother, said he, that our Tongues stick to the Palates of our Mouths with Talking, but to cure that Disease I have something that hangs to the Pommel of my Saddle, as good as ever was tipp'd over tongue. Then he went and took down a Leather Bottle of Wine, and a cold Pye, at least half a Yard long; which is no Fiction, for *Sancho* himself, when he laid his Hands on it, took it rather for a bak'd Goat than a Kid, though it was indeed but an over-grown Rabbit. What! said *Sancho* at the sight, did you bring this too abroad with you? What d'ye think, said t'other? Do you take me for one of your Fresh-Water Squires? I'd have you know, I carry as good Provision at my Horse's Crupper, as any General upon his March. *Sancho* did

did not stay for an Invitation, but fell to in the Dark, cramming down Morsels as big as his Fist. Ay marry, Sir, said he, you are a Squire every Inch of you, a true and trusty, round and sound, noble and free-hearted Squire. This good Cheer is a Proof of it, which I don't say jump'd hither by Witchcraft; but one would almost think so. Now here sits poor wretched I, that have nothing in my Knap-sack but a Crust of Cheese, so hard, a Giant might break his Grinders in't, and a few Acorns, Walnuts and Filberds; a shame on my Master's Niggardly Temper, and his cursed Maggot, in fancying that all Knight-Errants must live on a little dry'd Fruit and Sallets. Well, well, Brother, reply'd the Squire of the Wood, our Masters may Diet themselves by Rules of Chivalry, if they please; your Thistles, and your Herbs and Roots don't well agree with my Stomach: I must have good Meat, I faith! and this Bottle here still at Hand at the Pommel of my Saddle. 'Tis my Joy, my Life, the Comfort of my Soul, I hug and kiss it every Moment, and now recommend it to you as the best Friend in the World. *Sancho* took the Bottle, and rearing it to his thirsty Lips, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Stars, kept himself in that happy Contemplation for a Quarter of an Hour together. At last, when he had taken his Draught, with a deep Groan, a Nod on one side, and a cunning Leer, Oh' the Son of a Whore! What rare and Catholick Bub it is! Oh ho! quoth the Squire of the Wood, have I caught you at your Son of a Whores! I told you so now, that it was a way of commanding a thing. I knock under, quoth *Sancho*, and own'tis no Dishonour to call one a Son of a Whore, when we mean to praise him. But now, by the Remembrance of her you Love best, prithee tell me, is not this your right *Ciudad Real* Wine? Thou hast a rare Palate, answer'd the Squire of the Wood, 'tis the very same, and of a

good

good standing too. I knew it Faith! saith *Sancho*, is not this strange now? Turn me loose among a Parcel of Wines to find the Difference: Adad! Sir, I no sooner clap my Nose to a Taster of Wine, but I can tell the Place, the Grape, the Flavour, the Age, the Strength, and all the Qualities of the Parcel: And all this is natural to me, Sir, for I had two Relations by the Father's-side that were the nicest Tasters that were known of a long time in *La Mancha*; of which two I'll relate you a Story that makes good what I said. It fell out on a time, that some Wine was drawn fresh out of a Hogshead, and given to these same Friends of mine to Taste; and they were ask'd their Opinions of the Condition, the Quality, the Goodness, the Badness of the Wine, and all that. The one try'd it with the Tip of his Tongue, the other only smell'd it; the first said the Wine smelt of Iron; the second said, it rather had a Tang of Goat's Leather. The Vintner swore his Vessel was clean, and the Wine Neat, and so Pure that it could have no Taste of any such thing. Well, Time ran on, the Wine was Sold, and when the Vessel came to be empty'd, what do you think, Sir, was found in the Cask? A little Key, with a bit of Leather Thong ty'd to't; Now, judge you by this, whether he that comes of such a Generation, has not reason to understand Wine? More reason than to understand Adventures, answer'd the other: Therefore since we have enough, let's not trouble our selves to look after more, but e'en jog home to our little Cots, where Heaven will find us, if it be its Will. I intend, said *Sancho*, to wait on my Master till we come to *Saragossa*, but then I'll turn over a new Leaf. To conclude: The two friendly Squires having talk'd and drank, and held out almost as long as their Bottle, it was high time that Sleep should lay their Tongues, and asswage their Thirst, for to quench

quench it was impossible. Accordingly they had no sooner fill'd their Bellies, but they fell fast asleep, both keeping their hold on their almost empty Bottle. Where we shall for a while leave 'em to their rest, and see what pass'd between their Masters.

C H A P. XIV.

A Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight of the Mirrors.

MANY were the Discourses that pass'd between Don *Quixote* and the Knight of the Wood: Amongst the rest, You must know, Sir Knight, said the latter, that by the Appointment of Fate, or rather by my own Choice, I became Enamour'd of the Peerless *Casildea de Vandalia*. I call her Peerless, because she is singular in the Greatness of her Stature, as well as in that of her State and Beauty. But this Lady has been pleas'd to take no other Notice of my honourable Passion, than in employing me in many perilous Adventures, like *Hercules*'s Step-mother: still promising me, after I had put an happy end to one, that the Performance of the next should put me in Possession of my Desires. But after a Succession of numberless Labours I do not know which of her Commands will be the last, and will crown my Lawful Wishes. Once by her particular Injunction, I challeng'd that famous Giantess *La Giralda* of *Sevil*, who is a strong and undaunted as one that is made of Brass, and who, without changing Place, is the most changeable and uncontant Woman in the World; I went, I saw, and overcame: I made her stand still, and fix'd her in a constant

constant Point, for the Space of a whole Week; no Wind having blown the Skies during all that time but the North. Another time she enjoin'd me to remove the ancient Stones of the sturdy Bulls of *Guisando*; a Task more suitable to the Arms of Porters than those of Knights; then she commanded me to descend and drive into the Cave of *Cabra*, (a terrible and unheard of Attempt) and to bring her an Account of all the Wonders in that dismal Profundity. I stopp'd the Motion of *La Giralda*, I weigh'd the Bulls of *Guisando*, and with a precipitated Fall plung'd to light the darkest Secrets of that black Abyl's. But still, ah! still my Hopes are dead. How dead? How, because her Disdain still lives, lives to enjoyn me new Labours, new Exploits. For, lastly, She has order'd me to traverse the remotest Provinces of Spain, and exact a Confession from all the Knight-Errants that roam about the Land, that her Beauty alone excels that of all other Women, and that I am the most valiant and most enamour'd Knight in the World. I have already journey'd over the greatest Part of Spain on this Expedition, and overcome many Knights who had the Temerity to contradict my Assertion: But the Perfection of my Glory, is the Result of my Victory over the renown'd Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, whom I conquer'd in single Combat, and compell'd to submit his *Dulcinea's* to my *Casilda's* Beauty. And now I reckon the wandring Knights of the whole Universe, all vanquish'd by my Prowess: Their Fame, their Glory, and their Honours being all vested in this great Don *Quixote*, who had before made them the Spoils of his Valorous Arm; though now they must attend the Triumphs of my Victory, which is the greater, since the Reputation of the Conqueror rises in Proportion to that of the Vanquish'd; and all the latter's Laurels are transferr'd to me.

Don

Don *Quixote* was amaz'd to hear the Knight run on at this rate, and had the Lye ready at his Tongue's-end to give him a thousand times; but designing to make him own his Falsity with his own Mouth, he strove to contain his Choler; and arguing the Matter very calmly, Sir Knight, said he, That your Victories have extended over all the Knights in *Spain*, and perhaps over the whole World, I will not dispute; but that you have vanquish'd Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, you must give me leave to doubt: It might be some body like him; though he is a Person whom but very few can resemble. Wat d'ye mean? Answer'd the Knight of the Wood: By yond spangled Canopy of the Skies I fought Don *Quixote* Hand to Hand, vanquish'd him, and made him submit; he is a tall wither-fac'd, leathern-jaw'd Fellow, scragg'd, grizzle-hair'd, Hawk-nos'd, and wears long, black, lank Mustachios: He is distinguish'd in the Field by the Title of the Knight of the *Wofal Figure*: He has for his Squire one *Sancho Panza*, a labouring Man; he bestrides and manages that fat-fam'd Courser *Rozinante*; and has for the Mistress of his Affections, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, sometimes call'd *Admisa Lorenzo*; as mine, whose Name was *Casilda*, and who is of *Andalusia*, is now d stinguish'd by the Denomination of *Casilda de Vandalia*; and if all these convincing Marks be not sufficient to prove this Truth, I wear a Sword that shall force even Incredulity to credit it. Not so fast, good Sir Knight, said Don *Quixote*; pray attend to what I shall deliver upon this Head: You must know that this same Don *Quixote* is the greatest Friend I have in the World; insomuch that I may say I love him as well as I do my self. Now the Tokens that you have describ'd him by, are so agreeable to his Person and Circumstances, that one would think he should be the Person you subdu'd. On the other hand, I am convinc'd by the more power-
ful

ful Argument of undeniable Sense, that it cannot be
he. But thus far I will allow you, as there are ma-
ny Inchanters that are his Enemies, especially one
whose Malice hourly persecutes him, perhaps one of
them has assumed his Likeness, thus by a counter-
feit Conquest, to defraud him of the Glory contracted
by his signal Chivalry over all the Universe. In
Confirmation of which I can farther tell you, 'tis
but two Days ago that these envious Magicians trans-
form'd the Figure and Person of the Beautiful *Dal-
cinea del Toboso* into the base and sordid Likeness of
a Rustic Wench. And if this will not convince you
of your Error, behold Don *Quixote* himself in Per-
son, that here stands ready to maintain his Words
with his Arms, either a Foot or on Horseback, or
in what other manner you may think convenient. As
he said this, up he started, and laid his Hand to his
Sword, expecting the Motions and Resolutions of
the Knight of the Wood. But with a great deal of
Calmnes, Sir, said he, a good Paymaster grudges
no Surety; He that could once vanquish Don *Quix-
ote* when transform'd, needs not fear him in his
proper Shape. But since Darknes is not proper
for the Atchievements of Knights, but rather for
Robbers and Ruffians, let us expect the Morning-
light, that the Sun may be a Witness of our Valour.
The Conditions of our Combat shall be, That
the Conquer'd shall be wholly at the Mercy of the
Conqueror, who shall dispose of him at Discreti-
on; provided always he abuses not his Power,
by commanding any thing unworthy the Honour
of Knighthood. Content, said Don *Quixote*, I
like these Terms very well. With that they both
went to look out their Squires whom they found
snoring very soundly in the very same Posture as
when they first fell asleep. They rouz'd them
up; and order'd them to get their Steeds ready;
for the first Rays of the rising Sun must behold

them engage in a bloody and unparallel'd single Combat. This News thunder-struck *Sancho*, and put him to his Wits-end for his Master's Danger; having heard the Knight of the Wood's Courage strangely magnified by his Squire. However, without the least Reply, he went with his Companion to seek their Beasts, who by this time had smelted out one another, and were got lovingly all together. Well Friend, said the Squire to *Sancho* as they went, I find our Masters are to fight; so you and I are like to have a Brush too; for tis the way among us *Andalusians*, not to let the Seconds stand idly by, with Arms across, while their Friends are at it. This, said *Sancho*, may be a Custom in your Country; but let me tell you, 'tis a damn'd Custom, Sir Squire, and none but Ruffians and Bloody-minded Fellows would stand up for't. But there's no such Practice among Squires-Errant, else my Master would have minded me of it ere this; for he has all the Laws of Knight-Errantry by Heart. But suppose there be such a Law, I will not obey it, that's flat: I'll rather pay the Penalty that's laid on such peaceable Squires: I don't think the Fine can be above two Pounds of Wax, and that will cost me less than the Lint would to make Tents for my Scull, which methinks is already cleft down to my Chin. Besides, how would you have me fight? I have ne'er a Sword, nor ever wore any. No matter, quoth the Squire of the Wood, I've a Cure for that Sore. I ha' got here a Couple of Linen-Bags, both of a Size, you shall take one, and I t'other, and so we'll let drive one at one another with these equal Weapons. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*; this will dust our Jackets purely, and won't hurt our Skins. Not so neither, reply'd the Squire of the Wood; for we'll put half a dozen of smooth Stones into each Bag, that the Wind mayn't blow 'em to and fro, and they

they may play the better, and so we may brush one another's Coats cleverly, and yet do our selves no great hurt. Body of my Father! quoth *Sancho*, what soft Sable Fur, what dainty carded Cotton and Lamb's-Wool he crams into the Bags, to hinder our making Pap of our Brains, and Touch-Wood of our Bones: But I say again and again, I am not in a Humour to fight, though they were only full of Silk Balls. Let our Masters fight, and hear on't in another World; but let us drink and live while we may, for why shoud we strive to end our Lives before their Time and Season; and be so eager to gather the Plumbs that will drop of themselves when they're ripe? Well, said the Squire of the Wood, for all that, we must fight half an Hour or so. Not a Minute, reply'd *Sancho*: I han't the Heart to quarrel with a Gentleman with whom I have been eating and drinking. I an't angry with you in the least, and were I to be hang'd for't, I could never fight in cold Blood. Nay, if that be all, said the Squire of the Wood, you shall be angry enough, I'll warrant you; for, before we go to't, d'ye see, I'll walk up very handsomely to you, and lend your Worship three or four sound Slaps o' the Chaps, and knock you down; which will be sure to awaken your Choler, though it slept as sound as a Dormouse. Nay then, quoth *Sancho*, I have a Trick for your Trick, if that be all, and you shall have as good as you bring, for I will take me a pretty middling Leaver, (you understand me) and before you can awaken my Choler, will I lay yours asleep so fast, that it shall never wake more, unless in t'other World; where 'tis well known, I am one will let no Man's Fist dust my Nose. Let every Man look before he leaps. Many come for Wool, that go home shorn. No Man knows what another can do: So, Friend, let every Man's Choler sleep with him: Blessed are the

Peace-makers, and cursed are the Peace-breakers. A baited Cat may turn as fierce as a Lion. Who knows then what I that am a Man may turn to, if I'm provok'd. Take it therefore for a Warning from me, Sir Squire, that all the Mischief you may be hatching in this manner shall lie at your Door. Well, said t'other, 'twill be Day anon, and then we shall see what's to be done.

And now a thousand Sorts of pretty Birds began to warble in the Trees, and with their various cheerful Notes seem'd to salute the fresh *Aurora*, who then display'd her rising Beauties through the Gates and Arches of the East, and gently shook from her dewy Locks a Shower of liquid Pearls, sprinkling and enriching the verdant Meads with that reviving Treasure, which seemed to spring and drop from the bending Leaves. The Willows distill'd their delicious Manna, the Rivulets fondly murmur'd, the Fountain smil'd, the Woods were cheer'd, the Fields enrich'd at her Approach. But no sooner the dawning Light recall'd Distinction, than the first thing that presented itself to *Sancho's* View, was the Squire of the Wood's Nose, which was so big that it over-shadow'd almost his whole Body. In short, 'tis said to have been of a monstrous Size, crooked in the middle, studded with Warts and Carbuncles, tawny as a Russet-Pippin, and hanging down some two Fingers below his Mouth. The unreasonable Bulk, dismal Hue, Protuberancy, and Crookedness of that Nose so disfigur'd the Squire, that *Sancho* was seiz'd with a Trembling at the Sight, like a Child in Convulsions, and resolved now to take two hundred Cuffs, before his Choler should awaken to encounter such a Hobgoblin. As for *Don Quixote*, he fix'd his Eyes upon his Antagonist; but as his Helmet was on, and he had pull'd down the Bever, his Face could not be seen; however, he observ'd him to be strong-limb'd, though not very tall. Over his Armour he

wore

wore a Coat that look'd like Cloth of Gold, over-spread with Looking-glasses cut into the Shape of Half Moons, which made a very glittering Show: A large Plume of yellow, green, and white Feathers waved about his Helmet; and his Lance, which he had set up against a Tree, was very thick and long, with a Steel Head a Foot in length. Don *Quixote* survey'd every Particular, and from his Observations, judged him to be a Man of great Strength. But all this was so far from daunting his Courage, like *Sancho*, that, with a gallant Deportment, Sir Knight of the Mirrors, said he, if your eager Desire of Combat has not made you deaf to the Intreaties of Civility, be pleas'd to lift up your Bever a-while, that I may see whether the Gracefulness of your Face equals that of your Body. Whether you be Vanquish'd or Victorious in this Enterprize, answer'd the Knight of the Mirrors, you shall have Leisure enough to see my Face: I cannot at present satisfy your Curiosity; for every Moment of Delay from Combat is, in my Thoughts, a Wrong done to the Beautiful *Castildea de Vandalia*. However, reply'd Don *Quixote*, while we get a Horseback, you may tell me whether I be the same Don *Quixote* whom you pretend to have overcome? To this I answer you, said the Knight of the Mirrors, you are as like the Knight I vanquish'd as one Egg is like another. But considering what you tell me, that you are persecuted by Inchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the same. 'Tis enough for me, said Don *Quixote*, that you believe you may be in Error; but that I may entirely prove your Doubts, let's to Horse; for if Providence, my Mistress, and my Arm assist me, I will see your Face in less time than it would have cost you to have lifted up your Bever, and make you know that I am not that Don *Quixote* whom you talk'd of having vanquish-ed. This said, without any more Words they

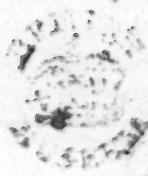
mounted. Don *Quixote* wheel'd about with *Rozinante*, to take ground for the Career: The Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But before Don *Quixote* had rid twenty Paces, he heard him call to him: So meeting each other half way, Remember Sir Knight, cry'd he, the Conditions on which we fight; the Vanquish'd, as I told you before, shall be at the Mercy of the Conqueror. I grant it, answer'd Don *Quixote*, provided the Victor imposes nothing on him that derogates from the Laws of Chivalry. I mean no otherwise, reply'd the Knight of the Mirrors. At the same time Don *Quixote* happen'd to cast his Eye on the Squire's strange Nose, and wonder'd no less at the Sight of it than *Sancho*, taking him to be rather a Monster than a Man. *Sancho* seeing his Master set out to take so much Distance as was fit to return on his Enemy with greater Force, would not trust himself alone with Squire Nose, fearing the greater should be too hard for the less, and either that or Fear should strike him to the Ground. This made him run after his Master, till he had taken hold of *Rozinante*'s Stirrup Leathers; and when he thought him ready to turn back to take his Career, Good your Worship, cry'd he, before you run upon your Enemy, help me to get up into yon Cork-tree, where I may better, and much more to my liking, see your brave Battle with the Knight. I rather believe, said Don *Quixote*, thou wantest to be perched up yonder as on a Scaffold, to see the Bull-baiting without Danger. To tell you the Truth, quoth *Sancho*, that Fellow's unconscionable Nose has so frighted me, that I dare not stay within his reach. It is indeed such a Sight, said Don *Quixote*, as might affect with Fear, any other but my self; and therefore come, I'll help thee up. Now while *Sancho* was climbing up the Tree, with his Master's Assistance, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much Ground as he thought proper for his

Career;

Career; and imagining Don Quixote had done the same, he faced about, without expecting the Trumpet's Sound, or any other Signal for a Charge, and with his Horse's full Speed, which was no more than a middling Trot, (for he was neither more promising, nor a better Performer than *Rozinante*) he went to encounter his Enemy. But seeing him busy in helping up his Squire, he held in his Steed, and stopped in the middle of the Career, for which the Horse was mightily oblig'd to him, being already scarce able to stir a Foot farther. Don Quixote, who thought his Enemy was flying upon him, set Spurs to *Rozinante*'s hinder Flank vigorously, and so waken'd his Mettle, that the Story says, this was the only Time he was known to gallop a little, for at all others, downright Trotting was his best. With this unusual Fury, he soon got to the Place where his Opponent was striking his Spurs into his Horse's Sides up to the very Rowels, without being able to make him stir an Inch from the Spot. Now while he was thus goading him on, and, at the same time encumber'd with his Lance, either not knowing how to let it in the Rest, or wanting Time to do it; Don Quixote, who took no notice of his Disorder, encounter'd him without Danger, so furiously, that the Knight of the Mirrors was hurry'd, in spite of his Teeth, over his Horse's Crupper; and was so hurt with falling to the Ground, that he lay without Motion, or any Sign of Life. *Sancho* no sooner saw him fallen, but down he comes sliding from the Tree, and runs to his Master; who having dismounted, was got upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and was unlacing his Helmet, to see if he were dead or alive, and give him Air. But who can relate what he saw, when he saw the Face of the Knight of the Mirrors, without raising Wonder, Amazement, or Astonishment in those that shall hear it? He saw, says the History, in that Face, the very Visage,

the very Aspect, the very Physiognomy, the very Make, the very Features, the very Effigy of the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*. Come, *Sancho*, cry'd he, as he saw it, come hither, look and admire what thou may'st see, yet not believe. Haste, my Friend, and mark the Power of Magick; What Sorcerers and Inchanterers can do! *Sancho* drew near, and seeing the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*'s Face, began to cross himself a thousand times, and bleſſed himself as many more. The poor defeated Knight all this while gave no Sign of Life: Sir, quoth *Sancho* to his Master, if you'll be rul'd by me, make sure work: Right or wrong, e'en thrust your Sword down this Fellow's Throat that's so like the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*; and so mayhaps in him you may chance to murder one of those bitter Dogs, those Inchanterers that haunt you so. That Thought's not amiss, said Don *Quixote*; and with that drawing his Sword, he was going to put *Sancho*'s Advice in Execution, when the Knight's Squire came running without the Nose that so disguised him before; and calling to Don *Quixote*, Hold, Noble Don *Quixote*, cry'd he! Take heed! Beware! 'Tis your Friend *Sampson Carrasco*, that now lies at your Worship's Mercy, and I am his Squire. And where's your Nose, quoth *Sancho*, seeing him now without his Disguise? Here in my Pocket, answer'd the Squire, and so saying, he pull'd out the Nose of a Varnish'd Pasteboard Vizard, such as it has been describ'd. *Sancho* having more and more star'd him in the Face with great Earnestness, Blessed Virgin defend me, quoth he! Who's this? *Thomas Cecial*, my Friend and Neighbour? The same, Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Squire! I'll tell you anon by what Tricks and Wheadles he was inveigl'd to come hither. Mean while desire your Master not to misuse, nor slay, nor meddle in the least with the Knight of the Mirrors, that now lies at his Mercy; for there's nothing more sure,

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Don Quixot Vanquishes the Knight of the Mirrors

sure, than that 'tis our ill-advis'd Countryman **Sampson Carrasco**, and no body else.

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to come to himself; which when Don *Quixote* observ'd, setting the Point of his Sword to his Throat, Thou dy'st, Knight, cry'd he, if thou refuse to confess that the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* excels thy *Casilda de Vandalia* in Beauty. Besides this, thou shalt promise (if thou escape with Life from this Combat) to go to the City of *Toboso*; where, as from me, thou shalt present thy self before the Mistress of my Desires, and resign thy Person to her Disposal: If she leaves thee to thy own, then thou shalt come back to me, (for the Track of my Exploits will be thy Guide) and thou shalt give me an Account of the Transaction between her and thee. These Conditions are conformable to our Agreement before the Combat, and do not transgres the Rules of Knight-Errantry. I do confess, said the discomfited Knight, that the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*'s ripp'd and dirty Shoe is preferable to the clean, though ill-comb'd Locks of *Casilda*; and I promise to go to her, and come from her Presence to yours, and bring you a full and true Relation of all you have enjoin'd me. You shall also confess and believe, added Don *Quixote*, that the Knight you vanquish'd neither was nor could be Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, but some body else in his Likeness; as I on the other side do confess and believe, that though you seem to be the Bachelor **Sampson Carrasco**, you are not he, but some other whom my Enemies have transformed into his Resemblance, to assuage the Violence of my Wrath, and make me entertain with Moderation the Glory of my Victory. All this I confess, believe and allow, said the Knight; and now I beseech you let me rise, if the Hurt I have receiv'd by my Fall will give me leave, for I find my self very much bruis'd. Don *Quixote*

help'd him to rise by the Aid of his Squire *Thomas Cecial*, on whom *Sancho* fixed his Eyes all the while, asking him a thousand Questions; the Answers to which convinced him, that he was the real *Thomas Cecial*, as he said, though the Conceit of what was told him by his Master, that the Magicians had transform'd the Knight of the Mirrors into *Sampson Carrasco*, had made such an Impression on his Fancy, that he could not believe the Testimony of his own Eyes. In short, the Master and the Man persisted in their Error. The Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire, much out of Humour, and much out of Order, left *Don Quixote*, to go to some Town where he might get some Ointments and Plasters for his Ribs. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* continued their Progress for *Saragossa*; where the History leaves them, to relate who the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire were.

C H A P. XV.

Giving an Account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire were.

DON *Quixote* went on extremely pleas'd, and joyful, priding himself and glorying in the Victory he had got over so valiant a Knight, as the Knight of the Mirrors, and relying on his Parole of Honour, which he could not violate, without forfeiting his Title to Chivalry, that he would return to give him an Account of his Reception, by which means he expected to hear whether his Mistress continued under the Bonds of Inchantment. But *Don Quixote* dream'd of one thing, and the Knight of the Mirrors thought of another. His only Care for the present was how to get cur'd of his Bruises.

Here

Here the History relates, That when the Batchelor *Carrasco*, advised Don *Quixote* to proceed in his former Profession of Knight-Errantry; it was the Result of a Conference which he had with the Curate and the Barber, about the best means to prevail with Don *Quixote* to stay quietly at Home, and desist from rambling after his unlucky Adventures. For *Carrasco* thought, and so did the rest, that it was in vain to pretend to hinder him from going abroad again, and therefore the best way would be to let him go, and that he should meet him by the Way, equipped like a Knight-Errant, and should take an Opportunity to Fight, and overcome him, which he might easily do; first making an Agreement with him, that the Vanquished should submit to the Victor's Discretion. So that after the Batchelor had Vanquished him, he should command him to return to his House and Village, and not offer to depart thence in two Years, without Permission; which it was not doubted but Don *Quixote* would religiously observe, for fear of infringing the Laws of Chivalry; and in this Time they hoped he might be weaned of his Frantick Imaginations, or they might find some means to cure him of his Madness. *Carrasco* undertook this Task, and *Thomas Cecial*, a brisk, pleasant Fellow, *Sancho's* Neighbour and Gossip, proffered to be his Squire. *Sampson* equipped himself, as you have heard and *Thomas Cecial* fitted a huge Paste-board-Nose to his own, that his Gossip *Sancho* might not know him when they met. Then they follow'd Don *Quixote* so close, that they had like to have overtaken him in the midst of his Adventure with the Chariot of Death; and at last, they found him in the Wood, that happened to be the Scene of their Encounter, which might have proved more fatal to the Batchelor, and had spoiled him for ever from taking another Degree, had not Don *Quixote* been so obstinate, in not believing him to be the same Man.

And

And now *Thomas Cecial*, seeing the ill Success of their Journey; by my Troth! said he, Master *Carrafa*, we have been served well enough. 'Tis easy to begin a Busines, but a hard matter to go through. *Don Quixote* is Mad, and we think our selves Wise; yet he is gone away sound, and laughing in his Sleeve; and your Worship is left here well bang'd, and in the Dumps. Now pray who is the greatest Madman, he that is so because he can-not help it, or he that is so for his Pleasure? The Difference is, answered the Batchelor, that he that can't help being Mad, will always be so; but he that only plays the Fool for his Fancy, may give over when he pleases. Well then, quoth *Cecial*, I, who was pleased to play the Fool in going a Squire-Erranting with your Worship, for the self-same Reason will give it over now, and even make the best of my way home again. Do as you will, replied *Carrafa*, but it is a Folly to think I ever will go home, till I have swingingly paid that unaccountable Madman. It is not that he may recover his Wits neither: No, it is pure Revenge now, for the Pain in my Bones won't give me leave to have any manner of Charity for him. Thus they went on Discoursing, till at last they got to a Town, where, by good Fortune, they met with a Bone-setter, who gave the bruised Batchelor some Ease. *Thomas Cecial* left him, and went Home, while the other staid to meditate Revenge. In due time the History will speak of him again, but must not now forget to entertain you with *Don Quixote's* Joy.

C H A P. XVI.

What happen'd to Don Quixote, with a sober Gentleman of la Mancha.

DON *Quixote* pursued his Journey, full, as we said before, of Joy and Satisfaction; his late Victory made him esteem himself the most Valiant Knight-Errant of the Age. He counted all his future Adventures as already finish'd and happily atchiev'd. He defy'd all Inchantments and Inchanter. No longer did he remember the innumerable Blows he had receiv'd in the Course of his Errantry; nor the Shower of Stones that had dash'd out half of his Teeth, nor the Ingratitude of the Galley-Slaves, nor the Insolence of the *Tanguesian* Carriers, that had so abominably batter'd his Ribs with their Pack-staves. In short, he concluded with himself, that if he cou'd but by any manner of Means dissolve the Inchantment of his adored *Dulcinea*, he should have no need to envy the greatest Felicity that ever was, or ever could be attained by the most fortunate Knight in the habitable Globe. While he was wholly employ'd in these pleasing Imaginations; Sir, quoth *Sancho* to him, is it not a pleasant thing that I can't for the Blood of me, put out of my Mind that huge unconscionable Nose, and whapping Nostrils of *Thomas Cecial*, my Gossip? How, *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, dost thou still believe, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the Batchelor *Carrasco*, and that *Thomas Cecial* was his Squire? I don't know what to say to't, quoth *Sancho*; but this I'm sure, that no Body but he cou'd give me those Items of my House, and of my Wife and Children as he did. Besides, when his hugeous Nose was off, he had

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Tom Cesar's Face to a Hair. I ought to know it I think : I have seen it a Hundred and a Hundred times, for we are but next-door Neighbours ; and then he had his Speech to a Tittle. Come on, return'd *Don Quixote* ; let us reason upon this Business. How can it enter into any one's Imagination, that the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* shou'd come Arm'd at all Points, like a Knight-Errant, on purpose to Fight with me ? Have I ever been his Enemy, or given him any Occasion to be mine ? Am I his Rival ? Or has he taken up the Profession of Arms, in Envy of the Glory which I have purchas'd by my Sword ? Ay, but then, reply'd *Sancho*, what shall we say to the Resemblance between this same Knight, whoever he be, and the Batchelor *Carrasco*, and the Likeness between his Squire and my Gossip ? If 'tis an Inchantment, as your Worship says, were there no other People in the World but they two, to make 'em like ? All, all, cry'd *Don Quixote*, is the Artifice and Delusion of those malevolent Magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I shou'd get the Victory, disguised their Vanquish'd Property under the Resemblance of my Friend the Batchelor ; that at the Sight, my Friendship might interpose between the Edge of my Sword, and moderate my just Resentment, and so rescue him from Death, who basely had attempted on my Life. But thou, *Sancho*, by Experience, which cou'd not deceive thee, know'st how easy a Matter 'tis for Magicians to transmute the Face of any one into another Resemblance, fair into foul, and foul again into fair ; since not two Days ago, with thy own Eyes thou beheld'it the Peerless *Dulcinea* in her natural State of Beauty and Proportion : when I, the Object of their Envy, saw her in the homely Disguise of a Blear-ey'd, Fetid, Ugly Country-Wench. Why then should'it thou wonder so much at the frightful Transformation of

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the Bachelor and thy Neighbour *Cecial*? But however, this is a Comfort to me, that I got the better of my Enemy, whatsoever Shape he assum'd. Well, quoth *Sancho*, Heaven knows the Truth of all things. This was all the Answer he thought fit to make; for as he knew that the Transformation of *Dulcinea* was only a Trick of his own, he was willing to wave the Discourse, though he was the less satisfy'd in his Master's Chimera's; but fear'd to drop some Word that might have betray'd his Roguery.

While they were in this Conversation, they were overtaken by a Gentleman, mounted on a very fine Flea-bitten Mare. He had on a Riding-Coat of fine Green Cloth, fac'd with Murry-colour'd Velvet, a Hunter's Cap of the same. The Furniture of his Mare was Country-like, and after the Jennet-fashion, and also Murry and Green. By his Side hung a *Moorish* Scimiter, in a large Belt of Green and Gold. His Buskins were of the same Work with his Belt: His Spurs were not Gilt, but Burnish'd so well with a certain green Varnish, that they look'd better, to suit with the rest of his Equipage, than if they had been of pure Gold. As he came up with them; he very civilly saluted them, and clapping Spurs to his Mare, began to leave 'em behind him. Thereupon Don *Quixote* call'd to him: Sir, cry'd he, if you are not in too much haste, we should be glad of the Favour of your Company, so far as you Travel this Road. Indeed, answered the Gentleman, I had not thus Rid by you, but that I'm afraid your Horse may prove unruly with my Mare. If that be all, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, you may hold in your Mare; for our Horse here is the Honestest and Soberest Horse in the World; he is not in the least given to do any naughty thing on such Occasions. Once upon a time indeed, he happen'd to forget himself, and go astray; but then he, and I, and

and my Master ru'd for't, with a Vengeance. I tell you again, Sir, you may safely stay if you please, for if your Mare were to be serv'd up to him in a Dish, I'll lay my Life he would not so much as touch her. Upon this, the Traveller stopp'd his Mare, and did not a little gaze at the Figure and Countenance of our Knight, who rode without his Helmet, which, like a Wallet, hung at the Saddle-bow of *Sancho's* Ass. If the Gentleman in green gaz'd on *Don Quixote*, *Don Quixote* look'd no less upon him, judging him to be some Man of Consequence. His Age seem'd about Fifty; he had some gray Hairs, a sharp Look, and a grave yet pleasing Aspect. In short, his Mien and Appearance spoke him a Man of Quality. When he look'd on *Don Quixote*, he thought he had never beheld before such a strange appearance of a Man. He could not but admire at the Lankness of his Horse; he consider'd then the Long-back'd, Raw-bon'd Thing that bestrid him; His wan, meagre Face, his Air, his Gravity, his Arms and Equipage; such a Figure, as perhaps had not been seen in that Country time out of Mind. *Don Quixote* observed how intent the travelling Gentleman had been in surveying him, and reading his Desire in his Surprize, as he was the very Pink of Courtesy and fond of pleasing every one, without staying till he should question him, he thought fit to prevent him. Sir, said he, that you are surpriz'd at this Figure of mine, which appears so new and exotick, I do not wonder in the least; but your Admiration will cease when I have inform'd you, that I am one of those Knights who go in quest of Adventures. I have left my Country, Mortgaged my Estate, quitted my Pleasures, and thrown my self into the Arms of Fortune. My design was to give a new Life to Knight-Errantry, that so long has been lost to the World; and thus, after infinite Toils and Hardships; sometimes stumbling,

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sometimes falling; casting my self headlong in one place, and rising again in another, I have compass'd a great part of my Desire, relieving Windows, protecting Damsels, assisting Marry'd Women and Orphans, the proper and natural Office of Knights-Errant; and so by many Valorous and Christian-like Achievements, I have merited the Honour of the Press in almost all the Nations of the World. Thirty thousand Volumes of my History have been printed already, and thirty thousand Millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not. In short, to sum up all in one Word, know, I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd, The Knight of the Woful Figure; I own it lessens the value of Praise to be the Publisher of its own self; yet 'tis what I am sometimes forc'd to, when there is none present to do me Justice. And now, good Sir, no longer let this Steed, this Lance, this Shield, this Armour, nor this Squire, nor the Paleness of my Looks, nor my exhausted Body, move your Admiration, since you know who I am, and the Profession I follow. Having said this, Don *Quixote* was silent, and the Gentleman in Green, by his delaying to answer him, seem'd as if he did not intend to make any Return. But at last, after some pause; Sir Knight, said he, you were sensible of my Curiosity by my Looks, and were pleas'd to say my Wonder wou'd cease when you had inform'd me who you was; but I must confess, since you have done that, I remain no less surpriz'd and amaz'd than ever. For, is it possible there should be at this time any Knights-Errant in the World, and there shou'd be a true History of a living Knight-Errant in Print? I cannot persuade my self there is any body now upon Earth that relieves Widows, protects Damsels, or assists Married Women and Orphans; and I should still be of the same Mind, had not my Eyes afforded me a sight of such a Person as your self. Now Heaven be

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be prais'd, for this History of your true and noble Feats of Arms, which you say is in Print, will blot out the Memory of all those idle Romances of pretended Knights-Errant that have so fill'd and pester'd the World, to the detriment of good Education, and the Prejudice and Dishonour of true History. There is a great deal to be said, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for the Truth of Histories of Knight-Errantry, as well as against it. How, return'd the Gentleman in Green! Is there any Body living who makes the least Scruple but that they are false. Yes, Sir, my self for one, said Don *Quixote*; But let that pass: If we continue any time together on the Road, I hope to convince you that you have been to blame in suffering your self to be carry'd away with the Stream of Mankind that generally disbelieves 'em. The Traveller at this Discourse, began to have a Suspicion that Don *Quixote* was distract, and expected the next Words would confirm him in that Opinion; But before they enter'd into any further Conversation, Don *Quixote* begg'd him to acquaint him who he was, since he had given him some Account of his own Life and Condition. Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, answer'd the other, I am a Gentleman, born at a Village, where God willing, we shall dine by and by. My Name is Don *Diego de Miranda*. I have a reasonable Competency, I pass my time contentedly with my Wife, my Children and my Friends. My usual Diversions are Hunting and Fishing; yet I keep neither Hawks nor Hounds, but some tame Partridges and a Ferret. I have about Three or Fourscore Books, some Spanish, some Latin; some of History, and others of Divinity. But for Books of Knight-Errantry; none ever came within my Doors. I am more inclinable to read those that are Profane than those of Devotion, if they be such as yield an innocent Amusement, and are agreeable for

for their Style, and surprizing for their Invention, tho' we have but few of 'em in our Language. Sometimes I eat with my Neighbours and Friends, and often I invite 'em to do the like with me. My Treats are clean and handsome, neither penurious nor superfluous. I am not given to murmur and backbite, nor do I love to hear others do it. I am no curious Inquirer into the Lives and Actions of other People. Every Day I hear Divine Service, and give to the Poor; without making a Shew of it, or presuming on my good Deeds, lest I should give way to Hypocrisy and Vain-glory; Enemies that too easily possess themselves of the best-guarded Hearts. I endeavour to reconcile those that are at Variance. I pay my Devotions to the Blessed Virgin, and ever trust in Heaven's infinite Mercy. *Sancho* listen'd with great Attention to this Relation of the Gentleman's way of Living; and believing that a Person who had so good and pious a Life, was able to work Miracles, he jump'd in haste from his Ass, and catching hold of his right Stirrup, with Tears in his Eyes and Devotion in his Heart, fell a kissing his Foot. What's the matter, Friend, cry'd the Gentleman, wondring at his proceeding? What is the meaning of this Kissing? Oh! good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, Let me kiss that dear Foot of yours, I beseech you; for you are certainly the first Saint on Horse-back I ever saw in my born Days. Alas! replied the Gentleman, I am no Saint but a great Sinner: You indeed, Friend, I believe are a good Soul, as appears by your Simplicity. With that, *Sancho* return'd to his Pack-Saddle, having by this Action provok'd the Profound Gravity of his Master to smile, and caused new Admiration in *Don Diego*. And now *Don Quixote* enquires of him, how many Children he had, telling him at the same time, that among the things in which the Ancient Philosophers, who had not the true Knowledge of God, made Happiness consist,

consist, as the Advantages of Nature and Fortune, one was, to have many Friends and a numerous and Virtuous Offspring. I have a Son, Sir Knight, answer'd the Gentleman; and perhaps if I had him not, I shou'd not think my self the more unhappy; not that he is so bad neither; but because he is not so good as I wou'd have him. He is Eighteen Years of Age; the last Six he has spent at Salamanca to perfect himself in his *Latin* and *Greek*. But, when I wou'd have had him to have proceeded to the Study of other Sciences, I found him so engag'd in that of Poetry, if it may be called a Science, that 'twas impossible to make him look either to the Study of the Law, which I intended him for, or of Divinity, the noblest Part of all Learning. I was in hopes he might have become an honour to his Family, living in an Age in which good and virtuous Literature is highly favour'd and rewarded by Princes; for Learning without Virtue, is like a Pearl upon a Dunghill. He now spends whole Days in examining, whether *Homer* in such a Verse of his *Iliads*, says well or no? Whether such an Epigram in *Martial* ought not to be expung'd for Obscenity? And whether such and such Verses in *Virgil* are to be taken in such a Sense, or otherwise. In short, his whole Converse is with the celebrated Poets, with *Horace* and *Persius*, *Juvenal*, and *Tibullus*. But as for modern Rhimers, he has but an indifferent Opinion of 'em. And yet for all this Disgust of Spanish Poetry, he is now breaking his Brain upon a Paraphrase or Gloss on four Verses that were sent him from the University, and which I think are design'd for a Prize. Sir, reply'd Don *Quixote*, Children are the Flesh and Blood of their Parents, and, whether good or bad, are to be cherish'd as part of our selves. 'Tis the Duty of a Father to train 'em up from their tenderest Years in the Paths of Virtue, in good Discipline and Christian Principles,

ple, that when they advance in Years they may become the Staff and Support of their Parents Age, and the Glory of their Posterity. But as for forcing them to this or that Study, 'tis a thing I don't so well approve. Persuasion is all, I think, that is proper in such a case; especially when they are so Fortunate as to be above studying for Bread, as having Parents that can provide for their future Subsistence, they ought in my Opinion to be indulged in the Pursuit of that Science to which their own Genius gives them the most Inclination. For though the Art of Poetry is not so profitable as delightful, yet it is none of those that disgrace the ingenious Professor. Poetry, Sir, in my Judgment, is like a tender Virgin in her Bloom, Beautiful and Charming to Amazement: All the other Sciences are so many Virgins, whose Care it is to Enrich, Polish and Adorn her, and as she is to make use of them all, so are they all to have from her a grateful Acknowledgment. But this Virgin must not be roughly handl'd, nor dragg'd along the Street, nor expos'd to every Marketplace, and Corner of great Men's Houses. A good Poet is a kind of an Alchymist, who can turn the Matter he prepares into the purest Gold and an inestimable Treasure. But he must keep his Muse within the Rules of Decency, and not let her prostitute her Excellency in lewd Satires and Lampoons, nor in licentious Sonnets. She must not be Mercenary, though she need not give away the Profits she may claim from Heroick Poems, deep Tragedies, and Pleasant and Artful Comedies. She is not to be attempted by Buffoons, nor by the Ignorant Vulgar, whose Capacity can never reach to a due Sense of the Treasures that are lock'd up in her. And know, Sir, that when I mention the Vulgar, I don't mean only the common Rabble; for whoever is ignorant, be he Lord or Prince, is to be listed in the Number of the Vulgar. But who-

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whoever shall apply himself to the Muses with those Qualifications ; which, as I said, are essential to the Character of a good Poet, his Name shall be Famous, and valu'd in all the polish'd Nations of the World. And as to what you say, Sir, that your Son does not much esteem our Modern Poetry ; in my Opinion, he is somewhat to blame ; and my Reason is this : *Homer* never wrote in *Latin*, because he was a *Grecian* ; nor did *Virgil* write in *Greek*, because *Latin* was the Language of his Country. In short, all your Ancient Poets wrote in their Mother-Tongue, and did not seek other Languages to express their lofty Thoughts. And thus, it wou'd be well that Custom shou'd extend to every Nation ; there being no Reason that a *German* Poet shou'd be despised, because he writes in his own Tongue ; or a *Castilian* or *Biscayner*, because they write in theirs. But I suppose, your Son does not mislike Modern Poetry, but such Modern Poets as have no Tincture of any other Language or Science, that may adorn, awaken, and assist their Natural Impulse. Though even in this too there may be Error. For, 'tis believ'd, and not without Reason, that a Poet is naturally a Poet from his Mother's Womb, and that, with the Talent which Heaven has infus'd into him, without the help of Study or Art, he may produce these Compositions that verify that Saying, *Eft Deus in nobis, &c.* Not but that a natural Poet, that improves himself by Art, shall be much more accomplish'd, and have the Advantage of him that has no Title to Poetry but by his Knowledge in the Art ; because Art cannot go beyond Nature, but only adds to its Perfection. From which it appears, that the most perfect Poet is he whom Nature and Art combine to qualify. Let then your Son proceed and follow the Guidance of his Stars, for being so good a Student as I understand he is, and already got up the first Step of the Sciences,

Sciences, the Knowledge of the Learned Tongues, he will easily ascend to the Pinnacle of Learning, which is no less an Honour and an Ornament to a Gentleman, than a Mitre is to a Bishop, or the Long Robe to the Civilian. Shou'd your Son write Satires to lessen the Reputation of any Person, you wou'd do well to take him to Task, and tear his defamatory Rhimes; but if he studies to write such Discourses in Verfe, to ridicule and explode Vice in general, as *Horace* so elegantly did, then encourage him: For a Poet's Pen is allow'd to inveigh against Envy and Envious Men, and so against other Vices, provided it aim not at particular Persons. But there are Poets so abandon'd to the Itch of Scurrility, that rather than lose a villainous Jest, they'll venture being banish'd to the Island of *Pontus*. If a Poet is modest in his Manners, he will be so in his Verses. The Pen is the Tongue of the Mind; the Thoughts that are formed in the one, and those that are traced by the other, will bear a near Resemblance. And when Kings and Princes see the wonderful Art of Poetry shine in Prudent, Virtuous, and Solid Subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with Leaves of that Tree, which is ne'er offended by the Thunderbolt, as a Token that nothing shall offend those whose Brows are honour'd and adorn'd with such Crowns. The Gentleman hearing *Don Quixote* express himself in this manner, was struck with so much Admiration, that he began to lose the bad Opinion he had conceiv'd of his Understanding. As for *Sancho*, who did not much relish this fine Talk, he took an Opportunity to flink aside in the middle of it; and went to get a little Milk of some Shepherds that were hard by keeping their Sheep. Now when the Gentleman was going to renew his Discourse, mightily pleas'd with these judicious Observations, *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, perceiv'd a Waggon

pon' on the Road, set round with little Flags, that appear'd to be the King's Colours; and believing it to be some new Adventure, he call'd out to *Sancho* to bring him his Helmet. *Sancho* hearing him call aloud, left the Shepherds, and clapping his Heels vigorously to *Dapple*'s sides, came trotting up to his Master, to whom there happen'd a most terrifying and desperate Adventure.

C H A P. XVII.

Where you will find set forth the highest and utmost Proof that the great Don Quixote ever gave, or could give of his incredible Courage; with the successful Issue of the Adventure of the Lions.

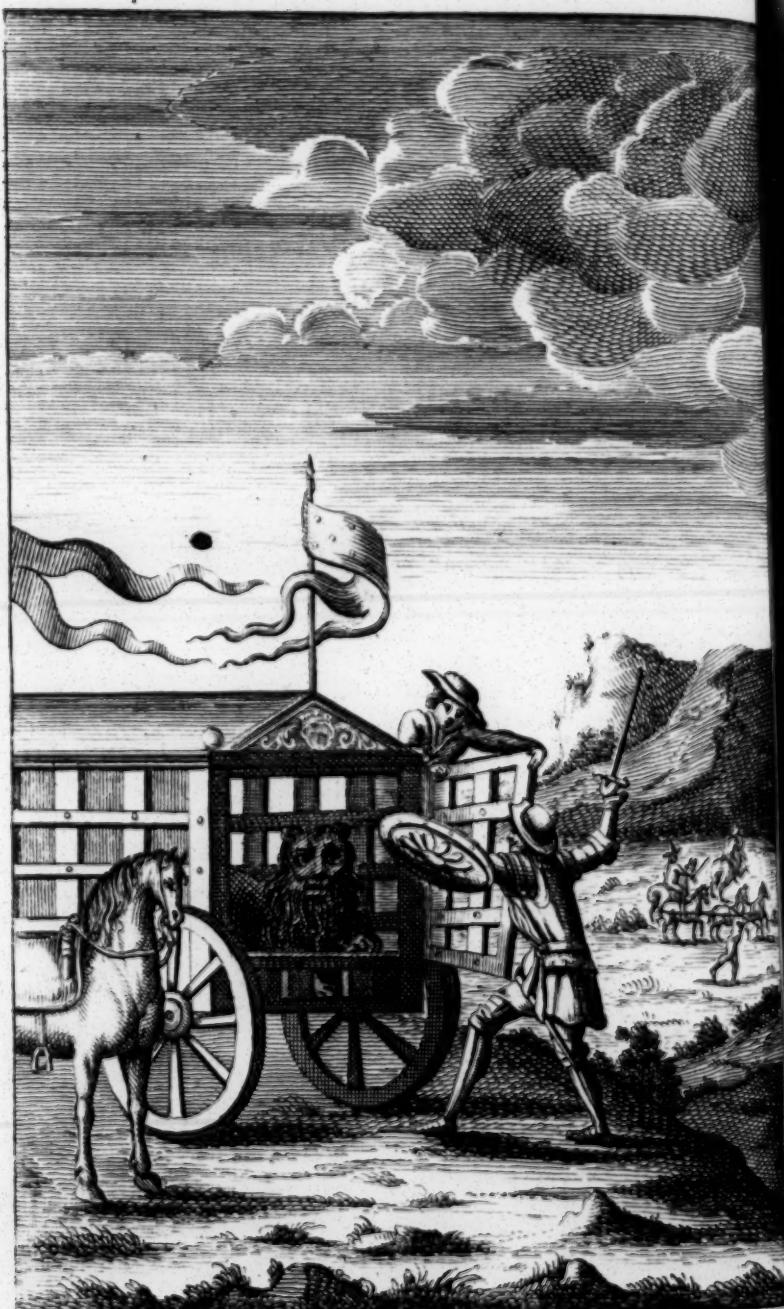
THE History relates, that *Sancho* was chafing with the Shepherds for some Curds, when *Don Quixote* called to him; and finding that his Master was in haste, he did not know what to do with 'em, nor what to bring 'em in; yet loth to lose his Purchase (for he had already paid for 'em,) he bethought himself at last of clapping 'em into the Helmet, where having 'em safe, he went to know his Master's Pleasure. As soon as he came up to him, Give me that Helmet, Friend, said the Knight, for if I understand any thing of Adventures, I descry one yonder that obliges me to Arm. The Gentleman in Green hearing this, look'd about to see what was the Matter, but could perceive nothing but a Waggon, which made towards 'em, and by the little Flags about it, he judg'd it to be one of the King's Carriages, and so he told *Don Quixote*. But his Head was

too

too much possess'd with Notions of Adventures to give any Credit to what the Gentleman said; Sir, answer'd he, *Forewarn'd, fore-arm'd*; a Man loses nothing by standing on his Guard. I know by Experience, that I have Enemies visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when, nor where, nor in what Shapes they may attack me. At the same time he snatch'd the Helmet out of *Sancho's* Hands, before he could discharge it of the Curds, and clapp'd it on his Head, without examining the Contents. Now the Curds being squeezed between his bare Crown and the Iron, the Whey began to run all about his Face and Beard; which so surpriz'd him, that calling to *Sancho* in great Disorder, What's this, cry'd he, *Sancho!* What's the matter with me! Sure my Scull is growing soft, or my Brains are melting, or else I sweat from Head to Foot! But if I do, I'm sure 'tis not for Fear. This certainly must be a very dreadful Adventure that's approaching. Give me something to wipe me if thou can't, for I'm almost blinded with the Torrent of Sweat. *Sancho* did not dare to say a word, but giving him a Cloth, bless'd his Stars that his Master had not found him out. Don *Quixote* dry'd himself, and taking off the Helmet to see what it should be that felt so cold on his Head, perceiving some white Stuff, and putting it to his Nose, soon found what it was. Now, by the Life of my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, cry'd he, thou hast put Curds in my Helmet, vile Traytor and unmannerly Squire. Nay, reply'd *Sancho* cunningly, and keeping his Countenance, if they be Curds, good your Worship give 'em me hither, and I'll eat 'em: But hold, now I think on't, the Devil eat 'em for me; for he himself must have put 'em there. What! I offer to do so beastly a Trick! Do you think I have no more Manners? As sure as I'm alive, Sir, I have got my Inchanters too that owe me a Grudge, and

plague me as a Limb of your Worship; and I warrant have put that nasty Stuff there on purpose to set you against me, and make you fall foul on my Bones. But I hope they've miss'd their aim this time, i' troth! My Master is a wise Man, and must needs know that I had neither Curds nor Milk, nor any thing of that Kind; and if I had met with Curds, I should sooner have put 'em in my Belly than his Helmet. Well, said Don *Quixote*, there may be something in that. The Gentleman had observed these Passages, and stood amaz'd, but especially at what immediately follow'd; for the Knight-Errant having put on the Helmet again, fixed himself well in the Stirrups, try'd whether his Sword were loose enough in his Scabbard, and rested his Lance. Now, cry'd he, come what will come; here am I, who dare encounter the Devil himself in *propria Persona*. By this time the Waggon was come up with them, attended only by the Carter, mounted on one of the Mules, and another Man that sat on the fore-part of the Waggon. Don *Quixote* making up to 'em, Whither go ye, Friends, said he? What Waggon is this? What do you convey in it? And what is the Meaning of these Colours? The Waggon is mine, answered the Waggoner: I have there two brave Lions, which the General of *Oran* is sending to the King our Master, and these Colours are to let People understand that what goes here belongs to him. And are these Lions large, enquir'd Don *Quixote*? Very large, answer'd the Man in the fore-part of the Waggon: There never came bigger from *Africk* into *Spain*. I am their Keeper added he, and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost Cage is a He-Lion, and in the other behind, a Lioness. By this time they are cruel hun., for they have not eaten to Day; therefore pray, good Sir, ride out of the Way, for





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for we must make haste to get to the Place where we intend to feed 'em. What! said Don *Quixote* with a scornful Smile, Lion-Whelps against me! Against me those puny Beasts! And at this time of Day? Well, I'll make those Gentlemen that sent their Lions this way, know whether I am a Man to be scar'd with Lions. Get off, honest Fellow; and since you are the Keeper, open their Cages, and let 'em both out; for maugre and in despight of those Inchanters that have sent 'em to try me, I'll make the Creatures know in the midst of this very Field, who Don *Quixote de la Mancha* is. So thought the Gentleman to himself, now has our poor Knight discover'd what he is; the Curds, I find, have soften'd his Scull, and mellow'd his Brains. While he was making this Reflection, *Sancho* came up to him, and begg'd him to dissuade his Master from his rash Attempt. O good dear Sir! cry'd he, for Pity-sake hinder my Master from falling upon these Lions, by all means, or we shall be torn a pieces. Why, said this Gentleman, is your Master so arrant a Madman then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious Beasts? Ah Sir! said *Sancho*, he is not mad, but woundy ventersome. Well, reply'd the Gentleman, I'll take care there shall be no harm done; and with that advancing up to Don *Quixote*, who was urging the Lion-Keeper to open the Cage; Sir, said he, Knights-Errant ought to engage in Adventures, from which there may be some Hopes of coming off with Safety; but not in such as are altogether desperate; for that Courage which borders on Temerity, is more like Madness than true Fortitude. Besides, these Lions are not come against you, but sent as a Present to the King, and therefore 'tis not the best way to detain 'em, or stop the Waggon. Pray, sweet Sir, reply'd Don *Quixote*, go and amuse your self with your tame Partridges and your Ferrets, and leave

leave every one to his own Busines. This is mine, and I know best whether these worthy Lions are sent against me or no. Then turning about to the Keeper, Sirrah! you Rascal you, said he, either open the Cages immediately, or by Heaven I'll pin thee to the Waggon with this Lance. Good Sir, (cry'd the Waggoner, seeing this strange Apparition in Armour so resolute) for Mercy's sake do but let me take out our Mules first, and get out of harm's way with 'em as fast as I can, before the Lions get out; for if they should once set upon the poor Beasts, I should be undone for ever; for alas! that Cart and they are all I have in the World to get a Living with. Thou Man of little Faith, said Don *Quixote*, take 'em out quickly then, and go with 'em where thou wilt; though thou shalt presently see that thy Precaution was needless, and thou might'st have spared thy Pains. The Waggoner upon this made all the haste he could to take out his Mules, while the Keeper cry'd out as loud as he was able, Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that 'tis against my Will I'm forc'd to open the Cages and let loose the Lions; and that I protest to this Gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the Mischief and Damage they may do; together with the loss of my Salary and Fees. And now, Sirs, shift for your selves as fast as you can, before I open the Cages: For, as for my self, I know the Lions will do me no harm. Once more the Gentleman try'd to dissuade Don *Quixote* from doing so mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted Heaven, in exposing himself without Reason to so great a Danger. To this Don *Quixote* made no other Answer, but that he knew what he had to do. Consider however what you do, reply'd the Gentleman, for 'tis most certain that you are very much mistaken. Well, Sir, said Don *Quixote*, if you care not to be Spectator of an Action, which you think is like to be tragical

e'en

e'en set Spurs to your Mare, and provide for your Safety. *Sancho* hearing this, came up to his Master with Tears in his Eyes, and begg'd him not to go about this fearful Undertaking, to which the Adventure of the Wind-Mills, and the Fulling-Mills, and all the Brunts he had ever born in his Life, were but Childrens Play. Good your Worship, cry'd he, do but mind, here's no Inchantinent in the Cage, nor any thing like it. A lack-a-day! Sir, I peep'd even now through the Grates of the Cage, and I'm sure I saw the Claw of a true Lion, and such a Claw as makes me think the Lion that owns it must be as big as a Mountain. Alas poor Fellow! said *Don Quixote*, thy Fear will make him as big as half the World. Retire *Sancho*, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here, thou know'ft our old Agreement; repair to *Dulcinea*, I say no more. To this he added some Expressions, which cut off all Hopes of his giving over his mad Design. The Gentleman in the Green would have oppos'd him, but considering the other was much better arm'd, and that it was not Prudence to encounter a Madman, he even took the Opportunity while *Don Quixote* was storming at the Keeper, to march off with his Mare, as *Sancho* did with *Dapple*, and the Carter with his Mules, every one making the best of their way to get as far as they could from the Waggon, before the Lions were let loose. Poor *Sancho* at the same time made sad Lamentations for his Master's Death; for he gave him for lost, not questioning but the Lions had already got him into their Clutches. He curs'd his ill Fortune, and the Hour he came again to his Service; but for all his Wailing and Lamenting, he punch'd on poor *Dapple*, to get as far as he could from the Lions. The Keeper perceiving the Persons who fled to be at a good Distance, fell to arguing and intreating *Don Quixote* as he had done before. But the

Knight told him again, that all his Reasons and Intreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately dispatch. Now while the Keeper took time to open the foremost Cage, Don *Quixote* stood debating with himself, whether he had best make his Attack on Foot or on Horseback; and upon mature Deliberation, he resolved to do it on Foot, lest *Rozinante*, not us'd to Lions, should be put into Disorder. Accordingly he quitted his Horse, threw aside his Lance, grasp'd his Shield, and drew his Sword; then advancing with a deliberate Motion, and an undaunted Heart, he posted himself just before the Door of the Cage, commanding himself to Heaven, and afterwards to his Lady *Dulcinea*. Here the Author of this faithful History could not forbear breaking the Thread of his Narration, and rais'd by Wonder to Rapture and Enthusiasm, makes the following Exclamation. O thou most magnanimous Hero! Brave and unutterably Bold Don *Quixote de la Mancha*. Thou Mirror and grand Exemplar of Valour. Thou second, and thou new Don *Manuel de Leon*, the late Glory and Honour of all *Spanish* Cavaliers; What Words, what Colours shall I use to express, to paint in equal Lines, this astonishing Deed of thine! What Language shall I employ to convince Posterity of the Truth of this thy more than human Enterprize! What Praises can be coined, and Elogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy superior Merit, though Hyperboles were piled on Hyperboles! Thou alone on Foot, Intrepid and Magnanimous, with nothing but a Sword, and that none of the sharpest, with thy single Shield, and that none of the brightest, stood'st ready to receive and encounter the savage Force of two vast Lions, as fierce as ever roared within the *Lybian* Desarts. Then let thy own unrival'd Deeds, that best can speak thy praise, amaze the World, and fill the Mouth

Mouth of Fame, brave Champion of *la Mancha*: while I'm obliged to leave off the high Theme, for want of Vigor to maintain the Flight. Here ended the Author's Exclamation, and the History goes on.

The Keeper observing the Posture *Don Quixote* had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the Lions, without incurring the Resentment of the desperate Knight, set the Door of the foremost Cage wide open; where, as I have said, that Lion lay, who then appeared of a monstrous Bigness, and of a hideous frightful Aspect. The first thing he did was to roll and turn himself round in his Cage; in the next place he stretch'd out one of his Paws, put forth his Claws, and rouz'd himself. After that he gap'd and yawn'd for a good while, and shew'd his dreadful Fangs, and then thrust out half a Yard of broad Tongue, and with it lick'd the Dust out of his Eyes and Face. Having done this, he thrust his Head quite out of the Cage, and star'd about with his Eyes that look'd like two live Coals of Fire; a Sight and Motion, enough to have struck Terror into Temerity it self. But *Don Quixote* only regarded it with Attention, wishing his grim Adversary would leap out of his Hold, and come within his reach, that he might exercise his Valour, and cut the Monster piece-meal. To this Height of Extravagance had his Folly transported him; but the generous Lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his Vapouring and Bravadoes, after he had look'd about him a while, turn'd his Tail, and having shew'd *Don Quixote* his Posteriors, very contentedly lay down again in his Apartment. *Don Quixote* seeing this, commanded the Keeper to rouze him with his Pole, and force him out whether he would or no. Not I, indeed Sir, answer'd the Keeper; I dare not do it for my Life; for if I provoke him, I'm sure to be

the first he'll tear to Pieces. Let me advise you, Sir, to be satisfy'd with what you have done. 'Tis as much as the bravest He that wears a Head ought to do. Then pray go no farther, I beseech you: The Door stands open, the Lion is at his Choice, whether he will come out or no. You have waited for him, you see he does not care to look you in the Face, and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this Day. You have shewn enough the Greatness of your Courage. No Man is obliged to do more than challenge his Enemy, and wait for him in the Field. If he comes not, that's his own Fault, and the Scandal is his, as the Honour the Challenger's. 'Tis true, reply'd Don *Quixote*. Come, shut the Cage-Door, Honest Friend, and give me a Certificate under thy Hand in the amplest Form thou canst devise, of what thou hast seen me perform; how thou didst open the Cage for the Lion; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out. How, upon his not coming out then, I stay'd his own Time, and instead of meeting me, he turned Tail and lay down. I am oblig'd to do no more. So, Inchantments avant! and Heaven prosper Truth, Justice, and Knight-Errantry! Shut the Door, as I bid thee, while I make Signs to those that ran away from us, and get 'em to come back, that they may have an Account of this Exploit from my own Mouth. The Keeper obey'd, and Don *Quixote* clapping on the Point of his Lance the Handkerchief with which he had wip'd off the Curds from his Face, wav'd it in the Air, and call'd as loud as he was able to the Fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind 'em all the way, and troop'd on in a Body with the Gentleman in Green at the Head of 'em. At last *Sancho* observ'd the Signal of the white Flag, and calling out to the rest, Hold, cry'd he, my Master calls to us, I'll be hang'd if he has not got the better of the Lions.

Lions. At this they all faced about, and perceiv'd Don *Quixote* flourishing his Ensign; whereupon recovering a little from their Fright, they leisurely rode back, till they could plainly distinguish Don *Quixote's* Voice; and then they came up to the Waggon. As soon as they were got near it, Come on Friend, said he to the Carter; put thy Mules into the Waggon again, and pursue thy Journey; and *Sancho* do thou give him two Ducats for the Lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the Time I have detained them. Ay, that I will with all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*; but what's become of the Lions? Are they dead or alive? Then the Keeper very formally related the whole Action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his Skill, Don *Quixote's* Courage; how at his Sight alone the Lion was so terrify'd, that he neither would nor durst quit his strong Hold, tho' for that end his Cage-Door was kept open for a considerable Time; and how at length upon his remonstrating to the Knight, who would have had the Lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon Heaven, he had permitted, though with great Reluctancy, that the Lion should be shut up again. Well, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote* to his Squire, what dost thou think of this? Can Inchantment prevail over true Fortitude? No, these Magicians may perhaps rob me of Success, but never of my invincible Greatness of Mind. In short, *Sancho* gave the Waggoner and the Keeper the two Pieces. The first harness'd his Mules, and the last thank'd Don *Quixote* for his Noble Bounty, and promis'd to acquaint the King himself with his Heroick Action when he came to Court. Well, said Don *Quixote*, if his Majesty should chance to enquire who the Person was that did this thing, tell him 'twas *The Knight of the Lions*; a Name I intend henceforth to take up, in lieu of that which I hitherto assum'd, of *The Knight of the Woful Figure*; in which Proceed-

ing I do but conform to the ancient Custom of Knights-Errant, who changed their Names as often as they pleas'd, or as it suited with their Advantage. After this, the Waggon made the best of its way, as Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the Gentleman in Green did of theirs. The latter for a great while was so taken up with making his Observations on Don *Quixote*, that he had not Time to speak a Syllable; not knowing what Opinion to have of a Person, in whom he discover'd such a Mixture of good Sense and Extravagance. He was a Stranger to the first Part of his History; for had he read it, he could not have wonder'd either at his Words or Actions: But not knowing the Nature of his Madness, he took him to be wise and distracted by Fits; since in his Discourse he still expres'd himself justly and handsomely enough; but in his Actions all was wild, extravagant and unaccountable. For, said the Gentleman to himself, can there be any thing more foolish, than for this Man to put on his Helmet full of Curds, and then believe 'em convey'd there by Inchanters; or any thing more extravagant than forcibly to endeavour to fight with Lions? In the midst of this Soliloquy, Don *Quixote* interrupted him. Without doubt, Sir, said he, you take me for a downright Madman, and indeed my Actions may seem to speak me no less. But for all that, give me Leave to tell you, I am not so mad, nor is my Understanding so defective, as I suppose you may fancy. What a noble Figure does the gallant Knight make, who in the midst of some spacious Place transfixes a furious Bull with his Lance in the View of his Prince! What a noble Figure makes the Knight, who before the Ladies at a harmless Tournament, comes prancing through the Lists inclos'd in shining Steel; or those Court Champions, who in Exercises of Martial Kind, or that at least are such in Appearance, shew their

Adi-

Activity: and though all they do is nothing but for Recreation, are thought the Ornament of a Prince's Court! But a much nobler Figure is the Knight-Errant, who, fir'd with the Thirst of a glorious Fame, wanders through Desarts, through solitary Wildernesses, through Woods, through Cross-ways, over Mountains and Valleys, in Quest of perilous Adventures, resolv'd to bring them to a happy Conclusion. Yes, I say, a nobler Figure is a Knight-Errant succouring a Widow in some depopulated Place, than the Court-Knight making his Addresses to the City-Dames. Every Knight has his particular Employment. Let the Courtier wait on the Ladies; let him with splendid Equipage adorn his Prince's Court, and with a magnificent Table support his poor Companions. Let him give Birth to Feasts and Tournaments, and shew his Grandeur, Liberality, and Munificence, and especially his Piety; in all these things he fulfils the Duties of his Station. But as for the Knight-Errant, let him search into all the Corners of the World, enter into the most intricate Labyrinths, and every Hour be ready to attempt Impossibility it self. Let him in dissolute Wilds baffle the Rigor of the Weather, the scorching Heat of the Sun's fiercest Beams, and the Inclemency of Winds and Snow: Let Lions never fright him, Dragons daunt him, nor evil Spirits deter him. To go in Quest of these, to meet, to dare, to conflict, and to overcome 'em all, is his principal and proper Office. Since then my Stars have decreed me to be one of those Adventurous Knights, I think my self obliged to attempt every thing that seems to come within the Verge of my Profession. This, Sir, engag'd me to encounter those Lions just now, judging it to be my immediate Business, though I was sensible of the extreme Rashness of the Undertaking. For well I know, that Valour is a Virtue situate between the two vicious Extremes of Cowardise and

Timor.

Temerity. But certainly 'tis not so ill for a Valiant Man to rise to a Degree of Rashness, as 'tis to fall short and border upon Cowardise. As 'tis easier for a Prodigal to become Liberal, than a Miser; so 'tis easier for the hardy and rash Person to be reduced to true Bravery, than for the Coward ever to rise to that Virtue: And therefore in thus attempting Adventures, believe me, Signor Don *Diego*, 'tis better to exceed the Bounds a little, and over-do, rather than under-do the thing; because it sounds better in People's Ears to hear it said, how that such a Knight is Rash and Hardy, than such a Knight is Dastardly and Timorous. For my part, Sir, answer'd Don *Diego*, I think all you have said and done is agreeable to the exactest Rules of Reason; and I believe, if the Laws and Ordinances of Knight-Errantry were lost, they might be all recover'd from you, your Breast seeming to be the safe Repository and Archive where they are lodg'd. But it grows late, let us make a little more haste to get to our Village, and to my Habitation, where you may rest your self after the Fatigues, which doubtless you have sustain'd, if not in Body, at least in Mind, whose Pains often afflict the Body too. Sir, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I esteem your Offer as a singular Favour; and so putting on a little faster than they had done before, about two in the Afternoon they reached the Village, and got to the House of Don *Diego*, whom now Don *Quixote* called the Knight of the Green-Coat.

C H A P. XVIII.

How Don Quixote was entertained at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant Passages.

DON Quixote found, that Don *Diego de Miranda*'s House was spacious after the Country manner, the Arms of the Family were over the Gate in rough Stone, the Buttery in the Fore-yard, the Cellar under the Porch, and all around several great Jars of that Sort commonly made at *Toboso*; the Sight of which bringing to his Remembrance his Inchanted and Transform'd *Dulcinea*, he heav'd a deep Sigh, and neither minding what he said, nor who was by, broke out into the following Exclamation.

* *O! Pledges, once my Comfort and Relief,
Though pleasing still, discover'd now with Grief.*

O ye *Tobosian Urns*, that awaken in my Mind the Thoughts of the sweet Pledge of my most bitter Sorrows! Don *Diego*'s Son, who, as it has been said, was a Student, and poetically inclin'd, heard these Words as he came with his Mother to welcome him home; and, as well as she, was not a little surpriz'd to see what a strange Creature his Father had brought with him. Don Quixote alighted from *Rozinante*, and very courteously desiring to kiss her Ladyship's Hands: Madam, said Don *Diego*, this Gentleman is the Noble Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Wisest, and most Valiant Knight-

* *O dulces parentas*, the Beginning of a Sonnet in the *Divina of Montemayor*.

Errant in the World; pray let him find a Welcome suitable to his Merit, and your usual Civility. Thereupon Donna *Christina* (for this was the Lady's Name) receiv'd him very kindly, and with great Marks of Respect; to which Don *Quixote* made a proper and handsome Return; and then almost the same Compliments pass'd between him and the young Gentleman, whom Don *Quixote* judg'd by his Discourse to be a Man of Wit and Sense.

Here the Author inserts a long Description of every Particular in Don *Diego*'s House, giving us an Inventory of all the Goods and Chattels, and every Circumstance peculiar to the House of a rich Country Gentleman: But the Translator presum'd that it would be better to omit these little things, and such like insignificant Matters, being foreign to the main Subject of this History, which ought to be more grounded on material Truth, than cold and insipid Digressions.

Don *Quixote* was brought into a fair Room, where *Sancho* took off his Armour, and then the Knight appeared in a pair of close Breeches, and a Doublet of Shamoy-Leather, all besmear'd with the Rust of his Armour. About his Neck he wore a plain Band, unstarch'd, after the manner of a Student; about his Legs sad colour'd Spatter-dashes, and on his Feet a pair of Wax-leather Shoes. He hung his trusty Sword by his Side in a Belt of a Sea-Wolf's Skin; which makes many of Opinion he had been long troubl'd with a Pain in the Kidneys. Over all this he clapp'd on a long Cloak of good Russet-Cloth: But first of all he wash'd his Head and Face in five Kettle-fulls of Water, if not in six: for as to the exact Number there is some Dispute. And 'tis observable, that the Water still retain'd a Tincture of Whey: Thanks to *Sancho*'s Gluttony, that had made him clap into his Master's Helmet those dismal Curds,

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that so contaminated his awful Head and Face. In this Dress the Knight with a graceful and sprightly Air, walk'd into another Room, where Don *Lorenzo*, the young Gentleman whom we have already mention'd, waited his coming, to keep him Company till the Cloth was laid; the Mistress of the House being gone in the mean time to provide a handsome Entertainment, that might convince her Guest she understood how to make those welcome that came to her House. But before the Knight was ready, Don *Lorenzo* had Leisure to discourse his Father about him. Pray, Sir, said he, who it this Gentleman you have brought with you? Considering his Name, his Aspeet, and the Title of Knight-Errant, which you give him, neither my Mother nor I can tell what to think of him. Truly, Son, answer'd Don *Diego*, I don't know what to say to you; all that I can inform you of, is, that I have seen him do the greatest Follies in the World, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his Actions. But discourse him your self, and feel the Pulse of his Understanding; make use of your Sense to judge of his; though to tell you the Truth, I believe his Folly exceeds his Discretion. Don *Lorenzo* then went to entertain Don *Quixote*, and after some Discourse had pass'd between 'em, Sir, said the Knight, I am not wholly a Stranger to your Merit; Don *Diego de Miranda*, your Father, has given me to understand you are a Person of excellent Parts, and especially a great Poet. Sir, answer'd the young Gentleman, I may perhaps pretend to Poetry, but never to be a great Poet: 'Tis true, I am somewhat given to Rhyming, and love to read good Authors; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their Number. I do not mislike your Modesty, reply'd Don *Quixote*; 'tis a Virtue not often found among Poets, for every one of them commonly thinks himself the great-

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greatest in the World. There is no Rule without an Exception, said Don *Lorenzo*; and 'tis not impossible but there may be one who may deserve the Name, tho' he does not think so himself. That's very unlikely, reply'd Don *Quixote*. But pray, Sir, tell me what Verses are those that your Father says you are so puzzled about? If it should be what we call a Gloss or a Paraphrase, I understand something of that way of Writing, and should be glad to see it: If the Composition be design'd for a Poetical Prize, I would advise you only to put in for the second; for the first always goes by Favour, and is rather granted to the great Quality of the Author than to his Merit; but as to the next, 'tis adjudg'd to the most deserving; so that the third may in a manner be esteemed the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the Method us'd in our Universities of giving Degrees. And yet, after all, 'tis no small matter to gain the Honour of being call'd the first. Hitherto all's well, thought Don *Lorenzo* to himself, I can't think thee mad yet; let's go on — With that addressing himself to Don *Quixote*, Sir, said he, you seem to me to have frequented the Schools; pray what Science has been your particular Study? That of Knight-Errantry, answered Don *Quixote*, which is as good as that of Poetry, and somewhat better too. I don't know what sort of Science that is, said Don *Lorenzo*, nor indeed did I ever hear of it before. 'Tis a Science, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that includes in it self all the other Sciences in the World, or at least the greatest Part of them: Whoever professes it, ought to be learned in the Laws, and understand distributive and commutative Justice, in order to right all Mankind. He ought to be a Divine, to give a Reason of his Faith, and vindicate his Religion by Dint of Argument. He ought to be skill'd in Phy-sick, especially in the Botanick Part of it, that he may know the Nature of Simples, and have recourse

course to those Herbs that can cure Wounds; for a Knight-Errant must not expect to find Surgeons in the Woods and Desarts. He must be an Astronomer, to understand the Motions of the Celestial Orbs, and find out by the Stars the Hour of the Night, and the Longitude and Latitude of the Climate on which Fortune throws him: and he ought to be as well instructed in all the other Parts of the Mathematicks, that Science being of constant use to a Professor of Arms, on many Accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you, that all the divine and moral Virtues must center in his Mind. To descend to less material Qualifications; he must be able to swim like a Fish, shooe a Horse, mend a Saddle or a Harness: And returning to higher Matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to Heaven and his Mistress, Chaste in his Thoughts, Modest in Words, and Liberal and Valiant in Deeds; Patient in Afflictions, Charitable to the Poor; and finally, a Maintainer of Truth, though it cost him his Life to defend it. These are the Endowments to constitute a good Knight-Errant; and now, Sir, be you a Judge, whether the Professors of Chivalry have an easy Task to perform, and whether such a Science may not stand in Competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in Colleges? If it be so, answer'd Don *Lorenzo*, I say it deserves the Preeminence over all other Sciences. What do you mean, Sir, by that, *If it be so*, cry'd Don *Quixote*? I mean, Sir, reply'd Don *Lorenzo*, that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any Knights-Errant, especially with so many rare Accomplishments. This makes good what I have often said, answer'd Don *Quixote*; most People will not be persuaded there ever were any Knights-Errant in the World. Now Sir, because I verily believe, that unless Heaven will work some Miracle to convince them that there have been, and still are Knights-

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Knights-Errant, those incredulous Persons are too much Wedded to their Opinion to admit such a Belief; I will not now lose Time to endeavour to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do, is only to beseech Heaven to convince you of your being in an Error, that you may see how useful Knights-Errant were in former Ages, and the vast Advantages that would result in ours from the Assistance of Men of that Profession. But now Effeminacy, Sloth, Luxury, and ignoble Pleasures, triumph for the Punishment of our Sins. Now, said Don *Lorenzo* to himself, our Gentleman has already betray'd his blind side; but yet he gives a Colour of Reason to his Extravagance, and I were a Fool should I think otherwise. Here they were called to Dinner, which ended the Discourse: And at that time Don *Diego* taking his Son aside, ask'd him what he thought of the Stranger? I think, Sir, said Don *Lorenzo*, that 'tis not in the Power of all the Physicians in the World to cure his Distemper. He is Mad past Recovery, but yet he has lucid Intervals. In short, they Din'd, and their Entertainment prov'd such as the old Gentleman had told the Knight he us'd to give his Guests, neat, plentiful, and well-order'd. But that which Don *Quixote* most admir'd, was, the extraordinary Silence he observ'd through the whole House, as if it had been a Monastery of mute *Carthusians*. The Cloth being remov'd, Grace said, and Hands wash'd, Don *Quixote* earnestly desir'd Don *Lorenzo* to shew him the Verses he had wrote for the Poetical Prize. Well, Sir, answer'd he, because I will not be like those Poets that are unwilling to shew their Verses when intreated to do it, but will tire you with them when no Body desires it, I'll shew you my Gloss or Paraphrase, which I did not Write with a Design to get a Prize, but only to exercise my Muse. I remember, said Don *Quixote*, a Friend of mine,

Whate'er began must end at last,
In vain we twice wou'd Youth enjoy ;
In vain would we recall the past,
Or now the future Hours employ.

IV.

Deceiv'd by *Hope*, and rack'd by *Fear*,
No longer *Life* can please.
I'll then no more its *Torments* bear,
Since *Death* so soon can ease.
This Hour I'll die — — — But let me pause — — —
A rising *Doubt* my *Courage* awes.
Assist ye *Pow'r*s, that rule my *Fate* ;
Alarm my *Thoughts*, my *Rage* refrain,
Convince my *Soul*, there's yet a *State*
That must succeed my present *Pain*.

As soon as *Don Lorenzo* had read over his Paraphrase, *Don Quixote* rose from his Seat, and taking him by the Hand, By the highest Mansions in the Skies, cry'd the Knight aloud, Noble Youth, you're the best Poet in the World, and deserve to be crown'd with Laurel, not at *Cyprus* or *Gaeta*, as a certain Poet said, whom Heaven forgive, but at the University of *Athens*, were it still in being, and at those of *Paris*, *Bologna* and *Salamanca*. May those Judges that deny you the Honour of the first Prize, be shot with Arrows by the God of Verse, and may the Muses abhor to come within their Houses. Pray, Sir, if I may beg that Favour, let me hear you read one of your loftiest Productions, for I desire to have a full Taste of your admirable Genius. I need not tell you that *Don Lorenzo* was mightily pleas'd to hear himself prais'd by *Don Quixote*, tho' he believ'd him to be Mad. So bewitching and welcome a thing is Adulation, even from those we at other times despise. *Don Lorenzo* verify'd this Truth, by his ready Compliance with *Don Quixote's*

Quixote's Request, and recited to him the following Sonnet, on the Story of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

Pyramus and Thisbe. A Sonnet.

SEE how, to bless the loving Boy,
The Nymph for whom he burns with equal Fires
Pierces the Wall that parts 'em from their Joy,
While hovering Love prompts, gazes, and admires.

*The trembling Maid in Whispers and in Sighs
Dares hardly breathe the Passion she betrays :
But Silence speaks, and Love thro' ravished Eyes,
Their Thoughts, their Flames, their very Souls convey.*

*Wild with Desires, they sally out at last,
But quickly find their Ruin in their Haste :
And rashly lose all Pleasure in Despair.*

*Oh strange Mischance ! But do not Fortune blame ;
Love joyn'd 'em first, then Death, the Grave, and
(Fame ;
What loving Wretch a Nobler Fate would share !*

Now Heaven be prais'd, said Don *Quixote*, when Don *Lorenzo* had made an end ! Among the infinite Number of insipid Men of Rhime, I have at last found a Man of Rhime and Reason, and, in a Word, an absolute Poet.

Don *Quixote* stay'd four Days at Don *Diego's* House, and during all that time, met with a very generous Entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and return'd him a Thousand Thanks for his kind Reception ; letting him know, that the Duty of his Profession did not admit of his staying any longer out of Action ; and therefore he design'd to go in quest of Adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found

found in that Part of *Spain*; and that he would employ his Time in that, till the Tilts and Tournaments began at *Saragossa*, to which Place 'twas now his chief Intent to go. However, he would first go to *Mountesino's* Cave, about which so many wonderful Stories were told in those Parts; and there he would endeavour to explore and discover the Source and original Springs of the Seven Lakes, commonly called the Lakes of *Rhydera*. *Don Diego* and his Son highly commended his noble Resolution, and desired him to command whatever their House afforded, assuring him he was sincerey Welcome to do it; the Respect they had for his Honourable Profession, and his particular Merit, obliging them to do him all manner of Service. In short, the Day of his Departure came, a Day of Joy and Gladness to *Don Quixote*, but of Grief and Sadness to poor *Sancho*, who had no mind to change his Quarters, and liked the good Cheer and Plenty at *Don Diego's* House, much better than his short hungry Commons in Forests and Desarts, the sorry Pittance of his ill-stored Wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought could best make the change of his Condition tolerable. And now *Don Quixote* taking his leave of *Don Lorenzo*, Sir, said he, I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are Ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inaccessible, Summit of the Temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow Path of Poetry, and follow the narrower Track of Knight-Errantry, which in a trice may raise you to an Imperial Throne. With these Words, *Don Quixote* seemed to have summed up the whole Evidence of his Madness. However, he could not conclude without adding something more: Heaven knows, said he, how willingly I would take *Don Lorenzo* with me, to instruct him in

in those Virtues that are annexed to the Employment I profess, to spare the Humble, and crush the Proud and Haughty. But since his tender Years do not yet qualify him for the Hardships of that Life, and his Laudable Exercises detain him; I must rest contented with letting you know, That one way to acquire Fame in Poetry, is, to be govern'd by other Mens Judgment more than your own: For it is natural to Fathers and Mothers not to think their own Children ugly; and this Error is no where so common as in the Offspring of the Mind. Don *Diego* and his Son were again surprized to hear this Medley of good Sense and Extravagance, and to find the poor Gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of his unlucky Adventures, the only Aim and Object of his Desires. After this, and many Compliments, and mutual Reiterations of Offers of Service, Don *Quixote* having taken leave of the Lady of the Castle, he on *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* on *Dapple*, set out, and pursued their Journey.

C H A P. XIX.

The Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and other truly comical Passages.

DON *Quixote* had not travelled far, when he was overtaken by two Men that looked like Students or Ecclesiasticks, with two Farmers, all mounted upon Asses. One of the Scholars had behind him a small Bundle of Linen, and two pair of Stockings, trussed up in green Buckram like a Portmanteau; the other had no other Luggage but a Couple of Foils and a Pair of Fencing-Pumps.

And

And the Husbandmen had a Parcel of other things, which shew'd, that having made their Market at some adjacent Town, they were now returning home with their Ware. They all admir'd (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of Fellow *Don Quixote* was, seeing him make a Figure so different from any thing they had ever seen. The Knight saluted them, and perceiving their Road lay the same way, offer'd them his Company, intreating them however to move an easier Pace, because their Asses went faster than his Horse; and to engage them the more, he gave them a Hint of his Circumstances and Profession; that he was a Knight-Errant, travelling round the World in Quest of Adventures, that his proper Name was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; but his Titular Denomination, *The Knight of the Lions*. All this was *Greek*, or *Pedlar's French* to the Countrymen; but the Students presently found out his Blind-side. However, with a respectful Distance, Sir Knight, said one of them if you are not fix'd to any set Stage, as Persons of your Function seldom are, let us beg the Honour of your Company; and you shall be entertain'd with one of the finest and most sumptuous Weddings that ever was seen, either in *la Mancha*, or many Leagues round it. The Nuptials of some young Prince, I presume, said *Don Quixote*? No, Sir, answer'd the other, but of a Yeoman's Son, and a Neighbour's Daughter; he the richest in all this Country, and she the handsomest you ever saw. The Entertainment at the Wedding will be New and Extraordinary, 'tis to be kept in a Meadow near the Village where the Bride lives. They call her *Quiteria the Handsome*, by reason of her Beauty; and the Bridegroom no less deservedly *Camacho the Rich*. They are well match'd as to Age, for she draws towards Eighteen, and he is about Two and Twenty, though some nice Folks, that

have all the Pedigrees in the World in their Heads, will tell ye, that the Bride comes of a better Family than he; but that's not minded now-a-days, for Money you know will hide many Faults. And indeed, this same *Camacho* is as free as a Prince, and designs to spare no Cost upon his Wedding. He has taken a Fancy to get the Meadow shaded with Boughs, that are to cover it like an Arbor, so that the Sun will have much ado to peep thro', and visit the green Gras underneath. There are also provided for the Diversion of the Company several Sorts of Anticks and Morrice-Dancers, some with Swords, and some with Bells; for there are young Fellows in his Village can manage 'em cleverly. I say nothing of those that play Tricks with the Soles of their Shoes when they dance, leaving that to the Judgment of the Guests. But nothing that I've told or might tell you of this Wedding, is like to make it so remarkable as those which I imagine poor *Basil's* Despair will do. This *Basil* is a young Fellow, that lives next Door to *Quiteria's* Father. Hence Love took occasion to give Birth to an Amour, like that of old, between *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; for *Basil's* Love grew up with him from a Child, and she encourag'd his Passion with all the kind Return that Modesty could grant; insomuch, that the mutual Affection of the two little ones was the common Talk of the Village. But *Quiteria* coming to Years of Maturity, her Father began to deny *Basil* the usual Access to his House; and to cut off his farther Pretences, declared his Resolution of marrying her to *Camacho*, who is indeed his Superior in Estate, though far short of him in all other Qualifications; for *Basil*, to give the Devil his Due, is the cleverest Fellow we have; he'll pitch ye a Bar, Wrestle or play at Tennis with the best He in the Country; he runs like a Stag, leaps like a Buck, plays at Nine-pins so well, you'd think he tips 'em down by Witchcraft;

craft; sings like a Lark; touches a Guitar so rarely, he even makes it speak; and to compleat his Perfections, he handles a Sword like a Fencer. For that very single Qualification, said Don *Quixote*, he deserves not only *Quiteria the Handsome*, but a Princess; nay, Queen *Guinever* her self, were she now living, in spight of Sir *Lancelot* and all that would oppose it. Well, quoth *Sancho*, who had been silent, and list'ning all the while, my Wife us'd to tell me, she would have every one marry with their Match. Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier, and every Sow to her own Trough, as t'other Saying is: As for my part, all I would have is, that honest *Basil* e'en marry her! for methinks I have a huge liking to the young *Marf*, and so Heaven bless them together, say I, and a Murrain seize those that will spoil a good Match between those that love one another! Nay, said Don *Quixote*, if Marriage should be always the Consequence of mutual Love, what would become of the Prerogative of Parents, and their Authority over their Children? If young Girls might always chuse their own Husbands, we should have the best Families intermarry with Coachmen and Grooms; and young Heiresses would throw themselves away upon the first young wild Fellows, whose promising Out-sides and Assurance makes 'em set up for Fortunes, though all their Stock consists in Impudence. For the Understanding, which alone should distinguish and chuse in these Cases as in all others, is apt to be blinded or bias'd by Love and Affection; and Matrimony is so nice and critical a Point, that it requires not only our own cautious Management, but even the Direction of a superior Power to chuse right. Whoever undertakes a Voyage, if he be wise, makes it his Business to find out an agreeable Companion. How cautious then should he be, who must take a Journey for Life, whose Fellow-Traveller must be as in-

separable from him as himself; his Companion at Bed and Board, and Sharer of all the Pleasures and Fatigues of his Journey; as the Wife must be to the Husband! She is no such Sort of Ware, that a Man can be rid of when he pleases: When once that's purchas'd, no Exchange, no Sale, no Alienation can be made: She is an inseparable Accident to Man: Marriage is a Noose, which, fasten'd about the Neck, runs the closer, and fits more uneasy by our struggling to get loose: 'Tis a *Gordian Knot* which none can unty, and being twisted with our Thread of Life, nothing but the Scythe of Death can cut it. I could dwell longer on this Subject, but that I long to know from the Gentleman, whether he can tell us any thing more of *Basil*? All I can tell you, said the Student, is, that he's in the Case of all desperate Lovers; since the Moment he heard of this intended Marriage, he has never been seen to smile or talk rationally; he is in a deep Melancholy, that might indeed rather be call'd a dozing Frenzy; he talks to himself, and seems out of his Senses; he hardly eats or sleeps, and lives like a Salvage in the open Fields; his only Sustenance a little Fruit, and his only Bed the hard Ground; sometimes he liits up his Eyes to Heaven, then fixes them on the Ground, and in either Posture stands like a Statue. In short, he is reduc'd to that Condition, that we who are his Acquaintance verily believe, that the Consumption of this Wedding to Morrow will be attended by his Death. Heav'n forbid; Marry and Amen, cry'd *Sancho*! Who can tell what may happen? He that gives a broken Head can give a Plaister. This is one Day, but to Morrow is another, and strange things may fall in the roasting of an Egg. After a Storm comes a Calm. Many a Man that went to Bed well, has found himself dead in the Morning when he awak'd. Who can put a Spoke in Fortune's Wheel? No body

body here I'm sure. Between a Woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a Pin's-point, so clo'e they be one to another. If Mrs. *Quiteria* love Master *Basil*, she'll give *Camacho* the Bag to hold; for this same Love, they say, looks through Spectacles, that makes Copper look like Gold, a Cart like a Coach, and a Shrimp like a Lobster. Whither in the name of Ill-luck are thou running now, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*? When thou fall'st to threading thy Proverbs, and old Womens Sayings, the Devil can't cut thee short. What dost thou know, poor Animal, of Fortune, or her Wheel, or any thing else? Why, truly Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you don't understand me, no wonder if my Sentences be thought Nonsense. But let that pass, I understand my self; and I'm sure I han't talk'd so much like a Ninny. But you forsooth are so sharp a Cricket. A Critick, Blockhead, said Don *Quixote*, thou confounded Corrupter of human Speech? By yea, and by nay, quoth *Sancho*, what makes you so angry, Sir? I was never brought up at School nor Varsity, to know when I murder a hard Word. I was never at Court to learn to spell, Sir. Some are born in one Town, some in another; one at St. *Jago*, another at *Toledo*; and even there all are not so nicely spoken. You are in the right, Friend, said the Student: Those Natives of that City, who live among the Tanners, or about the Market of *Zocudover*, and are confin'd to mean Conversation, cannot speak so well as those that frequent the polite Part of the Town, and yet they are all of *Toledo*. But Propriety, Purity, and Elegance of Style, may be found among the Gentry, and Men of Breeding and Judgment; and 'tis the Spring and Grammar of good Language, though Practice and Example will go a great way. As for my part, I have had the Happiness of good Education; it has been my Fortune to study the Civil Law at *Salamanca*,

manca, and I have made it my Busines all along to express my self properly, neither like a Rustick nor a Pedant. Ay, ay, Sir, said the other Student, your Parts might have qualify'd you for a Master of Arts Degree, had you not misemploy'd 'em in minding so much those foolish Foils you carry about with you, and that make you lag behind your Juniors. Look you good Sir Batchelor, said the other, your mean Opinion of these Foils is erroneous and absurd; for I can deduce the Usefulness of the Art of Fencing from several undeniable Axioms: Pshaw, said *Corchuelo*, for so was the other called, don't tell me of Axioms: I'll fight you, Sir, at your own Weapons. Here am I that understand neither Quart, nor Tierce; but I have an Arm, I have Strength, and I have Courage. Give me one of your Foils, and in spight of all your Distances, Circles, Falsifies, Angles, and all other Terms of your Art, I'll shew you there's nothing in't, and will make Reason glitter in your Eyes. That Man breathes not Vital Air, that I will turn my Back on. And he must have more than human Force, that can stand his Ground against me. As for standing Ground, said the Artist, I won't be oblig'd to't. But have a care, Sir, how you press upon a Man of Skill, for ten to one, at the very first Advance, but he's in your Body up to the Hilt. I'll try that presently, said *Corchuelo*; and springing briskly from his Ass, snatch'd one of the Foils which the Student carry'd. Hold, hold, Sir, said Don *Quixote* I will stand Judge of the Field, and see fair Play on both Sides; and interposing with his Lance, he alighted, and gave the Artist time to put himself in his Posture, and take his Distance. Then *Corchuelo* flew at him like a Fury, helter skelter, cut and thrust, back-stroke and forestroke, single and double, and laid on like any Lion. But the Student stopp'd him in the middle of his Career with such a Dab in the Teeth,

Teeth, that he made *Corchuelo* foam at the Mouth. He made him kiss the Button of his Foil, as if it had been a Relick, though not altogether with so much Devotion. In short, he told all the Buttons of his short Caslock with pure clean Stockadoes, and made the Skirts of it hang about him in Rags like Fish-tails. Twice he struck off his Hat, and in fine, so maul'd and tir'd him, that through perfect Vexation *Corchuelo* took the Foil by the Hilt, and hurl'd it from him with such Violence, that one of the Countrymen that were by, happening to be a Notary-Publick, has it upon Record to this Day, that he threw it almost three quarters of a League; which Testimony has serv'd, and yet serves to let Posterity know that Strength is overcome by Art. At last *Corchuelo* puffing and blowing, sat down to rest himself, and *Sancho* coming up to him, Mr. Bachelor, quoth he, hence-wards take a Fool's Advice, and never challenge a Man to Fence, but to Wrestle or pitch the Bar; you seem cut out for those Sports: But this Fencing is a ticklish Point, Sir, meddle no more with it; for I have heard some of your Masters of the Science say, they can hit the Eye of a Needle with the Point of a Sword. *Corchuelo* acknowledg'd himself convinc'd of an Error by Experience, and embracing the Artist, they became better Friends than before. So, without staying for the Notary that went for the Foil, and could not be back in a great while, they put on to the Town where *Qui-teria* liv'd, they all dwelling in the same Village. By the way, the Student held forth upon the Excellency of the Noble Science of Defence, with so many plain and convincing Reasons, drawn from expressive Figures and Mathematical Demonstrations, that all were satisfy'd of the Excellency of the Art, and *Corchuelo* was reduc'd from his Incredulity. 'Twas now pretty dark; but before they got to the Village, it appear'd entirely a blazing Constella-

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tion: Their Ears were entertain'd with the pleasing, but confus'd Sounds of several Sorts of Musick, Drums, Fiddles, Pipes, Tabors and Bells; and as they approached nearer still, they found a large Arbour at the Entrance of the Town, stuck full of Lights, which burnt undisturb'd by the least Breeze of Wind. The Musicians, which are the Life and Soul of Diversion at a Wedding, went up and down in Bands about the Meadow. In short, some danc'd, some sung, some play'd, and Mirth and Jollity revell'd through that delicious Seat of Pleasure. Others were employ'd in raising Scaffolds for the better View of the Shows, and Entertainments prepar'd for the happy *Camacho's* Wedding, and likewise to solemnize poor *Basil's* Funeral. All the Persuasions and Endeavours of the Students and Countrymen could not move Don *Quixote* to enter the Town; urging for his Reason the Custom of Knights-Errant, who chose to lodge in Fields and Forests under the Canopy of Heaven, rather than in soft Beds under a gilded Roof; and therefore he left 'em, and went a little out of the Road, full sore against *Sancho's* Will, who had not yet forgot the good Lodging and Entertainment he had at Don *Diego's* House or Castle.

C H A P. XX.

An Account of Rich Camacho's Wedding, and what befel poor Basil.

Scarce had the fair *Aurora* given place to the resplendent Ruler of the Day, and given him time, with the Heat of his prevailing Rays, to dry the liquid Pearls on his Golden Locks; when *Don Quixote*, shaking off sluggish Sleep from his drowsy Limbs, aroſe and call'd his Squire: But finding him still Snoring, O thou the most happy Mortal upon Earth, said he, how sweet is thy Repose; Envy'd by none, and envying no Man's Greatness, secure thou sleep'st, thy Soul compos'd and calm! No Power of Magick persecutes thee, nor are thy Thoughts affrighted by Inchantments. Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times, sleep on. Those jealous Cares that break a Lover's Heart, do not extend to thee; neither the Dread of craving Creditors, nor the dismal Foresight of inevitable Want, or Care of finding Bread for a helpless starving Family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the Pomp and Vanity of this World do not perplex thy Mind; for all thy Care's Extent reaches but to thy Ass. Thy Person and thy Welfare thou hast committed to my Charge, a Burden impos'd on Masters by Nature and Custom, to weigh and counterpoise the Offices of Servants. Which is the greatest Slave? The Servant's Business is perform'd by a few Manual Duties, which only reconcile him more to Rest, and make him sleep more sound; while the anxious Master has not leisure to close his Eyes, but must labour Day and Night to make Provision for the Subſtance

of his Servant; not only in time of Abundance, but even when the Heavens deny those kindly Showers that must supply this Want. To all this fine Expostulation *Sancho* answer'd not a word; but slept on, and was not to be wak'd by his Master's calling, or otherwise, till he prick'd him in the Buttocks with the sharp End of his Lance. At length opening his Eye-lids half way, and rubbing them, after he had gap'd and yawn'd, and stretch'd his drowsy Limbs; he look'd about him, and snuffing up his Nose, I'm much mistaken, quoth he, if from this same Arbour there come not a pure Steam of a good broil'd Rasher, that comforts my Nostrils more than all the Herbs and Rushes hereabouts. And by my Holy Dame, a Wedding that begins so favourly must be a dainty one. Away Cormorant, said *Don Quixote*, rouze and let's go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdain'd *Basil*. Fare? quoth *Sancho*; why if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry *Quiteria*. 'Tis a pretty Fancy, i'faith! For a Fellow who has not a Cross, to run madding after what is Meat for his Betters. I'll lay my Neck that *Camacho* covers this same *Basil* from Head to Foot with white Six-pences, and will spend ye more at a Breakfast than t'other's worth, and be ne'er the worse. And d'ye think that Madam *Quiteria* will quit her fine rich Gowns and Petticoats, her Neck-laces of Pearl, her Jewels, her Finery and Bravery, and all that *Camacho* has given her, or may afford to give her, to marry a Fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her Living? What signifies his Bar-pitching and Fencing? Will that pay for a Pint of Wine at the Tavern? If all those rare Parts won't go to Market, and make the Pot boil, the duce take 'em for me: tho' where they light on a Man that has wherewithal, may I ever live thus, if they don't set him off rarely. With good Materials

on a good Foundation, a Man may build a good Houte, and Money is the best Foundation in the World. For Heaven's Sake, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, prithee bring thy tedious Harangue to a Conclusion. For my part, I believe, were't thou let alone when thy Clack is once set a going, thou would'st scarce allow thy self time to eat or sleep, but would'st prate on to the End of the Chapter. Troth Master! reply'd *Sancho*, your Memory must be very short, not to remember the Articles of our Agreement before I came this last Journey with you. I was to speak what I would, and when I would, provided I said nothing against my Neighbour, or your Worship's Authority; and I don't see that I have broken my Indentures yet. I remember no such Article, said Don *Quixote*; and though it were so, 'tis my Pleasure you now be silent and attend me; for the Instruments we heard last Night begin to chear the Vallies, and doubtless the Marriage will be solemnized this Morning, ere the Heat of the Day prevent the Diversion. Thereupon *Sancho* said no more but saddled *Rozinante*, and clapp'd his Pack-saddle on *Dapple*'s Back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the Arbour. The first thing that bless'd *Sancho*'s Sight there, was a whole Steer spitted on a large Elm, before a mighty Fire made of a Pile of Wood, that seemed a flaming Mountain. Round this Bonefire were placed six capacious Pots, cast in no common Mould, or rather six ample Coppers, every one containing a whole Shamble of Meat, and entire Sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soak'd as conveniently as Pigeons. The Branches of the Trees round were all garnish'd with an infinite Number of cas'd Hares, and pluck'd Fowl of several Sorts: And then for Drink, *Sancho* told above threescore Skins of Wine, holding each of 'em seven Gallons at least, and as it afterwards prov'd, sprightly

sprightly Liquor. A goodly Pile of white Loaves made a large Rampart on the one side, and a stately Wall of Cheeses set up like Bricks made a comely Bulwark on the other. Two Pans of Oil, each bigger than a Dyer's Fat, serv'd to fry their Pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong Peels when they were fry'd enough, and then they dipp'd 'em in as large a Kettle of Honey prepar'd for that purpose. To dress all this Provision, there were above fifty Cooks, Men and Women, all cleanly, diligent and chearful. In the ample Belly of the Steer they had sew'd up twelve little sucking Pigs embowell'd, to give it the more favoury Taste. Spices of all Sorts lay about in such Plenty, that they appear'd to be bought by Wholesale. In short, the whole Provision was indeed Country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an Army. *Sancho* beheld all this with Wonder and Delight. The first Temptation that captivated his Senses was the goodly Pots; his Bowels yearn'd, and his Mouth water'd at the dainty Contents: By and by he falls desperately in Love with the Skins of Wine; and lastly, his Affections were fix'd on the Frying-pans, if such honourable Kettles may accept of the Name. The Scent of the fry'd Meat put him into such a Commotion of Spirit that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy Cooks with all the smooth and hungry Reasons he was Master of, he begg'd his Leave to sop a Luncheon of Bread in one of the Pans. Friend, quoth the Cook, no Hunger must be felt near us to Day (Thanks to the Founder) Light, light Man, and if thou can't find ever a Ladle there, skim out a Pullet or two, and much good may do you. Alack-a day, quoth *Sancho*, I see no Ladle, Sir Blood and Suet, cry'd the Cook, what a silly helpless Fellow thou art! Let me see. With that he took a Kettle, and sow-sing into one of the Pots, he fish'd our three Hens and

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and a couple of Geese at one heave. Here, Friend, said he to *Sancho*, take this, and make shift to stay your Stomach with that *Scum* till Dinner be ready. Heaven reward you, cry'd *Sancho*, but where shall I put it! Here, answer'd the Cook, take Ladle and all, and thank the Founder, once more I say; no Body will grudge it thee. While *Sancho* was thus employ'd, Don *Quixote* saw twelve young Farmers Sons, all Dres'd very Gay, enter upon stately Mares, as richly and gaudily equipp'd as the Country could afford, with little Bells fasten'd to their Furniture. These in a close Body made several Careers up and down the Meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, Long live *Camacho*, and *Quiteria*, he as rich as the fair, and she the fairest in the World. Poor Ignorants (thought Don *Quixote*, over-hearing them) you speak as you know; but had you ever seen my *Dulcinea del Toboso*, you would not be so lavish of your Praises here. In a little while, at several other parts of the spacious Arbour enter'd a great Number of Dancers, and among the rest twenty four young active Country-Lads in their fine Holland-Shirts, with their Handkerchiefs wrought with several Colours of fine Silk, wound about their Heads, each of 'em with Sword in Hand. They Danc'd a Military Dance, and skirmish'd with one another, mixing and intermixing with their naked Swords, with wonderful sleight and activity, without hurting each other in the least. This Dance pleas'd Don *Quixote* mightily, and tho' he was no Stranger to such sort of Dances, he thought it the best he had ever seen. There was another he also lik'd very well, perform'd all by most Beautiful young Maids, between fourteen and eighteen Years of Age, clad in light Green, with their Hair partly filleted up with Ribbons, and partly hanging loose about their Shoulders, as bright and lovely as the Sun's Golden Beams. Above all they wore

Garlands of Roses, Jasmine, Amaranth, and Honey-suckles. They were led up by a Reverend Old Man, and a Matronly Woman, both much more light and active than their Years seemed to promise. They danc'd to the Musick of *Zamzona's* Bag-pipes; and such was the Modesty of their Looks, and the Agility of their Feet, that they appear'd the prettiest Dancers in the World. After these came in an artificial Dance or *Masque*, consisting of Eight Nymphs, cast into two Divisions, of which *Love* led one, and *Wealth* the other; one with his Wings, his Bow, his Arrows, and his Quiver; the other array'd in several gaudy Colours of Gold and Silk. The Nymphs of *Cupid's* Party had their Names inscribed in large Characters behind their Backs. The first was *Perse*, *Prudence* was the next, the third *Nobility*, and *Valour* was the fourth. Those that attended *Wealth* were *Liberality*, *Reward*, *Treasure*, and *Peaceable Possession*. Before 'em came a Pageant representing a Castle, drawn by four Savages, clad in green, cover'd over with Ivy, and grim surly Wizards on their Faces, so to the Life that they had almost frighted *Sancho*. On the Frontispiece and on every quarter of the Edifice was inscrib'd, the Castle of *Reservedness*. Your expert Musicians play'd to them on Pipe and Tabor. *Cupid* began the Dance, and after two Movements, he cast up his Eyes, and bent his Bow against a Virgin that stood upon the Battlements of the Castle, addressing himself in this manner.

The MASQUE.

LOVE.

MY Name is Love, supreme my Sway,
The greatest Good and greatest Pain.
Air, Earth, and Seas my Power obey,
And Gods themselves must drag my Chain.
In every Heart my Throne I keep,
Fear ne'er could daunt my daring Soul:
I fire the Bosom of the Deep,
And the profoundest Hell constrain.

Having spoken these Verses, Cupid shot an Arrow over the Castle, and retired to his Station. Then Wealth advanc'd, and perform'd two Movements; after which the Musick stopp'd, and he express'd himself thus:

WEALTH.

Love's my Incentive and my End,
But I'm a greater Pow'r than Love;
Tho' Earthly Born, I Earth transcend,
For Wealth's a Blessing from above.
Bright Maid, with me receive and bless
The surest Pledge of all Success;
Desir'd by All, us'd right by Few,
But best bestow'd, when grac'd by You.

Wealth withdrew, and Poesy came forward, and after she had perform'd her Movements like the rest, fixing her Eyes upon the Lady of the Castle, repeated these Lines:

P O E S Y.

Sweet Poesy in moving Lays
Love into Hearts, Sense into Souls conveys;
With Sacred Rage can tune to Bliss or Woe,
Sways all the Man, and gives him Heav'n below.

Bright Nymph, with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,
Shall noble Verse by Thee be scorn'd?
'Tis Wit can best thy Beauty prize;
Then raise the Muse, and thou by her shall rise.

Poesy retir'd, and Liberality advanced from
Wealth's side, and after the Dance spoke thus:

L I B E R A L I T Y.

Behold that noble golden Mean
Betwixt the Sparing and Profuse!
Good Sense and Merit must be seen
Where Liberality's in Use.

But I for Thee will lavish seem;
For Thee Profuseness I'll approve:
For, where the Merit is extreme,
Who'd not be prodigal of Love?

In this manner all the Persons of each Party
advanc'd and spoke their Verses, of which some
were pretty and some foolish enough. Among the
rest, Don *Quixote*, who had a very good Memory,
remember'd only these. After this, the two Divi-
sions join'd into a very pretty Country-Dance; and
still as *Cupid* pass'd by the Castle he shot a Flight of
Arrows, and *Wealth* batter'd it with Golden-Balls;
then drawing out a great Purse of *Roman* Cat's-
Skin that seem'd full of Money, he threw it a-
gainst the Castle, the Boards of which were pre-
sently

fently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the Virgin discover'd without any Defence. Thereupon *Health* immediately enter'd with his Party, and throwing a Gold Chain about her Neck, made a shew of leading her Prisoner: But then *Cupid* with his Attendants came to her Rescue; and both Parties engaging, were parted by the Savages, who joining the Boards together, inclos'd the Virgin as before; and all was perform'd with Measure, and to the Musick, that played all the while; and so the Show ended, to the great Content of the Spectators. When all was over, *Don Quixote* ask'd one of the Nymphs, who it was that compos'd the Entertainment? She answer'd, that it was a certain Clergyman who liv'd in their Town, that had a rare Talent that way. I dare lay a Wager, said *Don Quixote*, he was more a Friend to *Basil* than to *Camacho*, and knows better what belongs to a Play than a Frayer-Book: He has express'd *Basil*'s Parts and *Camacho*'s Estate very naturally in the Design of your Dance. God bless the King and *Camacho* say I, quoth *Sancho*, who heard this. Well! *Sancho*, says *Don Quixote*, thou art a white-liver'd Rogue to change Parties this Way; thou'rt like the Rabbie, which always cry, Long live the Conqueror. I know not what I'm like, reply'd *Sancho*; but this I know, that this Kettle-full of Geese and Hens, is a Bribe for a Prince. *Camacho* has fill'd my Belly, and therefore has won my Heart. When shall I ladle out such dainty Scum out of *Basil*'s Porridge-Pots (added he, shewing his Master the Meat, and falling on lustily); therefore a Fig for his Abilities say I. As he sows so let him reap, and as he reaps so let him sow. My old Grannam (rest her Soul) was wont to say, there were but two Families in the World, *Have much* and *Have little*; and she had ever a great Kindness for the Family of the *Have much*. A Doctor gives his Advice by the Pulse of your Pocket; and an Ass cover'd with Gold,

Gold, looks better than an Horse with a Pack-Saddle ; so once more I say, *Camacho* for my Money. Hast thou not done yet? said *Don Quixote*. I must have done answer'd *Sancho*; because I find you begin to be in a Passion, else I had Work cut out for Three Days and a Half. Well! said *Don Quixote*, thou wilt never be silent till thy Mouth is full of Clay; when thou'rt dead, I hope I shall have some Rest. Faith and Troth now Master, quoth *Sancho*, you did ill to talk of Death, Heaven bless us, 'tis no Child's Play; you've e'en spoil'd my Dinner; the very Thought of raw Bones and lanthorn Jaws makes me sick. Death eats up all things, both the young Lamb and old Sheep; and I have heard our Parson say, he values a Prince no more than a Clown; all's Fish that comes to his Net; he throws at all, and sweeps Stakes; he's no Mower that takes a Nap at Noon-Day, but drives on, fair Weather or foul, and cuts down the green Grass as well as the ripe Corn: He's neither squeamish nor queasy-stomach'd, for he swallows without chewing, and crams down all things into his ungracious Maw; and though you can see no Belly he has, he has a confounded Drowsy, and thirsts after Mens Lives, which he guggles down like Mother's Milk. Hold, hold, cry'd the Knight, go no further, for thou art come to a very handsome Period; thou hast said as much of Death in thy home-spun Cant, as a good Preacher could have done: Thou hast got the kuack of Preaching, Man! I must get thee a Pulpit and Benefice, I think. He preaches well that lives well, quoth *Sancho*, that's all the Divinity I understand. Thou hast enough, said *Don Quixote*; only I wonder at one thing, 'tis said the Beginning of Wisdom proceeds from the Fear of Heaven; how happens it then, that thou, who fearest a Lizard more than Omnipotence, shou'd be so wise? Come, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, judge you of your Knight-Errantry,

try, and don't meddle with other Men's Hears. I am as pretty a Fearer of Heaven as any of my Neighbours; and so let me dispatch this Scum, (and much Good may't do thee honest *Sancho*;) Consider, Sir, we must give an Account for our idle Words, another Day; I must have t'other Pluck at the Kettle. With that he attack'd it with so contagious an Appetite, that he sharpen'd his Master's, who would certainly have kept him Company, had he not been prevented by that which Necessity obliges me to relate this instant.

CHAP. XXI.

The Progress of Camacho's Wedding, with other delightful Accidents.

While Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* were discoursing, as the former Chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great Noise of Joy and Acclamations rais'd by the Horsemen, who shouting and galloping, went to meet the young Couple, who, surrounded by a thousand Instruments and Devices, were coming to the Arbour, accompany'd by the Curate, their Relations, and all the better sort of the Neighbourhood, set out in their Holiday Cloaths. Hey-day! quoth *Sancho*, as soon as he saw the Bridle, what have we here? Adzookers, this is no Country-Lass, but a fine City-Dame, all in her Silks and Sattins, by the Mass! Look, look ye Master, see if instead of Glass Necklaces, she have not on Fillets of rich Coral; and instead of green Serge of *Cuenca*, a thirty-pil'd Velvet. I'll warrant her Lace is white Linen; but hold, may I never squint if it beat Sattin. Bless us! see

see what Rings she has on her Fingers, no Jet, no Pewter Bawbles, pure beaten Gold, as I'm a Sinner, and set with Pearls too! If every Pearl be't as white as a Syllabub, and each of them as precious as an Eye! How she's hedizon'd, and glistens from Top to Toe! And now yonder again, what fine long Locks the young Slut has got? If they be't false, I ne'er saw longer in my born Days. Ah Jade! what a fine stately Person she is! What a many Trinkets and glaring Gugaws are dangling in her Hair and about her Neck! Cud-niggers! she puts me in mind of an over-loaden Date-Tree. I'my Conscience! she's a juicy Bit, a mettl'd Wench, and might well pass Musler in *Flanders*. Well! I say no more, but happy is the Man that has thee! Don *Quixote* could not help smiling to hear *Sancho* set forth the Bride after his Rustick way, though at the same time he beheld her with admiration, thinking her the most beautiful Woman he had ever seen, except his Mistress *Dulcinea*. However, the fair *Quiteria* appear'd somewhat pale, probably with the ill Rest which Brides commonly have the Night before their Marriage, in order to Dress themselves to Advantage. There was a large Scaffold erected on one side of the Meadow, and adorn'd with Carpets and Boughs for the Marriage-Ceremony, and the more convenient Prospect of the Shows and Entertainments. The Proceffion was just arriv'd to this Place, when they heard a piercing Outcry, and a Voice calling out, Stay, rash and hasty People, stay: Upon which all turning about, they saw a Person coming after them in a black Coat border'd with Crimson, powder'd with Flaines of Fire. On his Head he wore a Garland of mournful Cypres, and a large Truncheon in his Hand, headed with an Iron Spike. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant *Basil*, and the whole Assembly began to fear some Mischief would ensue,

sue, seeing him come thus unlook'd for, and with such an Outcry and Behaviour. He came up tir'd and panting before the Bride and Bridegroom; then leaning on his Truncheon, he fix'd his Eyes on *Quiteria*, turning pale and trembling at the same time, and with a fearful hollow Voice, Too well you know, cry'd he, unkind *Quiteria*, that, by the Ties of Truth, and Law of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have Life you cannot be marry'd to another. You may remember too, that all the while I stay'd, hoping that Time and Industry might better my Fortune, and render me a Match more equal for you, I never offer'd to transcend the Bounds of honourable Love, by soliciting Favours to the Prejudice of your Virtue. But you, forgetting all the Ties between us, are going now to break 'em, and give my Right to another, whose large Possessions, though they can procure him all other Blessings, I had never envy'd, could they not have purchased you. But no more, the Fates have ordained it, and I will further their Design, by removing this unhappy Obstacle out of your Way. Live, rich *Camacho*, live happy with the ungrateful *Quiteria* many Years, and let the poor, the miserable *Basil* die, whose Poverty has clipped the Wings of his Felicity, and laid him in the Grave. Saying these last Words, he drew out of his supposed Truncheon a short Tuck that was concealed in it, and setting the Hilt of it to the Ground, he fell upon the Point in such a Manner that it came out all bloody at his Back, the poor Wretch weltring on the Ground in Blood. His Friends strangely confounded by this sad Accident, ran to help him, and Don *Quixote* forsaking *Rozinante* made Haste to his Assistance, and taking him up in his Arms, found there was still Life in him. They would fain have drawn the Sword out of his Body, but the Curate urged it was not convenient till he had made Confession, and prepared himself for Death,

Death, which woald immediately attend the Effusion of Blood, upon putting the Tuck out of his Body. While they were debating this Point, *Basil* seemed to come a little to himself, and calling on the Bride: Oh ! *Quiteria* (said he, with a faint and doleful Voice) now, now, in this last and departing Minute of my Life; even in this dreadful Agony of Death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your Hand, and own your self my Wife, I should think myself rewarded, for the Torments I endure; and pleased to think this desperate Deed made me yours, though but for a Moment, I would die contented. The Curate hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the Care of his Soul's Health, which at the present Juncture was more proper than any Gratification of his outward Man; that his Time was but short, and he ought to be very earnest with Heaven, in imploring its Mercy and Forgiveness for all his Sins, but especially for his last desperate Action. To which *Basil* answer'd, That he could think of no Happiness till *Quiteria* yieided to be his; but if she would do it, that Satisfaction would calm his Spirits, and dispose him to confess himself heartily. Don *Quixote* hearing this, cry'd out aloud, That *Basil*'s Demand was just and reasonable, and that Signior *Camacho* might as honourably receive her as the worthy *Basil's* Widow, as if he had received her at her Father's Hands. Say but the Word, Madam, continu'd he; pronounce it once to save a Man from Despair and Damnation; you will not be long bound to it, since the nuptial Bed of this Bridegroom must be the Grave. *Camacho* stood all this while strangely confounded, till at last he was prevail'd on by the repeated Importunities of *Basil's* Friends, to consent that *Quiteria* should humour the dying Man, knowing her own Happiness would be deferr'd but some few Minutes longer. Then they all bent their Intreaties to *Quiteria*, some with Tears in their Eyes,

Eyes, others with all the engaging Arguments their Pity could suggest. She stood a long Time inexorable, and did not return any Answer, till at last the Curate came to her, and bid her resolve what she would do; for *Basil* was just ready to give up the Ghost. But then the poor Virgin, trembling and dismay'd, without speaking a Word, came to poor *Basil*, who lay gasping for Breath, with his Eyes fix'd in his Head as it he were just expiring; she kneel'd down by him, and with the most manifest Signs of Grief beckon'd to him for his Hand. Then *Basil* opening his Eyes, and fixing them in a languishing Posture on hers, Oh *Quiteria*, said he, your Heart at last relents when your Pity comes too late. Thy Arms are now extended to relieve me, when those of Death draw me to their Embraces; and they alas! are much too strong for thine. All I desire of thee, O fatal Beauty, is this, let not that fair Hand deceive me now, as it has done before; but confess, that what you do is free and voluntary, without Constraint, or in Compliance to any one's Commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful Husband: Thou wilt not surely dissemble with one in Death, and deal falsely with his departing Soul, that all his Life has been true to thee. In the midst of all this Discourse he fainted away, and all the By-standers thought him gone. The poor *Quiteria*, with a blushing Modesty, a kind of Violence upon her self, took him by the Hand, and with a great deal of Emotion, No Force, said she, could ever work upon my Will to this Degree, therefore I believe it purely my own free Will and Inclination, that I here publickly declare you my only lawful Husband: Here's my Hand in Pledge, and I expect yours as freely in return, if your Pains and this sudden Accident have not yet bereft you of all Sense. I give it you, said *Basil*, with all the Presence of Mind imaginable, and here I own my self thy Husband. And

And I thy Wife, said she, whether thy Life be long, or whether from my Arms they bear thee this Instant to the Grave. Methinks, quoth *Camacho*, this young Man talks too much for a Man in his Condition; pray advise him to leave off his Wooing, and mind his Soul's Health. I'm afraid his Death is more in his Tongue than in his Teeth. Now when *Basil* and *Quiteria* had thus plighted their Faith to each other, while yet their Hands were join'd together, the tender-hearted Curate, with Tears in his Eyes, poured on 'em both the nuptial Blessing, beseeching Heaven at the same Time, to have Mercy on the new-marry'd Man's Soul, and in a manner mixing the Burial-Service with the Matrimonial. As soon as the Benediction was pronounc'd up starts *Basil* briskly from the Ground, and with an unexpected Activity whips the Sword out of his Body, and caught his dear *Quiteria* close in his Arms. All the Spectators stood amaz'd, and some of the simpler sort stuck not to cry out, A Miracle, a Miracle! No, no, cry'd *Basil*, no Miracle, no Miracle, but a Stratagem, a Stratagem. The Curate, more astonish'd and concern'd than all the rest, came with both his Hands to feel the Wound; and discover'd that the Sword had no where pass'd through the cunning *Basil*'s Body, but only through a Tin Pipe full of Blood artfully fitted to his Body; and, as it was afterwards known, so prepar'd that the Blood could not congeal. In short, the Curate, *Camacho*, and the Company, found they had all been egregiously impos'd upon. As for the Bride, she was so far from being displeas'd, that hearing it urg'd that the Marriage could not stand good in Law, because the Contrivance was deceitful, she publickly declar'd that she again confirm'd it to be just, and by the free Consent of both Parties. *Camacho* and his Friends judging by this that the Trick was premeditated, and that she was privy

to the Plot, enrag'd at this horrid Disappointment, had Recourse to a stronger Argument, and drawing their Swords set furiously on *Basil*, in whose Defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don *Quixote* immediately mounting with his Lance couch'd, and cover'd with his Shield, led the Van of *Basil*'s Party, and falling in with the Enemy, charg'd clear thro' the Grofs of their Battalia. *Sancho*, who never lik'd any dangerous Work, resolv'd to stand Neuter, and so retired under the Walls of the mighty Pot whence he had got the precious Skimmings, thinking that would be respected whatever Side gain'd the Battle. Don *Quixote*, addressing himself to *Camacho*'s Party, Hold Gentlemen, cry'd he, 'tis not just thus with Arms to redress the Injuries of Love. Love, and War are the same thing, and Stratagems and Policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. *Quiteria* was design'd for *Basil*, and he for her by the unalterable Decrees of Heaven. *Camacho*'s Riches may purchase him a Bride, and more Content elsewhere, and those whom Heav'n has joyn'd let no Man put asunder. *Basil* had but this one Lamb, and the Lamb of his Bosom, let none therefore offer to take his single Delight from him, though presuming on his Power; for here I solemnly declare, that he who first attempts it must pass through me, and this Lance through him. At which he shook his Lance in the Air with so much Vigor and Dexterity, that he cast a sudden Terror into those that beheld him, who did not know the threatening Champion. In short, Don *Quixote*'s Words, the good Curate's diligent Mediation, together with *Quiteria*'s Inconstancy, brought *Camacho* to a Truce; and he then discreetly consider'd, that since *Quiteria* lov'd *Basil* before Marriage, 'twas probable she would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more Reason to thank Heaven for so good a Riddance, than to repine at

her Loss. This Thought, improv'd by some other Considerations, brought both Parties to a fair Accommodation; and *Camacho*, to shew he did not resent the Disappointment, blaming rather *Quiteria's* Levity than *Basil's* Policy, invited the whole Company to stay, and take Share of what he had provided. But *Basil*, whose Virtues, in spight of his Poverty, had secured him many Friends, drew away Part of the Company to attend him and his Bride to her own Town; and among the rest Don *Quixote*, whom they all honour'd as a Person of extraordinary Worth and Bravery. Poor *Sancho* followed his Master with a heavy Heart! he could not be reconcil'd to the Thoughts of turning his Back so soon upon the good Cheer and Jollity at *Camacho's* Feast, that lasted till Night; and had a strange Hankering after those dear Flesh-Pots of *Egypt*, which though he left behind in Reality, he yet carry'd along with him in Mind. The beloved Scum which he had, that was nigh guttl'd already, made him view with Sorrow the almost empty Kettle, the dear Casket where his Treasure lay: So that stomaching mightily his Master's Defection from *Camacho's* Feast, he sullenly pac'd on after *Rozinante*, very much out of Humour, though he had just fill'd his Belly.

C H A P. XXII.

An Account of the great Adventure of Montesino's Cave, situated in the Heart of la Mancha, which the Valorous Don Quixote successfully Atchiev'd.

THE new married Couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly, in Acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their Cause; they esteem'd his Wisdom equal to his Valour, and thought him both a *Cid* in Arms, and a *Cicero* in Arts. Honest *Sancho* too recruited to the Purpose, during the three Days his Master stay'd, and so came to his good Humour again. *Basil* then inform'd them, that *Quiteria* knew nothing of his Stratagem; but being a pure Device of his own, he had made some of his nearest Friends acquainted with it, that they should stand by him if occasion were, and bring him off upon the Discovery of the Deceit. It deserves a handsomer Name, said Don Quixote, since conducive to so good and honourable an End, as the Marriage of a Loving Couple. By the way, Sir, you must know, that the greatest Obstacle to Love, is Want, and a narrow Fortune: For the continual Bands and Cements of mutual Affection are Mirth, Content, Satisfaction, and Jollity. These manag'd by skilful Hands, can make Variety in the Pleasures of Wedlock, preparing the same thing always with some additional Circumstance, to render it new and delightful. But when pressing Necessity and Indigence deprive us of those Pleasures that prevent Satiety, the Yoke of Matrimony is often found very galling, and the Burden intolerable. These Words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to *Basil*, to advise him by the way to give over

those airy Sports and Exercises, which indeed might feed his Youth with Praise, but not his Old Age with Bread, and to bethink himself of some grave and substantial Employment, that might afford him a Competency, and something of a Stock for his declining Years. Then pursuing his Discourse: The Honourable Poor Man, said he, (if the Poor deserves that Epithet) when he has a Beautiful Wife, is bless'd with a Jewel: He that deprives him of her, robs him of his Honour, and may be said to deprive him of his Life. The Woman that is Beautiful, and keeps her Honesty when her Husband is Poor, deserves to be Crown'd with Laurel, as the Conquerors were of Old. Beauty is a tempting Bait, that attracts the Eyes of all Beholders, and the Princely Eagles, and the most high-flown Birds stoop to its pleasing Lure. But when they find it in Necessity, then Kites and Crows, and other ravenous Birds will all be grappling with the alluring Prey. She that can withstand these dangerous Attacks, does merit to be the Crown of her Husband. However, Sir, take this along with you, as the Opinion of a Wise Man, whose Name I have forgot; he said, there was but one good Woman in the World, and his Advice was, that every Married Man should think his own Wife was she, as being the only way to live contented. For my own part, I need not make the Application to my self, for I am not Married, nor have I as yet any Thoughts that way; but if I had, 'twould not be a Woman's Fortune, but her Character should recommend her; for publick Reputation is the Life of a Lady's Virtue, and the outward Appearance of Modesty is in one Sense as good as the Reality; since a private Sin is not so prejudicial in this World, as a publick Indecency. If you bring a Woman honest to your Bosom, 'tis easy keeping her so, and perhaps you may improve her Virtues. If you take

an unchaste Partner to your Bed, 'tis hard mending her; for the Extremes of Vice and Vertue are so great in a Woman, and their Points so far asunder, that 'tis very improbable, I won't say impossible, they should ever be reconcil'd. *Sancho*, who had patiently Listen'd so far, cou'd not forbear making some Remarks on his Master's Talk. This Master of mine, thought he to himself, when I am talking some good Things, full of Pith and Marrow, as he may be now, was wont to tell me that I should tie a Pulpit at my Back, and stroll with it about the World to retail my Rarities; but I might as well tell him, that when once he begins to tack his Sentences together, a single Pulpit is too little for him; he had need have two for every Finger, and go pedling about the Market and cry, who bays my Ware? Old Nick take him for a Knight-Errant! I think he's one of the seven wise Masters. I thought he knew nothing but his Knight-Errantry, but now I see the Devil a thing can escape him; he has an Oar in every Man's Boat, and a Finger in every Pye. As he mutter'd somewhat loud his Master over-heard him. What's that thou'rt Grumbling there, *Sancho*, said he? Nothing, Sir, nothing, quoth *Sancho*. I was only wishing I had heard your Worship Preach this Doctrine before I Married, then mayhap I might have said the old Proverb, A sound Man needs no Physician. What, is *Teresa* so bad then, ask'd *Don Quixote*? Not so very bad neither, answer'd *Sancho*; nor yet so good as I would have her. Fie, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou dost not do well to speak ill of thy Wife, who is a good Mother to thy Children. There is no Love lost, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, for she speaks as ill of me, when the Fit takes her, especially when she's in one of her Jealous Moods, for then Old Nick himself cou'd not bear her Maundring.

Don *Quixote* having tarried three Days with the young Couple, and been entertain'd like a Prince, he intreated the Student, who fenced so well, to help him to a Guide that might conduct him to *Montesino's Cave*, resolving to go down into it, and prove by his own Eye-sight the Wonders that were reported of it round the Country. The Student recommended a Cousin-German of his for his Conductor, who, he said, was an Ingenious Lad, a pretty Scholar, and a great Admirer of Books of Knight-Errantry, and cou'd shew him the famous Lake of *Ruydera* too: adding, that he would be very good Company for the Knight as being one that wrote Books for the Booksellers, in order to Dedicate 'em to Great Men. Accordingly, the Learned Cousin came, mounted on an Af with Foal; his Pack-saddle cover'd with an old Carpet, or coarse Packing-Cloth. Thereupon *Sancho* having got ready *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, well stuffed his Wallet, and the Student's Knap-sack to boot, they all took their leave, steering the nearest Course to *Montesino's Cave*. To pass the Time on the Road, Don *Quixote*, ask'd the Guide to what Course of Study he chiefly apply'd himself? Sir, answer'd the Scholar, my Business is Writing, and Copy-Money my chief Study. I have publish'd some Things with the general Approbation of the World, and much to my own Advantage. Perhaps, Sir, you may have heard of one of my Books call'd, *The Treatise of Liveries and Devices*; in which I have obliged the Publick with no less than seven Hundred and three sorts of Liveries and Devices, with their Colours, Mottos, and Cyphers; so that any Courtier may furnish himself there upon any Extraordinary Appearance, with what may suit his Fancy or Circumstances, without racking his own Invention to find what is agreeable to his Inclination. I can furnish the Jealous, the Forsaken, the Disdain'd, the Absent, with what will fit 'em

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to a Hair. Another Piece which I now have on the Anvil, I design to call the *Metamorphosis*, or *The Spanish Ovid*; an Invention very new and extraordinary. 'Tis in short, *Ovid Burlesqu'd*; wherein I discover who the * *Giraldo of Sevil* was; who the Angel of the *Magdalen*; I tell ye what was the Pipe of *Vecinguerra of Cordoua*, what the Bulls of *Guisando*, the *Sierra Morena*, the Fountains of *Laganitos*, and *Lavapiés at Madrid*; not forgetting that of *Piojo*, nor those of the Golden Pipe, and the Abbey; and I embellish the Fables with Allegories, Metaphors, and Translations, that will delight and instruct. Another Work, which I soon design for the Pres's, I call a Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, concerning the Invention of Things; A Piece, I'll assure you, Sir, that shews the great Pains and Learning of the Compiler, and perhaps in a better Stile than the old Author. For Example, he has forgot to tell us, who was the first that was troubl'd with a *Catarrh* in the World; and who was the first that was Flux'd for the *French Disease*. Now, Sir, I immediately resolve it, and confirm my Assertion by the Testimony of at least four and twenty Authentick Writers; By which Quotations alone, you may guess, Sir, at what Pains I have been to instruct and benefit the Publick.

Sancho having hearkned with great Attention all this while, Pray, Sir, quoth he to him, so Heaven guide your Right-hand in all you Write, let me ask you, Who was the first Man that scratch'd his Head? Scratch'd his Head, Friend, answer'd the Author? Ay, Sir, scratch'd his Head, quoth *Sancho*: Sure you that know all things, can tell me that, or the Devil's in't! What think you of old Father *Adam*? Old Father *Adam*, answer'd the Scholar! Let me see — Father *Adam* had a Head,

* Several Rarities of Spain.

he had Hair, he had Hands, and he cou'd scratch: But Father *Adam* was the first Man; *Ergo*, Father *Adam* was the first Man that scratch'd his Head, 'Tis plain you're in the right. O ho, am I so, Sir, quoth *Sancho*? Another Question, by your Leave, Sir, Who was the first Tumbler in the World? Truly Friend, answer'd the Student, that's a Point I cannot resolve you without consulting my Books; but as soon as ever I get home, I will study Night and Day to find it out. For two fair Words, quoth *Sancho*, I'll save you that Trouble. Can you resolve that Doubt, ask'd the Author? Ay, marry, can I, said *Sancho*: The first Tumbler in the World was *Lucifer*, when he was cast out of Heaven he tumbled into Hell. You are positively in the right, said the Scholar. Where did you get that, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? For I dare swear 'tis none of your own. Mum! quoth *Sancho*. In asking of foolish Questions, and selling of Bargains, let *Sancho* alone, quo I; I don't want the help of my Neighbours. Truly, said *Don Quixote*, thou hast given thy Question a better Epithet than thou art aware of: For there are some Men who busy their Heads, and lose a World of Time in making Discoveries, the Knowledge of which is good for nothing in Nature, unless it be to make the Discoverers laugh'd at.

With these, and such diverting Discourses they pass'd their Journey, till they came to the Cave the next Day, having lain the Night before in a considerable Village on the Road. There they bought a hundred Fathom of Cordage to hang *Don Quixote* by, and let him down to the lowest part of the Cave; he being resolved to go to the very Bottom, were it as deep as Hell. The Mouth of it was inaccessible, being quite stopp'd up with Weeds, Bushes, Brambles, and wild Fig-Trees, though the Entrance was wide and spacious. *Don Quixote* was no sooner come to the Place, but he

pre-

prepared for his Expedition into that Under-World, telling the Scholar, that he was resolved to reach the Bottom, though as deep as the profound Abyss; and all having alighted, his Squire and his Guide accordingly girt him fast with a Rope. While this was doing, good sweet Sir, quoth *Sancho*, consider what you do. Don't venture into such a cursed black Hole! Look before ye Leap, Sir, and be not so wilful as to bury your self alive. Don't hang your self like a Bottle or a Bucket, that is let down to be souised in a Well. Alack a-day, Sir, it is none of your Business to pry thus into every Hole, and go down to the Pit of Hell for the nonce? Peace Coward, said the Knight, and bind me fast; for surely for me such an Enterprize as this is reserved. Pray Sir, said the Student, when you are in, be very Vigilant in exploring and observing all the Rarities in the Place. Let nothing escape your Eyes, perhaps you may discover there some things worthy to be inserted in my Metamorphosis. Let him alone, quoth *Sancho*, he will go thro' stitch with it. He'll make a Hog or a Dog of it, I'll warrant you. Don *Quixote* being well bound, not over his Armour, but his Doublet, bethought himself of one thing they had forgot. We did ill, said he, not to provide our selves of a little Bell, that I should have carried down with me, to Ring for more or less Rope as I may have occasion for, and inform you of my being Alive. But since there is no Remedy, Heaven prosper me. Then Kneeling down, he in a low Voice, recommended himself to the Divine Providence for Assistance and Success in an Adventure so strange, and in all appearance so dangerous. Then railing his Voice, O thou Mistress of my Life and Motions, cried he, most Illustrious and Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, if the Prayers of an adventurous absent Lover may reach the Ears of the far distant Object of his Wishes, by the Power

of thy unspeakable Beauty, I conjure thee to grant me thy Favour and Protection, in this Plunge and Precipice of my Fortune. I am now going to Ingulph, and cast my self into this dismal Profundity, that the World may know nothing can be impossible to him, who influenc'd by thy Smiles, attempts under the Banner of thy Beauty, the most difficult Task. This said, he got up again, and approaching the Entrance of the Cave, he found it stopp'd up with Brakes and Bushes, so that he must be obliged to make his Way by Force. Whereupon, drawing his Sword, he began to cut and slash the Brambles that stopp'd up the Mouth of the Cave, when presently an infinite number of over-grown Crows and Daws came rushing and fluttering out of the Cave about his Ears, so thick, and with such an Impetuosity, as over-whelm'd him to the Ground. He was not Superstitious enough to draw any ill Omen from the Flight of the Birds; besides, 'twas no small Encouragement to him, that he spy'd no Batts nor Owls, nor other ill-boding Birds of Night among them: He therefore rose again with an undaunted Heart, and committed himself to the black and dreadful Abyss. But *Sancho* first gave him his Benediction, and making a Thousand Crosses over him, Heaven be thy Guide, quoth he, and our * Lady of the Rock in *France*, with the Trinity of *Gaeta*, thou Flower and Cream, and Scum of all Knights-Errant. Go thy Ways, thou Hacker of the World, Heart of Steel, and Arms of Brass! And may'st thou come back Sound, Wind and Limb, out of this dreadful Hole, which thou art running into, once more to see the warm Sun, which thou art leaving.

The Scholar too pray'd to the same Effect for the Knight's happy Return. Don *Quixote* then

* Several Places of Devotion.

call'd for more Rope, which they gave him by degrees, till his Voice was drown'd in the Windings of the Cave, and their Cordage was run out. That done, they began to consider whether they should hoist him up again immediately or no; however, they resolv'd to stay half an Hour, and then they began to draw up the Rope, but were strangely surpriz'd to find no Weight upon it; which made 'em conclude, the poor Gentleman was certainly lost. *Sancho* bursting out in Tears, made a heavy Lamentation, and fell a hailing up the Rope as fast as he cou'd, to be thoroughly satisfy'd. But after they had drawn up about fourscore Fathoms; they felt a Weight again, which made 'em take Heart; and at length they plainly saw *Don Quixote*. Welcome, cry'd *Sancho* to him, as soon as he came in Sight; Welcome dear Master, I'm glad you're come again; we were afraid you had been Pawn'd for the Reckoning. But *Sancho* had no Answer to his Compliment; and when they had pull'd the Knight quite up, they found that his Eyes were clos'd as if he had been fast asleep. They laid him on the Ground, and unbound him: Yet he made no sign of Waking, and all their turning and shaking was little enough to make him come to himself. At last he began to stretch his Limbs, as if he had waken'd out of the inost profound Sleep, and staring wildly about him, Heavens forgive you, Friends, cry'd he; for you have rais'd me now from one of the sweetest Lives that ever Mortal led, and most delightful Sights that ever Eyes beheld. Now I perceive how fleeting are all the Joys of this Transitory Life; They are but an imperfect Dream, they fade like a Flower, and vanish like a Shadow. Oh ill-fated *Montesinos*! Oh *Durandarte* unfortunately Wounded! Oh unhappy *Belerma*! Oh deplorable *Guadiana*! And you the distress'd Daughters of *Ruydera*, whose flowing Waters shew what Streams

of Tears once trickl'd from your Lovely Eyes! These Expressions, utter'd with great Passion and Concern, surpriz'd the Scholar and *Sancho*, and they desir'd to know his meaning, and what he had seen in that Hell upon Earth; Call it not Hell, answer'd Don *Quixote*, for it deserves a better Name, as I shall soon let you know. But first give me something to Eat, for I am prodigiously hungry. They then spread the Scholar's coarse Saddle-Cloth for a Carpet; and examining their old Cupboard, the Knapsack, they all three sat down on the Grass, and Eat heartily together, like Men that were a Meal or Two behind-hand. When they had done, Let no Man stir, said Don *Quixote*, sit still, and hear me with Attention.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Wonderful things which the Unparallel'd Don Quixote declar'd he had seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, the Greatness and Impossibility of which makes this Adventure pass for Apocryphal.

IT was now past Four in the Afternoon, and the Sun was opportune'y hid behind the Clouds, which, interpolating between his Rays, invited Don *Quixote*, without Heat or Trouble, to relate to his Illustrious Auditors, the Wonders he had seen in *Montesinos*'s Cave.

About twelve or fourteen Men's depth, said he, in the Profundity of this Cavern, on the Right Hand, there is a Concavity wide enough to contain a large Waggon, Mules and all. This Place is not wholly dark, for thro' some Chinks and narrow Holes, that reach to the distant Surface of the Earth,

Earth, there comes a glimmering Light. I discover'd this Recess, being already weary of hanging by the Loins, discourag'd by the profound Darknes of the Region below me, destitute of a Guide, and not knowing whither I went: Resolving therefore to rest my self there a while, I call'd to you to give me no more Rope, but it seems you did not hear me. I therefore enter'd, and coiling up the Cord, sat upon it very melancholick, and thinking what way I shou'd most conveniently get down to the Bottom, having no body to bear me up. While thus I sat pensive, and lost in Thought, insensibly, without any previous Drowsines, I found my self surpriz'd by Sleep; and after that, not knowing how, nor which way I waken'd, I unexpectedly found my self in the finest, the sweetest, and most delightful Meadow, that ever Nature adorn'd with her Beauties, or the most inventive Fancy cou'd ever imagine. Now that I might be sure this was neither a Dream nor an Illusion, I rubb'd my Eyes, blow'd my Nose, and felt several Parts of my Body, and convinced my self that I was really awake, with the use of all my Senses, and all the Faculties of my Understanding found and active as at this Moment.

Presently I discover'd a Royal and Sumptuous Palace, of which the Walls and Battlements seem'd all of clear and transparent Crystal. At the same time, the Spacious Gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old Man, clad in a sad-colour'd Robe, so long that it swept the Ground; on his Breast and Shoulders he had a Green Sattin-Tippet after the manner of those worn in Colleges. On his Head he wore a black *Milan*-Cap, and his broad hoary Beard reach'd down below his Middle. He had no kind of Weapon in his Hands, but a Rosary of Beads about the bigness of Walnuts, and his *Credo* Beads appear'd as large as ordinary Ostrich-Eggs. The Awful and Grave Aspect, the Pace,

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the Port and goodly Presence of this old Man, each of 'em apart, and much more all together, struck me with Veneration and Astonishment. He came up to me, and without any previous Ceremony, embracing me close: 'Tis a long time, said he, most Renown'd Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that we who dwell in this enchanted Solitude have hop'd to see thee here; that thou may'st inform the upper World of the surprizing Prodigies concealed from Human Knowledge in this Subterranean Hollow, call'd the Cave of *Montesinos*: An Enterprise reserv'd alone for thy insuperable Heart, and stupendious Resolution. Go with me then, thou most Illustrious Knight, and behold the Wonders inclos'd within this transparent Castle, of which I am the perpetual Governour and chief Warden, being the same individual *Montesinos*, from whom this Cavern took its Name.

No sooner had the reverend old Man let me know who he was, but I intreated him to tell me, whether it was true or no, that at his Friend *Durandarte's* Dying Request he had taken out his Heart with a small Dagger, the very moment he expir'd, and carry'd it to his Mistress *Belarma*, as the Story was current in the World? 'Tis Literally true, answer'd the Old Gentleman, except that single Circumstance of the Dagger; for I us'd neither a small nor a large Dagger on this occasion, but a well polish'd Poniard, as sharp as an Awl. I'll be hang'd, quoth *Sancho*, if it was not one of your *Sevil* Poniards, of *Raymond de Hoze's* making. That can't be, said *Don Quixote*, for that Cutler liv'd but t'other Day, and the Battle of *Roncesvalles*, where this Accident happened, was fought many Ages ago: But this is of no importance to the Story. You are in the right, Sir, said the Student, and pray go on, for I hearken to your Relation with the greatest Satisfaction imaginable. That, Sir, said the Knight, increases

my Pleasure in telling it. But to proceed: The Venerable *Montesinos* having conducted me into the Crystal-Palace, led me into a spacious Ground-Room, exceeding cool, and all of Alabaster. In the middle of it stood a stately Marble Tomb, that seem'd a Master-piece of Art; upon which lay a Knight extended all at length, not of Stone or Brass, as on other Monuments, but pure Flesh and Bones. He covered the Region of his Heart with his Right-Hand, which seemed to me somewhat hairy, and very full of Sinews, a sign of the great Strength of the Body to which it belonged. *Montesinos* observing that I viewed this Spectacle with surprize: Behold, said he, the Flower and Mirror of all the amorous and valiant Knights of his Age, my Friend *Durandarte*, who, together with me and many others of both Sexes, are kept here enchanted by *Merlin* that *British* Magician, who, they say, was the Son of the Devil; tho' I cannot believe it, only his Knowledge was so great, that he might be said to know more than the Devil. Here I say we are enchanted, but how and for what cause no Man can tell, tho' time I hope will shortly reveal it. But the most wonderful part of my Fortune is this, I am as certain, as that the Sun now shines, that *Durandarte* dy'd in my Arms, and that with these Hands I took out his Heart, by the same Token that it weigh'd above two Pounds, a sure Mark of his Courage; for, by the Rules of Natural Philosophy, the most Valiant Men have still the greatest Hearts. Nevertheless, tho' this Knight really dy'd, he still complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive. Scarce had *Montesinos* spoke these Words, but the miserable *Durandarte* cry'd out aloud, Oh! Cousin *Montesinos*, the last and dying Request of your departing Friend, was to take my Heart out of my Breast with a Poniard or a Dagger, and carry it to *Belarma*. The Venerable *Montesinos* hearing this fell on his Knees before

fore the afflicted Knight, and with Tears in his Eyes, Long, long ago, said he, *O Durandarte*, thou dearest of my Kinsmen, have I obey'd what you enjoin'd me on that bitter fatal Day when you expired. I took out your Heart with all imaginable Care, not leaving the least Particle of it in your Breast: I gently wip'd it with a Lac'd Handkerchief, and posted away with it to *France*, as soon as I had committed your dear Remains to the Bosom of the Earth, having shed Tears enough to have wash'd my Hands clear of the Blood they had gather'd by plunging in your Entrails. To confirm this Truth yet farther, at the first place where I stop'd from *Roncesvalles*, I laid a little Salt upon your Heart, to preserve it from Putrefaction, and keep it, if not fresh, at least free from any ill Smell, till I presented it into the Hands of *Belarma*, who with you and me, and *Guadiana* your Squire, as also *Ruydera* (the Lady's Woman) with her seven Daughters, her two Nieces, and many others, of your Friends and Acquaintance, is here confined by the Necromantick Charms of the Magician *Merlin*; and tho' it be now above five hundred Years since we were first convey'd to this Enchanted Castle, we are all still alive, except *Ruydera*, her Daughter and Nieces, who by the favour of *Merlin*, that pity'd their Tears, were turned into so many Lakes, still extant in the World of the Living, and in the Province of *La Mancha*, distinguish'd by the Names of the Lakes of *Ruydera*; seven of 'em belonging to the Kings of *Spain*; and the two Nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of St. *John*. Your Squire *Guadiana*, lamenting his hard Fate, was in like manner Metamorphosed into a River that bears his Name; yet still so sensible of your Disaster, that when he first arose out of the Bowels of the Earth to flow along its Surface, and saw the Sun in a strange Hemisphere, he plunged again under Ground,

Ground, striving to hide his melting Sorrows from the World; but the natural Current of his Waters forcing a Passage up again, he is compell'd to appear where the Sun and Mortals may see him. Those Lakes mixing their Waters in his Bosom, he swells, and glides along in sullen State to *Portugal*, often expressing his deep Melancholy by the muddy and turbid Colour of his Streams; which, as they refuse to please the Sight, so likewise deny to indulge mortal Appetite, by breeding such fair and savoury Fish as may be found in the Golden *Tagus*. All this I have often told you, my dearest *Durandarte*; and since you return me no Answer, I must conclude you believe me not, or that you do not hear me; for which (Witness it Heaven) I am extremely griev'd. But now I have other News to tell ye, which, though perhaps it may not asswage your Sorrows, yet I am sure it will not increase 'em. Open your Eyes, and behold in your Presence that mighty Knight, of whom *Merlin* the Sage has foretold so many Wonders. That *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I mean, who has not only restor'd to the World the Function of Knight-Errantry, that has lain so long in Oblivion, but advanc'd it to greater Faine than it cou'd boast in the Days of Yore, the Nonage of the World. 'Tis by his Power we may expect to see the fatal Charm dissolv'd, that keeps us here confin'd; for great Performances are properly reserv'd for great Personages. And shou'd it not be so, answer'd the grieving *Durandarte*, with a faint and languishing Voice? Shou'd it not be so, I say, Oh Cousin! Patience, and Shuffle the Cards — Then turning on one side, without speaking a Word more, he relaps'd into his usual Silence. After this, I was alarm'd with a piteous howling and crying, which, mix'd with lamentable Sighs and Groans, oblig'd me to turn about, to see whence it proceeded. Then thro' the Crystal-Wall I saw a mournful

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Procession of most Beautiful Damsels, all in black, marching in two Ranks, with Turbans on their Heads after the *Turkish* Fashion; and last of all came a Majestick Lady, dress'd also in Mourning, with a long White Veil, that reach'd from her Head down to the Ground. Her Turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest: She was somewhat beetle-browed, her Nose was flattish, her Mouth wide, but her Lips Red; her Teeth, which she sometimes discover'd, seem'd to be thin and snaggy, but indeed as White as blanch'd Almonds. She held a fine Handkerchief, and within it I cou'd perceive a Heart of Flesh, so dry and wither'd that it look'd like Mummy. *Montefinos* inform'd me, that the Procession consisted of *Durandarte's* and *Belarma's* Servants, who were enchanted there with their Master and Mistress: but that the last was *Belarma* her self, who with her Attendants used four Days in the Week constantly thus to sing, or rather howl their Dirges over the Heart and Body of his Cousin; and that tho' *Belarma* appear'd a little haggard at that Juncture, occasioned by the Grief she bore in her own Heart, for that which she carried in her Hand, yet had I seen her before her Misfortunes had sunk her Eyes and tarnished her Complexion, worse than the Diseases of her Sex, from which she was free, I must have owned, that even the celebrated *Dulcinea del Toboso*, so famous in *La Mancha*, and over the whole Universe, could scarce have vyyed with her in Gracefulness and Beauty. Hold there, good Signior *Don Montefinos*, said I. You know that Comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing, I beseech you; but go on with your Story. The peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso* is what she is, and the Lady *Belarma* is what she is, and has been; so no more upon that Subject. I beg your Pardon, answered *Montefinos*, Signior *Don Quixote*, I might have guess'd indeed that you were the Lady *Dulci-*

Dulcinea's Knight, and therefore I ought to have bit my Tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to any thing lower than Heaven it self. This Satisfaction, which I thought sufficient from the great *Montesinos*, stifted the Resentment I else had shewn, for hearing my Mistress compared to *Belerma*. Nay, marry, quoth *Sancho*, I wonder you did not catch the old doating Huncks by the Weasond, and mawl, and thresh him thick and threefold! How could you leave one Hair on his Chin. No, no, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, there is always a Respect due to our Seniors, tho' they be no Knights; but most when they are such, and under the Oppression of Inchantment. However, I am satisfied, that in what Discourse pass'd between us, I took care not to have any thing that look'd like an Affront fixed upon me. But Sir, ask'd the Scholar, how cou'd you see and hear so many strange things in so little Time? I can't conceive how you could do it. How long, said *Don Quixote*, do you reckon that I have been in the Cave? A little above an Hour, answered *Sancho*. That's impossible, said *Don Quixote*, for I saw Morning and Evening, and Evening and Morning, three times since; so that I could not be absent less than three Days from this upper World. Ay, ay, quoth *Sancho*, my Master's in the Right; for these Inchantments, that have the greatest Hand in all his Concerns, may make that seem three Days and three Nights to him, which is but an Hour to other People. It must be so, said *Don Quixote*. I hope, Sir, said the Scholar, you have eaten something in all that time. Not one Morsel, reply'd *Don Quixote*, neither have had the least desire to Eat, or so much as thought of it all the while. Do they that are Inchanted ever Eat? ask'd the Scholar. They never do, answered *Don Quixote*, and consequently they are never troubled with exonerating the Dregs of Food; tho,

tho' 'tis not unlikely that their Nails, their Beards and Hair still grow. Do they never sleep neither, said *Sancho*? Never, said *Don Quixote*; at least they never clos'd their Eyes while I was among 'em, nor I neither. This makes good the Saying, quoth *Sancho*, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee what thou art.* Troth! you have all been enchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor slept, since you were in the Land of those that always watch and fast. But Sir, would you have me speak as I think; and pray don't take it in ill part, for if I believe one Word of all you have said —— What do you mean, Friend, said the Student? Do you think the Noble *Don Quixote* would be guilty of a Lye? and if he had a mind to stretch a little, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of Stories in so short a time? I don't think that my Master would lye neither, said *Sancho*. What d'ye think then, Sir, said *Don Quixote*? Why truly, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I do believe that this same cunning Man, this *Merlin*, that bewitched, or enchanted, as you call it, all that Rabble of People you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your Noddle. It is not impossible but such a thing may happen, said *Don Quixote*, tho' I am convinced it was otherwise with me; for I am positive that I saw with these Eyes, and felt with these Hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I saw three Country-Wenches leaping and skipping about those pleasant Fields like so many wild Goats; and at first Sight knew one of them to be the Peerless *Dulcinea*, and the other Two the very same we spoke to not far from *Toboso*. I ask'd *Montesinos* if he knew them? He answered in the Negative; but imagined them some Inchanted Ladies, who were newly come, and that the Appearance

pearance of strange Faces was no Rarity among 'em, for many of the past Ages and the present were enchanted there, under several Disguises; and that, among the rest he knew Queen *Guinever* and her Woman *Quintaniona*, that officiated as Sir *Lancelot*'s Cub-bearer, as he came from *Britain*. *Sancho*, hearing his Master talk at that Rate, had like to have forgot himself, and burst out a laughing; for he well knew that *Dulcinea*'s Inchantment was a Lye, and that he himself was the chief Magician, and Raifer of the Story; and thence concluding his Master stark mad: In an ill Hour, quoth he, dear Master of mine, and in a woful Day, went your Worship down to the other World, and in a worse Hour met you with that plaguy *Montesinos*, that has sent you back in this rueful Pickle. You went hence in your right Senses; cou'd talk prettily enough now and then; had your handsome Proverbs and wise Sayings every Foot, and would give wholesome Counsel to all that would take it: But now, bless me! you talk as if you had left your Brains in the Devil's Cellar. I know thee, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and therefore I regard thy Words as little as I might. And I yours, reply'd *Sancho*. Nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you please, either for what I've said, or mean to say: I must speak my Mind tho' I die for't. But before your Blood's up, pray Sir, tell me, how did you know it was your Mistress? Did you speak to her? What did she say to you? And what did you say to her? I knew her again, said *Don Quixote*, by the same Cloathes she wore when thou shewdst her to me. I spoke to her; but she made no Answer, but suddenly turn'd away, and fled from me like a Whirlwind. I intended to have follow'd her, had not *Montesinos* told me 'twould be to no purpose; warning me besides, that 'twas high time to return to the upper Air. And changing the Discourse, he told

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told me that I shou'd hereafter be made acquainted with the Means of disenchanted them all. But while *Montefinos* and I were thus talking together, a very odd Accident, the Thoughts of which trouble me still, broke off our Conversation. For as we were in the height of our Discourse, who shou'd come to me but one of the unfortunate *Dulcinea's* Companions, and before I was aware, with a faint and doleful Voice, Sir, said she, my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* gives her Service to you, and desires to know how you do; and being a little short of Money at present, she desires you of all Love and Kindness, to lend her six Reals upon this New-Fustian-Petticoat, or more or less as you can spare it, Sir, and she'll take care to redeem it very honestly in a little time. The Message surpriz'd me strangely, and therefore turning to *Montefinos*, Is it possible, Sir, said I, that Persons of Quality, when enchanted, are in want? Oh! very possible, Sir, said he; Poverty ranges every where, and spares neither Quality enchanted nor unenchanted; and therefore since the Lady *Dulcinea* desires you to lend her these six Reals, and the Pawn is a good Pawn, let her have the Money; for sure it is very low with her at this time. I scorn to take Pawns, said I, but my Misfortune is, that I can't answer the full Request; for I have but four Reals about me, and that was the Money thou gavest me the t'other Day, *Sancho*, to distribute among the Poor. However, I gave her all I had, and desir'd her to tell her Mistress, I was verry sorry for her Wants; and that if I had all the Treasures which *Craesus* possess'd, they shou'd be at her Service; and withal, that I dy'd every Hour for want of her reviving Company; and made it my humble and earnest Request, that she wou'd vouchsafe to see and converse with her Captive Servant, and weather-beaten Knight. Tell her, continu'd I, when she least expects it, she will come

to hear how I made an Oath, as the Marques of *Mantua* did when he found his Nephew *Baldwin* ready to expire on the Mountain, never to eat upon a Table-cloth, and several other Particulars which he swore to observe, till he had revenged his Death; So in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable Globe, and ranging through all the seven Parts of the World, more indefatigably than ever was done by Prince *Pedro of Portugal*, till I have freed her from her Inchantment. All this and more you owe my Mistress, said the Damsel; and then, having got the four Reals, instead of dropping me a Courtesy, she cut me a Caper in the Air two Yards high. Now Heaven defend us, cry'd *Sancho!* who cou'd ever have believ'd that these Devilish Inchanters and Inchantments shou'd have so much Power in this World, as to bewitch my Master at that rate, and craze his sound Understanding in that manner. Alas! Sir, for Heaven's sake take care of your self. What will the World say of you? Rouse up your dozing Senses, and don't dote upon those Whimsies, that have so wickedly crack'd that rare Head-piece of yours. Well, said Don *Quixote*, I cannot be angry at thy ignorant Tittle-tattle, because it proceeds from thy Love towards me. Thou think'st, poor Fellow, that whatever is beyond the Sphere of thy narrow Comprehension must be impossible: But, as I have already said, there will come a time, when I shall give thee an account of some Things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the Reality of those I told thee now, the Truth of which admits of no Dispute.

C H A P. XXIV.

Which is very Foolish and Impertinent, tho' very necessary for the better understanding of this grand History.

THE Translator of this great History, declares, that at the beginning of the Chapter, which treats of the Adventure of *Montesino's Cave*, he found a Marginal Annotation, written with the Arabian Author's own Hand in these Words:

I cannot be peruwaded, nor believe, that all the wonderful Accidents said to have happened to the Valorous Don Quixote in the Cave, so punctually befel him as he relates them: For, the Course of his Adventures hitherto has been very Natural, and bore the Face of Probability; but in this there appears no Coherence with Reason, and nothing but monstrous Incongruities. But on the other hand, if we consider the Honour, Worth, and Integrity of the Noble Don Quixote, we have not the least Reason to suspect he would be guilty of a Lye; but rather that he would sooner have been Transfix'd with Arrows. Besides, he has been so particular in his Relation of that Adventure, and given so many Circumstances, that I dare not declare it absolutely Apocryphal; especially when I consider, that he had not time enough to invent such a Cluster of Fables. I therefore insert it among the rest, without offering to determine whether it is true or false; leaving it to the Discretion of the Judicious Reader. Though I must acquaint him by the way; that Don Quixote, upon his Death-bed, utterly disowned this Adventure, as a perfect Fable, which he said, he had invented purely to please his Humour, being suitable to such as he had formerly read in Romances: And so much by way of Digression.

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The Scholar thought *Sancho* the most saucy Servant, and his Master the calmest Madman that ever he saw; tho' he attributed the Patience of the latter to a certain good Humour and easiness of Temper infus'd into him by the sight of his Mistres, *Dulcinea*, even under Inchantment. Otherwise he wou'd have thought his not checking *Sancho* a greater sign of Madness than his Discourse. Noble Don *Quixote*, said he, for four principal Reasons I am extremely pleased with having taken this Journey with you. First, it has procur'd me the Honour of your Acquaintance, which I shall always esteem a singular Happiness. In the second Place, Sir, the Secrets of *Montesino*'s Cave, and the Transformations of *Guadiana*, and *Ruydera*'s Lakes, have been reveal'd to me, which may look very great in my *Spanish Ovid*. My third Advantage is, to have discover'd the Antiquity of Card-playing, which I find to have been a Pastime in use even in the Emperor *Charles* the Great's time, as may be collected from the Words of *Durandarte*, who, after a long Speech of *Montesino*'s, said as he wou'd, *Patience and shuffle the Cards*; which vulgar Expression he could never have learn'd in his Inchantment: It follows therefore that he must have heard it when he liv'd in *France*, which was in the Reign of that Emperor; which Observation is nick'd, I think, very opportunely for my Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, who, as I remember, has not touch'd upon Card playing; I will insert it into my Work, I'll assure you, Sir, as a matter of great Importance, having the Testimony of so Authentick and Ancient an Author as Sir *Durandarte*. The fourth part of my good Fortune, is to know the certain and true Source of the River *Guadiana*, which has hitherto disappointed all Human Enquiries. There is a great deal of Reason in what you say, answer'd Don *Quixote*: But, under favour, Sir, pray tell me, should you happen to

get a License to publish your Books, which I
somewhat doubt, whom you will pitch upon for
your Patrons? Oh, Sir, answer'd the Author, there
are Lords and Grandees enough in *Spain*, sure, that
I may Dedicate to. Truly, not many, said Don
Quixote; there are indeed, several whose Merits
deserve the Praise of a Dedication, but very few
whose Purses will reward the Pains and Civility
of the Author. I must confess, I know a Prince
whose Generosity may make amends for what is
wanting in the rest; and that to such a Degree,
that should I make bold to come to Particulars,
and speak of his great Merits, 'twould be enough
to stir up a noble Emulation in above four gene-
rous Preasts; but more of this some other time,
'tis late now, and therefore convenient to think
of a Lodging. Hard by us here, Sir, said the
Author, is an Hermitage, the Retirement of a De-
vout Person, who, as they say, was once a Soldier,
and is look'd upon as a good Christian, and so
charitable, that he has built there a little House
at his own expence, purely for the Entertainment
of Strangers. But does he keep Hens there trow?
ask'd *Sancho*? Few Hermits in this Age want
them, said Don *Quixote*; for their way of Living
now falls short of the Strictness and Austerity of
those in the Deserts of *Egypt*, who went clad only
with Palm-leaves, and fed on the Roots of the
Earth. Now, because I speak well of those of old,
I would not have you think I reflect on the others.
No, I only mean that their Penances are not so
severe as in former Days; yet this does not hin-
der but that the Hermits of the present Age may
be good Men. I look upon them to be such; at
least, their Dissimulation secures them from Scan-
dal; and the Hypocrite that puts on the Form of
Holiness, does certainly less harm than the bare-
fac'd Sinner. As they went on in their Discourse
they saw a Man following them a great pace on

Foot

Foot, and switching up a Mule laden with Lances and Halberds. He presently overtook 'em, gave them the time of the Day, and pass'd by. Stay, honest Fellow, cry'd Don *Quixote*, seeing him go so fast, make no more haste than is consistent with good speed. I can't stay, Sir, said the Man, for these Weapons that you see, must be used to morrow Morning: so, Sir, I am in haste, good-by, I shall lodge to Night at the Inn beyond the Hermitage; if you chance to go that Way, there you may find me, and I'll tell you strange News. So fare ye well. Then whipping his Mule, away he mov'd forwards, so fast that Don *Quixote* had not Leisure to ask him any more Questions. The Knight, who had always an itching Ear after Novelties, to satisfy his Curiosity immediately propos'd their holding straight on to the Inn without stopping at the Hermitage, where the Scholar design'd to have stay'd all Night. Well, they all consented, and made the best of their Way; however, when they came near the Hermitage, the Scholar desir'd Don *Quixote* to call with him for a Moment, and drink a Glass of Wine at the Door. *Sancho* no sooner heard this propos'd, but he turn'd *Dapple* that way, and rode thither before; but to his great Grief, the hospitable Hermit was abroad, and no body at home but the Hermit's Companion, who being ask'd whether he had any strong Liquor within? made answer, that he cou'd not come at any, but as for small Water he might have his Belly-full. Body of me! quoth *Sancho*, were mine a Water-Thirst, or had I liking to your cold Comfort, there are Wells enough upon the Road, where I might have swill'd my Skin full: Oh, the good Cheer at Don *Diego's* House, and the savoury Scum at *Camacho's* Wedding, when sha'll I find your Fellow! They now spurr'd on towards the Inn, and soon overtook on the Road a young Fellow beating it on the Hoof pretty leisurely. He

carry'd his Sword over his Shoulder, with a Bundle of Cloaths hanging upon it; which, to all outward Appearance, consisted of a pair of Breeches, a Cloak, and a Shirt or Two. He had on a tatter'd Velvet-Jerkin, with a ragged Sattin-Lining; his Shirt hung out, his Stockings were of Silk, and his Shooes square at the Toes, after the Court-Fashion. He seem'd about Eighteen or Nineteen Years of Age, a good pleasant-look'd Lad, and of a lively and active Disposition. To pass the Fatigue of his Journey the best he cou'd, he Sung all the Way, and as they came near to him, was got to the end of a Ballad, which the Scholar got by Heart.

*A plague on ill Luck! Now my Ready's all gone,
To the Wars poor Pilgarlick must trudge:
Tho' bad I but Money, to Rake as I've done,
The Devil a Foot wou'd I budge.*

So, young Gentleman, said Don *Quixote* to him, methinks you go very light and airy. Whither are you bound, I pray you, if a Man may be so bold? I'm going to the Wars, Sir, answered the Youth; and for my Travelling thus, Heat and Poverty will excuse it. I admit the Heat, replied Don *Quixote*; but why Poverty, I beseech you? Because I have no Cloaths to put on, reply'd the Lad, but what I carry in this Bundle; and if I should wear them out upon the Road, I should have nothing to make a handsome Figure with in any Town; for I have no Money to buy new ones, till I overtake a Regiment of Foot that lies about some twelve Leagues off, where I design to Lift my self, and then I shall not want a Conveniency to ride with the Baggage till we come to *Cartagena*, where I hear, they are to Embark; for I had rather serve the King abroad, than any beggarly Courtier at home. But pray, said the Scholar, have not you laid up someting while you were

were there? Had I serv'd any of your Grandees-
or great Persons said the young Man, I might
have done well enough, and have had a Commis-
sion by this time; for their Foot-boys are pre-
sently advanced to Captains and Lieutenants, or
some other good Post: But a Plague on it, Sir,
it was always my ill Fortune to serve pitiful Up-
starts and Younger Brothers, and my Allowance
was commonly so ill paid, and so small, that the
better half was scarce enough to wash my Linen;
how then should a poor Devil of a Page, who
would make his Fortune, come to any good in
such a miserable Service? But said Don *Quixote*,
how comes it about that in all this time you could
not get yourself a whole Livery? Alack-a-day,
Sir answer'd the Lad, I had a couple: but my
Masters dealt with me as they do with Novices in
Monasteries, if they go off before they Profess,
the fresh Habit is taken from them, and they re-
turn them their old Cloaths. For you must know,
that such as I served, only buy Liveries for a little
Ostentation; so when they have made their Ap-
pearance at Court, they sneak down into the Coun-
try, and then the poor Servants are stripp'd, and
must even betake themselves to their Rags again.
A sordid Trick, said *Quixote*, or as the *Italians*
call it, a notorious *Espalocheria*. Well, you need
not repine at leaving the Court, since you do it
with so good a Design; for there is nothing in the
World more commendable than to serve God in
the first Place, and the King in the next, espe-
cially in the Profession of Arms, which if it does
not procure a Man so much Riches as Learning,
may at least intitle him to more Honour. It is
true, that more Families have been advanced by
the Gown, but yet your Gentlemen of the Sword,
whatever the Reason of it is, have always I know
not what Advantage above the Men of Learning;
and something of Glory and Splendor attends

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'em, that makes them out shine the rest of Mankind. But take my Advice along with you, Child; if you intend to raise yourself by a Military Employment, I would not have you be uneasy with the Thoughts of what Misfortunes may befall you; the worst can be but to Die, and if it be a good Honourable Death, your Fortune's made; and you're certainly happy. *Julius Cæsar*, that valiant Roman Emperor, being ask'd what kind of Death was best? That which is sudden and unexpected, said he; and tho' his Answer had a relish of Paganism, yet with respect to Human Infirmities, 'twas very Judicious: for, suppose you should be cut off at the very first Engagement by a Cannon-Ball, or the springing of a Mine; what imports it? 'Tis all but Dying, and there's an end of the Business. As *Terence* says, a Soldier makes a better Figure Dead in the Field of Battle, than Alive and safe in Flight. The more likely he is to rise in Fame and Preferment, the better Discipline he keeps; the better he Obeys, the better he will know how to Command. And pray observe, my Friend, that 'tis more Honourable for a Soldier to smell of Gun-powder than of Musk and Amber; or if Old Age overtakes you in this noble Employment, though all over Scars, though Maim'd and Lame, you will still have Honour to support you, and secure you from the Contempt of Poverty; nay, from Poverty it self; for there is Care taken, that Veteran and disabled Soldiers may not want: Neither are they to be used as some Men do their Negro Slaves, who when they are Old, and past Service, are turn'd Naked out of Doors, under Pretence of Freedom, to be made greater Slaves to Cold and Hunger; a Slavery from which nothing but Death can set the Wretches free. But I'll say no more to you on this Subject at this time. Get up behind me, and I'll carry you to the Inn, where you shall Sup with me,

me, and to morrow Morning make the best of your way: and may Heaven prosper your good Designs.

The Page excus'd himself from riding behind the Knight, but accepted of his Invitation to Supper very willingly. *Sancho*, who had all the while given Ear to his Master's Discourse, is said to have been more than usually surpriz'd, hearing him now talk so wisely. Now Blessing on thee, Master of mine, thought he to himself; how comes it about that a Man who says so many good things, should tell such damn'd Cracks, and Whimsies, as he would have us believe of *Montesino's* Cave. Well, Heaven knows best, and the Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating. By this time, it began to grow Dark, and they arriv'd at the Inn, where *Don Quixote*, alighting, ask'd presently for the Man with the Lances and Halberds. The Inn-keeper answer'd, that he was rubbing down his Mule in the Stable, *Sancho* was very well pleas'd to be at his Journey's end, and the more, that his Master took the House for a real Inn, and not for a Castle, as he us'd to do. He and the Scholar then set up the Asses, giving *Rozinante* the best Manger and Standing in the Stable.

CHAP. XXV.

Where you will find the Grounds of the Bray-ing Adventure, that of the Puppet-Player, and the memorable Divining of the Fortune-telling Ape.

Don Quixote was on Thorns to know the strange Story that the Fellow upon the Road engag'd to tell him; so that going into the Stable he minded him of his Promise, and press'd

him to relate the whole matter to him that Moment. My Story will take up soime time, quoth the Man, and is not to be told standing; have a Little Patience, Master of mine, let me make an end of serving my Mule, then I'll serve your Worship, and tell you such things as will make you stare. Don't let that hinder, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for I'll help you my self; and so saying, he lent him a helping Hand, cleansing the Manger, and sifting the Barley; which humble compliance oblig'd the Fellow to tell his Tale the more willingly: So that seating himself upon a Bench with Don *Quixote*, the Scholar, the Page, *Sancho*, and the Inn-keeper about him, for his full Auditory, he began in this manner.

It happen'd on a time, that in a Borough about same four Leagues and a half from this Place, one of the * Aldermen lost his Ass: They say 'twas by the Roguery of a waggish Jade that was his Maid; but that's neither here nor there, the Ass was lost and gone, that's certain; and what's more, it could not be found neither high nor low. This same Ass had been missing about a fortnight, some say more, some less, when another Alderman of the same Town meeting this same losing Alderman in the Market-place, Brother, quoth he, pay me well, and I'll tell you news of your Ass. Troth! quoth the other, that I will; but then let me know where the poor Beast is? Why, answer'd the other, this Morning what should I meet upon the Mountains yonder but he, without either Pack-Saddle or Furniture, and so lean that it griev'd my Heart to see him; but yet so wild and skittish, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away as the Devil were in him, and got into the thickest of the

* *Regidor.*

Wood. Now if you please, we'll both go together and look for him; I'll but step home first and put up this Ass, then I'll come back to you, and we'll about it out of hand. Truly, Brother, said the other, I'm mightily beholden to you, and will do as much for you another time. The Story happen'd neither more nor less, but such as I tell you, for so all that know it relate it word for word. In short, the two Aldermen hand in hand, a-foot, trudg'd up the Hills, and hunted up and down; but after many a weary Step, no Ass was to be found. Upon which quoth the Alderman, that had seen him, to t'other, hark you me, Brother, I have a Device in my Noddle to find out this same Ass of yours, though he were under Ground, as you shall hear. You must know I can Bray to Admiration, and if you can but Bray never so little, the Job's done. Never so little, cry'd t'other, Body of me! I won't vail my Bonnet at Braying to e'er an Ass or Alderman in the Land. Well, we shall try that, quoth the other, for my Contrivance is that you shall go on one side of the Hill, and I on the other; sometimes you shall Bray, and sometimes I; so that, if your Ass be but thereabouts, my Life for yours, he'll be sure to answer his Kind, and Bray again. Gramer-ey, Brother, quoth the other! A rare Device, it lack! let you alone for Plotting. At the same time they parted according to Agreement, and when they were far enough off, they both fell a Braying so perfectly well, that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the Ass; is it possible, Brother, said the Owner of the Ass, that it was not my Ass that Bray'd? No, marry, that it was n't, 'twas I, answer'd the other Alderman. Well, Brother, cry'd the Owner, then there's no manner of difference between you and an Ass, as to matter of Bray-ing, I never heard any thing so natural in my Life. Oh fyce! Sir, quoth the other,

I am nothing to You: You shall lay two to one against the best Brayer in the Kingdom, and I'll go your halves. Your Voice is lofty, and of a great Compass; you keep excellent Time, and hold out a Note rarely, and your Cadence is full and ravishing. In short, Sir, I knock under the Table, and yield you the Bays. Well then, Brother, answer'd the Owner, I shall always have the better Opinion of my self for this one good Quality; for though I knew I Bray'd pretty well, I never thought my self so great a Master before. Well, quoth the other, thus you see what rare Parts may be lost for want of being known, and a Man never knows his own Strength, till he puts it to a Trial. Right, Brother, quoth the Owner, for I should never have found out this wonderful Gift of mine had it not been for this businels in hand, and may we speed in't, I pray. After these Compliments they parted again, and went Braying, this a one side of the Hill, and that on t'other. But all to no purpose, for they still deceiv'd one another with their Braying, and running to the Noise, met one another as before.

At last they agreed to Bray twice together, that by that Token they might be sure 'twas not the Ass, but they, that Bray'd. But all in vain, they almost Bray'd their Hearts out, but no answer from the Ass. And indeed, how could it, poor Creature! when they found him at last in the Wood half eaten by the Wolves. Alack-a-day poor *Grizzle*, cry'd the Owner, I don't wonder now he took so little notice of his loving Master! Had he been alive, as sure as he was an Ass he would have Bray'd again. But let him go, this Comfort I have at least Brother; though I've lost him, I've found out that rare Talent of yours, that has hugely solac'd me under this Affliction. The Glass is in a good Hand, Mr. Alderman, quoth the other, and if the Abbot sings well, the young Monk is not much behind him.

With

With this, these same Aldermen, very much down i'th' Mouth, and very hoarse, went home and told all their Neighbours the whole Story word for word; one praising t'others Skill in Braying, and t'other returning the Compliment. In short, one got it by the end, and t'other got it by the end; the Boys got it, and all the idle Fellows got it, and there was such a Brawling, and such a Braying in our Town, that one would have thought Hell broke loose among us, But to let you see now how the Devil never lies dead in a Ditch, but catches at every foolish thing to set People by the Ears; our Neighbouring Towns had it up, and when they saw any of our Towns folks they fell a Braying, hitting us in the Teeth with the Braying of our Aldermen. This made ill Blood between us; for we took it in mighty Dadgeon, as well we might, and came to Words upon't, and from Words to Blows; for the People of our Town, are well known by this, as the Beggar knows his Dish, and are apt to be jeer'd wheresoever they go; and then to't they go, Ding Dong, Hand over Head, in spight of Law or Go-spel. And they've carry'd the Jest so far, that I believe to morrow or next day, the Men of our Town, to wit, the Brayers, will be in the Field ag'nt those of another Town about two Leagues off, that are always plaguing us. Now, that we should be well provided, I have brought these Lances and Halberds that ye saw me carry. So this is my Story, Gentlefolks, and if it ben't a strange one, I'm woundily mistaken.

Here the honest Man ended; when presently enters a Fellow dress'd in Trowsers and Doublet all of Shammy-Leather, and calling out, as if he were some-body: Landlord, cry'd he, have you any Lodgings? For here comes the Fortune telling Ape, and the Puppet-shew of *Melisandra's* Deliverance. Body of me! cry'd the Inn-keeper, who's here?

here? Master *Peter*. We shall have a merry Night, Faith! Honest Master *Peter*, you're welcome with all my Heart! But where's the Ape, and the Show, that I can't see them. They'll be here presently, said *Peter*, I only came before to see if you had any Lodgings. Lodging, Man, said the Inn-keeper, Zookers! I would turn out the Duke of *Alva* himself, rather than Master *Peter* should want room. Come, come, bring in your things, for here are Guests in the House to Night that will be good Customers to you, I warrant you. That's a good hearing, said *Peter*; and to encourage them I'll lower my Prices, and if I can but get my Charges to Night, I'll look for no more; so I will hasten forward the Cart. This said, he ran out of the Door again.

I had forgot to tell you, that this same Master *Peter* wore over his left Eye and half his Cheek a Patch of Green Taffata, by which it was to be supposed that something ailed that side of his Face. Don *Quixote* enquired who this Master *Peter* was, and what his Ape and his Show? Why Sir, answered the Inn-keeper, he has strolled about the Country here this great while with a curious Puppet-show, which represents the Play of *Melisandra* and Don *Gayferos*, one of the best Shows that has been A&ed time out of mind in this Kingdom. Then he has an Ape! Bless us, Sir it is such an Ape! But I will say no more; you shall see, Sir: It will tell you every thing you ever did in your Life. The like was never seen before. Ask him a Question, it will listen to you, and then, whip, up it leaps on its Master's Shoulder, and whispers first in his Ear what it knows, and then Master *Peter* tells you. He tells you what is to come, as well as what is passed; it is true, he does not always hit so pat as to what is to come; but after all, he is seldom in the wrong; which makes us apt to think, the Devil helps him at a dead lift. Two Reals is the

Price

Price for every Question he answers, or his Master for him, which is all one, you know; and that will mount to Money at the Year's end, so that 'tis thought the Rogue is well to pass; and indeed much good may it do him, for he is a notable Fellow, and a boon Companion, and leads the merriest Life in the World, talks for six Men, and drinks for a dozen, and all this he gets by his Tongue, his Ape, and his Show.

By this time, Master Peter came back with his Puppet-Show, and his Ape in a Cart. The Ape was pretty lusty, without any Tail, and his Buttocks bare like a Felt. Yet he was not very ugly neither. Don Quixote no sooner saw him, but coming up to him, Mr. Fortune-teller, said he, will you be pleased to tell us, what Fish we catch, and what will become of us, and here's your Fee? saying this, he order'd *Sancho* to deliver Mr. Peter two Reals. Sir, answer'd Peter, this Animal gives no Account of Things to come; he knows something indeed of Matters past, and a little of the present. Odds bobs! quoth *Sancho*, I would not give a brass Jack to know what's past; for who knows that better than my self? I'm not so foolish as to pay for what I know already: But since you say he has such a knack at guessing the present, let Goodman Ape tell me what my Wife *Teresa* is doing, and what she is about, and here's my two Reals. I'll have nothing of you before-hand, said Master Peter; so clapping himself on his left Shoulder, up skipp'd the Ape thither at one frisk, and laying his Mouth to his Ear grated his Teeth: and having made Apish Grima es and a chattering Noise for a Minute or two, with another skip down he leap'd on the Ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his Knees, and embrasing his Legs, Oh glorious Restorer of Knight-Errantry, cry'd he, I embrase these Legs, as I would the Pillars of *Hercules*. Who can sufficiently

ficiently extol the great Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Reviver of drooping Hearts, the Prop and Stay of the Falling, the Raiser of the Fallen, and the Staff of Comfort to the Weak and Afflicted! At these Word, Don *Quixote* flood amaz'd, *Sancho* quak'd, the Page wonder'd, the Brayer bles'd himself, the Inn-keeper star'd, and the Scholar was in a brown Study, all astonish'd at Master Peter's Speech; who then turning to *Sancho*, And thou, honest *Sancho Pancho*, said he, the best Squire to the best Knight in the World, bles thy kind Stars; for thy good Spouse *Teresa* is a good House-wife, and is at this instant dressing a pound of Flax; by the same token, she has standing by her, on her left Hand, a large broken-mouth Jug, which holds a pretty scantling of Wine, to cheer up her Spirits. By yea, and nay, quoth *Sancho*, that's likely enough, for she's a true Soul, and a jolly Soul, and were it not for a Spice of Jealousy that she has now and then, I would not change her for the Giantess *Andindona* herself, who, as my Master says, was as clever a piece of Woman's Flesh as ever went upon two Legs. Well, much good may't do thee, honest *Teresa*; you are resolv'd to provide for one, I find, though your Heirs starve for it. Well! said Don *Quixote*, great is the Knowledge procur'd by Reading, Travel and Experience! What on Earth but the Testimony of my own Eyes could have persuaded me that Apes had the Gift of Divination! I am indeed the same Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, mention'd by this ingenious Animal, though I must confess somewhat underving of so great a Character as it has pleas'd him to bestow on me: But nevertheless I am not sorry to have Charity and Compassion bear so great a Part in my Commendation, since my Nature has always dispos'd me to do good to all Men, and hurt to none.

Now had I but Money, said the Page, I would know of Mr. Ape what Luck I shall have in the Wars. I have told you already, (said Master *Peter*, who was got up from before Don *Quixote*) that this Ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could, it should cost you nothing, for Don *Quixote*'s sake, whom to oblige, I would sacrifice all the Interest I have in the World; and as a Mark of it, Gentlemen, I freely set up my Show, and give all the Company in the House some Diversion *gratis*. The Inn-keeper hearing this, was overjoy'd, and ordered Master *Peter* a convenient Room to set up his Motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the mean time Don *Quixote*, who could not bring himself to believe that an Ape could do all this, taking *Sancho* to a Corner of the Stable; Look ye, *Sancho*, said he, I have been weighing and considering the wonderful Gifts of this Ape, and find in short, Master *Peter* must have made a secret Compact with the Devil. Nay, quoth *Sancho*, (misunderstanding the word *Compact*) if the Devil and he have pack'd any thing together in hugger-mugger, 'tis a pack of Roguery to be sure, and they are a pack of Knaves for their pains, and let 'em e'en pack together, say I. Thou dost not apprehend me, said Don *Quixote*; I mean, the Devil and he must have made an Agreement together, that Satan should infuse this Knowledge into the Ape, to purchase the Owner an Estate; and in return, the last has certainly engag'd his Soul to this destructive Seducer of Mankind. For the Ape's Knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the Devils, which only extends to the Discovery of things past and present, having no Insight into Futurity, but by such probable Conjectures and Conclusions as may be deduc'd from the former working of antecedent Causes; true Prescience and Prediction being the Sacred Prerogative of God, to

whose all-seeing Eyes, all Ages, past, present, and to come, without the Distinction of Succession and Termination, are always present. From this, I say, 'tis apparent this Ape is but the Organ through which the Devil delivers his Answers to those that ask it Questions; and this same Rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the Truth press'd out of his Bones. For sure neither the Master nor his Ape can lay any Pretence to Judicial Astrology; nor is the Ape so conversant in the Mathematicks, I suppose, as to erect a Scheme. Though I must confess, that Creatures of less Parts, as foolish illiterate Women, Footmen and Coblers, pretend now-a-days to draw Certainties from the Stars, as easily and readily as they shuffle a Pack of Cards, to the Disgrace of the Sublime Science, which they have the Impudence to profess. I knew a Lady that ask'd one of these Figure-casters, if a little foisting Bitch she had should have Puppies, and how many, and of what Colour? My Conjuror, after he had scrawl'd out his Scheme, very judiciously pronounce'd, that the pretty Creature should have Three delicate Puppies, one Green, one Red and another Mix'd colour'd; provided she would take Dog between Eleven and Twelve at Night or Noon, either on a *Monday* or a *Saturday*; and the Success happen'd as exactly as could be expected from his Art; for the Bitch some Days after, dy'd very fairly of a Surfeit, and Master Figure flinger was reputed a special Conjuror all the Town over, as most of these Fellows are. For all that, said *Sancho*, I would have you ask Master *Peter's* Ape, whether the Paffiges you told us concerning *Montesinos's* Cave be true or no; for saving the Respect I owe your Worship, I take them to be no better than Fables and idle Stories, or Dreams at least. You may think what you will, answer'd *Don Quixote*, however I'll do as you would have me, though I con-

fell my Conscience somewhat scruples to do such a thing. While they were thus engag'd in Discourse, Master *Peter* came and told *Don Quixote*, the Show was ready to begin, and desired him to come and see it, for he was sure his Worship would like it. The Knight told him, he had a Question to put to his Ape first, and desired he might tell him, whether certain things that happen'd to him in *Montesinos*'s Cave were Dreams or Realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them. Master *Peter* fetched his Ape immediately, and placing him just before the Knight and his Squire; Look you, says he, Mr. Ape, this worthy Knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in *Montesinos*'s Cave were true or no? Then upon the usual Signal, the Ape jumping upon Master *Peter*'s left Shoulder, chattered his Answer into his Ear, which the Interpreter delivered thus to the Enquirer. The Ape, Sir, says, That part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye, as to this Question; and now his Virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would know any more, you must stay till then, and he'll answer as many Questions as you please. Law you there now, quoth *Sancho*, did not I tell you, that all you told us of *Montesinos*'s Cave would not hold Water? That the Event will determine, reply'd the Knight, which we must leave to Process of Time to produce; for it brings every thing to light, though buried in the bowels of the Earth. No more of this at present: let us now see the Puppet-show; I fancy we shall find something in it worth seeing Something! said Master *Peter*, Sir, you shall see a Thousand things worth your Sight. I tell you, Sir, I defy the World to shew such another. I say no more: *Operibus credite & non verbis.* But now let us be gone, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say

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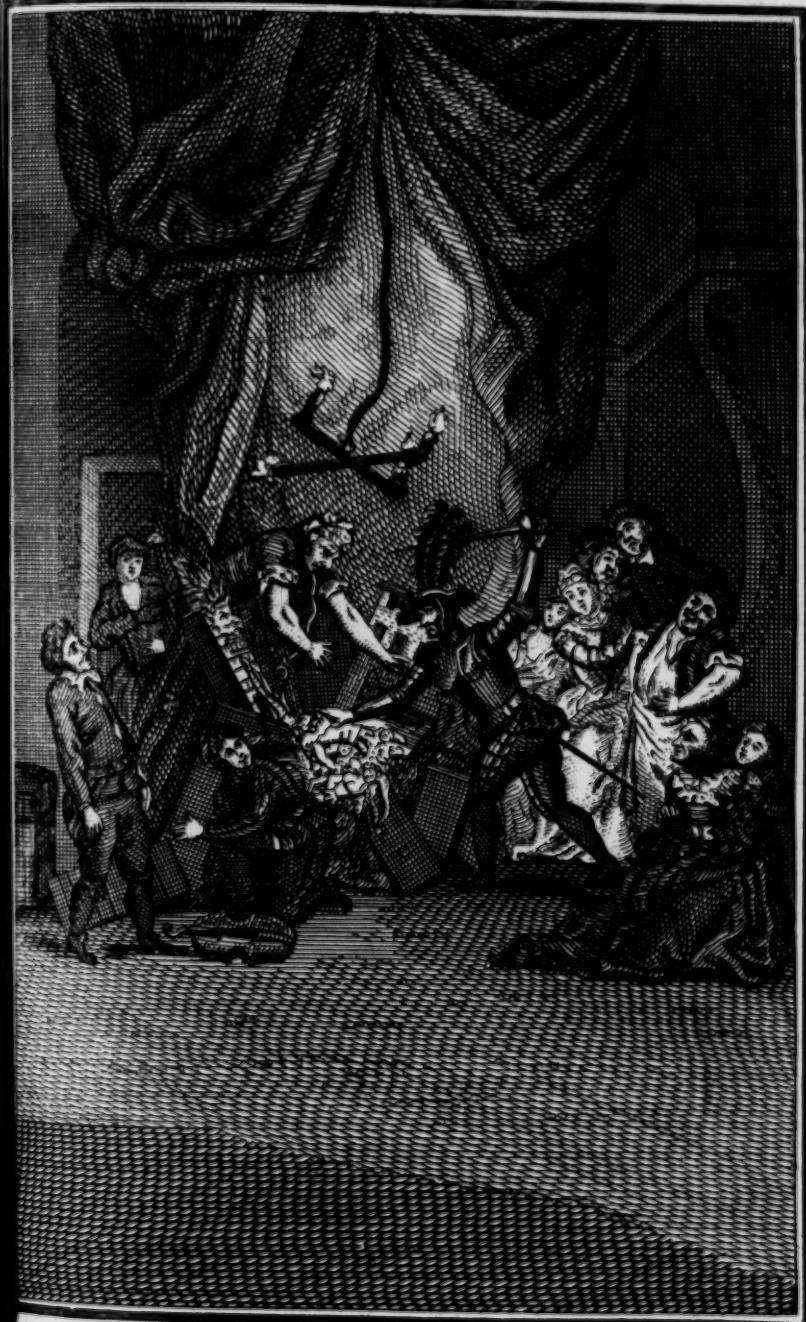
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say and show. Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* comply'd, and went into the Room where the Show stood, with a good Number of small Wax-Lights glimmering round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master *Peter* got to his Station within, being the Man that was to move the Puppets; and his Boy stood before to tell what the Puppets said, and with a White Wand in his Hand, to point at the several Figures as they came in and out, and explain the Mystery of the Show. Then all the Audience having taken their Places, Don *Quixote*, *Sancho*, the Scholar, and the Page, being preferr'd to the rest; the Boy, who was the Mouth of the Motion, began a Story, that shall be heard or seen by those, who will take the pains to read or hear the next Chapter.

C H A P. XXVI.

A pleasant Account of the Puppet-Play, with other very good Things truly.

THE *Tyrians* and the *Trojans* were all silent; that is, the Ears of all the Spectators hung on the Mouth of the Interpreter of the Show, when in the first place they had a loud Flourish of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets within the Machine, and then several Discharges of Artillery; which Prelude being soon over, Gentlemen, cry'd the Boy, raising his Voice, We present you here with a true History taken out of the Chronicles of France, and the Spanish Ballads, sung even by the Boys about the Streets, and in every Body's Mouth; it tells you how Don *Gayferos* deliver'd his Wife *Melisandra*, that was a Prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the City of *Sansuena*, now call'd *Saragosa*. Now, Gallants, the first Figure we present



Don Quixot's Adventure of the Puppet Show.



sent you with, is Don *Gayferos* playing at Tables according to the Ballad,

*Now Gayferos the live-long Day,
Oh errant Shame, at Draughts does play;
And, as at Court, most Husbands do,
Forgets his Lady Fair and True.*

Gentlemen, in the next place, mark t at Personage that peeps out there with a Crown on his Head, and a Sceptre in his Hand. 'Tis the Emperor *Charlemain*, the fair *Melisandra*'s reputed Father, who, vex'd at the Idleness and Negligence of his Son-in-Law, comes to chide him; and pray observe with what Paffion and Earnestness he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half a Dozen found Raps over the Pate with his Sceptre. Nay, some Authors don't stick to tell ye, he gave him as many, and well laid on too; and after he had told him how his Honour lay a Bleeding, till he had deliver'd his Wife out of Durance, among many other Pithy Sayings, look to it (quoth he to him as he went) I'll say no more. Mind how the Emperor turns his Back upon him, and how he leaves Don *Gayferos* nettl'd and in the Dumps. Now see how he starts up, and in a Rage dings the Tables one way, and whirls the Men another; and calling for his Arms with all haste, borrows his Cousin-German *Orlando*'s Sword. *Durindana* offers to go along with him in this difficult Adventure, but the valorous enrag'd Knight will not let him, and says, he's able to deliver his Wife himself, without his help, though they kept her down in the very Center of the Earth. And now he's going to put on his Armour, in order to begin his Journey.

Now, Gentlemen, cast your Eyes upon yon Tower; you are to suppose it one of the Towers of the Castle of *Saragosa*, now call'd the *Aljaferia*. That

That Lady, whom you see in the Balcony there in a *Moorish* Habit, is the peerless *Melisandra*, that casts many a heavy Look towards *France*, thinking of *Paris* and her Husband, the only Comfort in her Imprisonment. But now ! Silence, Gentlemen pray Silence ! here is an Accident wholly new the like perhaps never heard of before : Don't you see that *Moor* who comes a Tiptoe creeping and stealing along with his Finger in his Mouth behind *Melisandra*? Hear what a smack he gives on her sweet Lips, and see how she spits and wipes her Mouth with her white Smock-Sleeve ! See how she takes on, and tares her lovely Hair for very madness, as if 'twere to blame for this Affront. Next pray observe that grave *Moor* that stands in the open Gallery ! That's *Marfilius* the King of *Sansuena*, who having been an Eye-Witness of the Sauciness of the *Moor*, order'd him immediately to be apprehended, (tho' his Kinsman and great Favourite) to have two hundred Lashes given him, then to be carried thro' the City, with Criers before to proclaim his Crime, and Rods of Justice behind. And look how all this is put in Execution sooner almost than the Fact is committed. For your *Moors*, ye must know, don't use any Form of Indictment as we do, neither have they any Legal Trials. Child, Child, said *Don Quixote*, go on directly with your Story, and don't keep us here with your Excursions and Ramblings out of the Road : I tell you there had need be a formal Process and Legal Trial to prove Matter of Fact. Boy, said the Master from behind the Show, do as the Gentlemen bids you. Don't run so much upon Flourishes, but follow your plain Song, without venturing on Counter-Points, for fear of spoiling all. I will, Sir, quoth the Boy, and so proceeding. Now, Sirs, he that you see there a Horse-back wrapt up in the *Gascoign-Cloak*, is *Don Gayferos* himself whom his Wife (now re-

veng'd

veng'd on the *Moor* for his Impudence) seeing from the Battlements of the Tower, takes him for a Stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the Ballad;

*Quoth Melisandra, if per Chance
Sir Traveller, you go for France ;
For Pity's sake, ask when you're there,
For Gayferos, my Husband dear.*

I omit the rest, not to tire you with a long Story. 'Tis sufficient that he makes himself known to her, as you may gues by the Joy she shews; and accordingly now see how she lets her self down from the Balcony, to come at her loving Husband, and get behind him. But unhappily alas! one of the Skirts of her Gown is caught upon one of the Spikes of the Balcony, and there she hangs and hovers in the Air miserably, without being able to get down. But see how Heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the greatest Distress! Now Don *Gayferos* rides up to her, and not fearing to tear her rich Gown, lays hold on't, and at one pull brings her down; and then at one lift, sets her a-stride upon his Horse's Crupper, bidding her to sit fast, and clap her Arms about him, that she might not fall; for the Lady *Melisandra* was not us'd to that kind of Riding.

Observe now, Gallants, how the Horse neighs, and shews how proud he is of the Burden of his brave Master, and fair Mistress. Look now, how they turn their Backs, and leave the City, and gallop it merrily away towards *Paris*. Peace be with you, for a peerless Couple of true Lovers! May ye get safe and sound into your own Country, without any Let or ill Chance in your Journey, and live as long as *Nestor* in Peace and Quietness among your Friends and Relations: Plainness, Boy, cry'd Master *Peter*, none of your Flights, I beseech

beseech you, for Affectation is the Devil. The Boy answer'd nothing, but going on; Now, Sirs, quoth he, some of those idle People that love to pry into every thing, happen'd to spy *Melisandra* as she was making her Escape, and ran presently and gave *Marsilius* notice of it: whereupon he straight commanded to sound an Alarm; and now mind what a Din and Hurly-burly there is, and how the City shakes with the ring of the Bells backwards in all the Mosques! There you are out, Boy, said Don *Quixote*: The *Moors* have no Bells, they only use Kettle-Drums, and a kind of Shaulms like our Waits or Hautboys; so that your Ringing of Bells in *Sansuena* is a meer Absurdity, good Master *Peter*. Nay, Sir, (said Master *Peter*) giving over Ringing! if you stand upon these Trifles, with us, we shall never please you. Don't be so severe a Critick: Are there not a thousand Plays that pass with great Success and Applause, though they have many greater Absurdities, and Non-sense in abundance? On, Boy, on, let there be as many Impertinences as Moats, in the Sun; no matter, so I get but Money. Well said, answer'd Don *Quixote*. And now, Sirs, quoth the Boy, observe what a vast Company of glittering Horse come pouring out of the City, in pursuit of the Christian Lovers; what a dreadful Sound of Trumpets, and Clarions, and Drums, and Kettle-Drums there's in the Air. I fear they will overtake them, and then will the poor Wretches be dragg'd along most barbarously at the Tails of their Horses, which wou'd be sad indeed. Don *Quixote* seeing such a Number of *Moors*, and hearing such an Alarin, thought it high time to assist the flying Lovers; and starting up, It shall never be said while I live, cry'd he aloud, that I suffer'd such a Wrong to be done to so famous a Knight, and so daring a Lover as Don *Gayferos*. Forbear then your unjust Pursuit, ye base-born Rascals: Stop,

or prepare to meet my furious Resentment. Then drawing out his Sword, to make good his Threats, at one Spring he gets to the Show, and with a violent Fury lays at the *Moorish* Puppets, cutting and flashing in a most terrible manner; some he overthrows, and beheads others; maims this, and cleaves that in pieces. Among the rest of his merciless Strokes, he thunder'd one down with such a mighty Force, that had not Master *Peter* luckily duck'd and squatted down, it had certainly chopp'd off his Head as easily as one might cut an Apple. Hold, hold, Sir, (cry'd the Puppet-Player, after the narrow Escape) hold for pity's sake. What do you mean, Sir? These are no real *Moors* that you cut and hack so, but poor harmless Puppets made of Pasteboard. Think o' what you do, you ruin me for ever. Oh that ever I was born! you've broke me quite. But *Don Quixote*, without minding his Words, doubl'd and redoubl'd his Blows so thick, and laid about him so outrageously, that in less than two minutes he had cut all the Strings and Wires, mangl'd the Puppets, and spoil'd and demolish'd the whole Motion. King *Marsilius* was in a grievous Condition. The Emperor *Charlemain*'s Head and Crown were clest in two. The whole Audience was in a sad Consternation. The Ape scamper'd off to the top of the House. The Scholar was frighted out of his Wits; the Page was very uneasy, and *Sancho* himself was in a terrible Fright; for, as he swore after the Hurricane was over, he had never seen his Master in such a Rage before.

The general Rout of the Puppets being over, *Don Quixote*'s Fury began to abate; and with a more pacify'd Countenance turning to the Company, Now, said he, cou'd I wish all those incredulous Persons here who slight Knight-Errantry might receive Conviction of their Error, and behold undeniable Proofs of the Benefit of that Function: For

For how miserable had been the Condition of poor Don *Gayferos* and the fair *Melisandra* by this Time, had I not been here and stood up in their Defence! I make no Question but those Infidels wou'd have apprehended 'em, and us'd 'em barbarously. Well, when all's done, long live Knight-Errantry, long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this World. Ay, ay, said Master *Peter* in a doleful Tone, let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy, as to say with King * *Rodrigo*, *Yesterday I was Lord of Spain, to Day have not a Foot of Land I can call mine?* 'Tis not Half an Hour, nay scarce a Moment, since I had Kings and Emperors at Command. I had Horses in Abundance, and Chests and Bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor sorry undone Man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and in short a meer Beggar. What's worst of all, I've lost my Ape too, who I'm sure will make me sweat ere I catch him again; and all through the rash Fury of this Sir Knight here, who they say protects the Fatherless, redresses Wrongs, and does other charitable Deeds, but has fail'd in all these good Offices to miserable me, Heaven be prais'd for't: Well may I call him the Knight of the Woful Figure, for he has put me and all that belongs to me in a woful Case. The Puppet-player's Lamentations moving *Sancho's* Pity, Come, quoth he, don't cry Master *Peter*, thou break'st my Heart to hear thee take on so; Don't be cast down, Man, for my Master's a better Christian, I'm sure, than to let any poor Man come to Loss by him: When he comes to know he's done you Wrong, he'll pay you for every Farthing of Damage, I warrant you. Truly, said Master *Peter*, if his Worship wou'd but

* The last King of the Goths that reign'd in Spain conquer'd by the Moors.

make good at least some of the Damage he has done me, I'll ask no more, and he'll discharge a good Conscience; for he that wrongs his Neighbour, and does not make Restitution, can never hope to be sav'd, that's certain. I grant it, said Don *Quixote*; but I am not sensible how I have in the least injur'd you, good Master *Peter*. No, Sir! not injur'd me, cry'd Master *Peter*! Why these poor Re-licks that lie here on the cold Ground, cry out for Vengeance against you. Was it not the invincible Force of that powerful Arm of yours that has scatter'd and dismember'd them so? And whose were those Bodies, Sir, but mine? and by whom was I maintain'd, but by them? Well, said Don *Quixote*, now I am thoroughly convinc'd of a Truth, which I have had Reason to believe before, that those cursed Magicians that daily persecute me, do nothing but delude me, first drawing me into dangerous Adventures by the Appearances of them as really they are, and then presently after changing the Face of things as they please. Really and truly Gentlemen, I vow and protest before ye all that hear me, that all that was acted here, seem'd to me to be really transacted *ipso facto* as it appear'd. To me *Melisandra* appear'd to be *Melisandra*, *Don Gayferos* was *Don Gayferos*, *Mar-silius* *Mar-silius*, and *Charlemain* was the real *Charle-main*. Which being so, I could not contain my Fury, and acted according to the Duties of my Function, which obliges me to take the injured Side. Now, tho' what I have done proves to be quite contrary to my good Design, the Fault ought not to be imputed to me, but to my persecuting Foes; yet I own my self sorry for the Mischance, and will condeinn my self to pay the Costs. Let Master *Peter* see what he must have for the Figures that are damag'd, and I will pay it him now in good and lawful Money on the Nail. Heaven bless your Worship, cry'd Master *Peter*, with a profound

Cringe; I cou'd expect no less from the wonderful Christianity of the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the sure Relief and Bulwark of all miserable Wanderers. Now let my Landlord and the great *Sancho* be Mediators and Appraisers between your Worship and my self, and I'll stand to their Award: They agreed: and presently Master *Peter* taking up *Marfilius* King of *Saragossa*, that lay by on the Ground with his Head off: You see Gentlemen, said he, 'tis impossible to restore this King to his former Dignity; and therefore, with Submission to your better

* *Four Reals* Judgments, I think that for his Destruction, and to get him a Successor, * *seven and a half* Pence is little enough

o' Conscience. Proceed, said *Don Quixote*. Then for this that is cleft in two (said Master *Peter*,

taking up the Emperor *Charles*

† *Five Reals* main) I think he's richly worth † *One and a Quarter* and *Thirty Pence Half Penny*. Not so richly neither quoth *Sancho*. Truly,

said the Inn keeper, I think, 'tis pretty reasonable; but we'll make it even Money, let the poor Fellow have Half a Crown. Come said *Don Quixote*, let him have his full Price; we'll not stand haggling for so small a Matter in a Case like this: So make haste Master *Peter*, for 'tis near Supper time, and I have some strong Presumption that I shall eat heartily. Now, said Master *Peter* for this Figure here that's without a Nose and blind of one Eye, being the fair *Melisandra*, I'll be reasonable with you; give me * *Fourteen*

* *Two Reals* Pence, I wou'd not take less from and *Twelve* my Brother, Nay, said *Don Quixote Maravedis*, the Devil's in't if *Melisandra* be'n't by this Time with her Husband, upon the Frontiers of *France* at least; for the Horse that carry'd 'em seem'd to me rather to

shan to gallop; and now you tell me of a *Melisandra*

dra here without a Note forsooth, when 'tis Ten to One but she's now in her Husband's Arms in a good Bed in *France*. Come, come Friend, God help ev'ry Man to his own; let us have fair Dealing, so proceed. Master *Peter* finding that the Knight began to harp upon the old String, was afraid he would fly off; and making as if he had better consider'd of it, Cry y'e Mercy, Sir, said he, I was mistaken; this cou'd not be *Melisandra* indeed, but one of the Damsels that waited on her; and so I think Five Pence will be fair enough for her. In this manner he went on, setting his Price upon the Dead and Wounded, which the Arbitrators moderated to the content of both Parties; and the whole Sum amounted to Forty Reals and Three Quarters, which *Sancho* paid him down; and then Master *Peter* demanded Two Reals more, for the Trouble of catching his Ape. Give it him, said Don *Quixote*, and set the Monkey to catch the Ape; and now wou'd I give Two Hundred more to be assur'd that Don *Gayferos* and the Lady *Melisandra* were safely arrived in *France* among their Friends. No Body can better tell than my Ape, said Master *Peter*, though the Devil himself will hardly catch him, if Hunger, or his Kindness for me, don't bring us together again to Night. However to Morrow will be a new Day, and when 'tis light we'll see what's to be done.

The whole Disturbance being appeas'd, to Supper they went lovingly together; and Don *Quixote* treated the whole Company, for he was Liberality itself. Before Day, the Man with the Lances and Halberds left the Inn, and some Time after the Scholar and the Page came to take Leave of the Knight; the First to return Home, and the Second to continue his Journey, towards whose Charges Don *Quixote* gave him Twelve Reals. As for Master *Peter*, he knew too much of the Knight's Humour to desire to have any thing to do with him, and therefore

fore having pick'd up the Ruins of the Puppet Show, and got his Ape again, by Break of Day he pack'd off to seek his Fortune. The Inn-keeper, who did not know *Don Quixote*, was as much surpriz'd at his Liberality as at his Madness. In fine, *Sancho* paid him very honestly by his Master's Order, and mounting a little before Eight a Clock, they left the Inn, and proceeded on their Journey; where we will leave 'em, that we may have an Opportunity to relate some other Matters very requisite for the better understanding of this famous History.

CHAP. XXVII.

Wherein is discover'd who Master Peter was, and his Ape; as also Don Quixote's ill Success in the Braying Adventure, which did not end so happily as he desir'd and expected.

CID Hamet, the Author of this celebrated History, begins this Chapter with this Aſſeſſation, *I swear as a true Catholick*; which the Translator illustrates and explains in this manner: That Historian's making use of a Christian Oath, though he was a Mahometan Moor, ought to be receiv'd in no other Sense, than that, as a true Catholick, when he affirms any thing with an Oath, does or ought to swear Truth; so would he relate the Truth as impartially as a Christian would do, if he had taken such an Oath, in what he design'd to write of *Don Quixote*; especially as to the Account that is to be given us of the Person who was known by the Name of Master Peter, and the Fortune telling Ape, whose Answers occasion'd such a Noise, and created such an Amazement all over

the

the Country. He says then, that any one who has read the foregoing Part of this History, cannot but remember one *Gines de Passamonte*, whom Don Quixote had rescu'd, with several other Galley-Slaves, in *Sierra Morena*; a Piece of Service for which the Knight was not over burden'd with Thanks, and which that ungrateful Pack of Rogues repaid with a Treatment altogether unworthy such a Deliverance. This *Gines de P*....., or, as Don Quixote call'd him, *Ginesillo*, was the very Man that stole *Sancho*'s....., the manner of which Robbery, and the Time when it was committed, being not inserted in the first Part has been the Reason that some People have laid that, which was caus'd by the Printer's Neglect to the Inadvertency of the Author. But 'tis beyond all question, that *Gines* stole the *Als* while *Sancho* slept on his Back, making use of the same Trick and Artifice which *Brurello* practis'd when he carry'd off *Sacripante*'s Horse from under his Legs, at the Siege of *Albraca*. However, *Sancho* got Possession again, as has been told you before.

Gines it seems being obnoxious to the Law, was apprehensive of the strict Search that was made after him, in order to bring him to Justice for his repeated Villanies, which were so great and numerous, that he himself had wrote a large Book of 'em; and therefore he thought it advisable to make the best of his Way into the Kingdom of *Arragon*, and having clapp'd a Plaister over his Left Eye, resolv'd in that Disguise to set up a Puppet-Show, and stroll with it about the Country; for you must know, he had not his Fellow at any thing that could be done by Slight of Hand. Now it happen'd, that in his Way he fell into the Company of some Christian Slaves who came from *Barbary*, and struck a Bargain with 'em for this Ape, whom he taught to leap on his Shoulder at a certain Sign, and to make as if he whisper'd something in his Ear.

Having brought his Ape to this, before he enter'd into any Town he inform'd himself in the adjacent Parts, as well as he could, of what particular Accideuts had happen'd to this or that Person; and having a very retentive Memory, the first thing he did was to give 'em a Sight of his Show, that represented sometimes one Story and sometimes another, which were generally well known and taking among the Vulgar. The next thing he had to do, was to commend the wonderful Qualities of his Ape, and tell the Company, That the Animal had the Gift of revealing Things past and present;

* *About a* ^{but that in Things to come, he was al-} together uninstructed. He ask'd * Two *Skilling.* Reals for every Answer, tho' sometimes he lower'd his Price as he felt the Pulse of his Customers. Sometimes when he came to the Houses of People, of whose Concerns he had some Account, and who wou'd ask the Ape no Questions, because they did not care to part with their Money; he wou'd notwithstanding be making Signs to his Ape, and tell 'em, the Animal had acquainted him with this or that Story, according to the Information he had before; and by that means he got a great Credit among the common People, and drew a mighty Crowd after him. At other Times, though he knew nothing of the Person, the Subtilty of his Wit supply'd his want of Knowledge, and brought him off with Credit: and no Body being so inquisitive or pressing as to make him declare by what Means his Ape attain'd to this Gift of Divination, he impos'd on every one's Understanding, and got almost what Money he pleas'd.

He was no sooner come to the Inn, but he knew *Don Quixote, Sancho*, and the rest of the Company: But he had like to have paid dear for his Knowledge; had the Knight's Sword fallen but a little lower when he made King *Marsilius's* Head fly, and routed

routed all his *Moorish* Horse, as the Reader may have observ'd in the foregoing Chapter. And this may suffice in relation to Mr. Peter and his Ape.

Now let us overtake our Champion of *la Mancha*. After he had left the Inn, he resolv'd to take a Sight of the River *Ebro*, and the Country about it, before he went to *Saragossa*, since he was not straiten'd for Time, but might do that, and yet arriv'd soon enough to make one at the Justs and Tournaments at that City. Two Days he travell'd without meeting with any thing worth his Notice or the Reader's, when on the third, as he was riding up a Hill, he heard a great Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Guns. At first he thought some Regiment of Soldiers was on its March that Way, which made him spur up *Rozinante* to the Brow of the Hill, that he might see 'em pass by; and then he saw in a Bottom above two hundred Men, as near as he cou'd guess, arm'd with various Weapons, as Lances, Cross-bows, Partisans, Halberds, Pikes, some few Fire-locks, and a great many Targets. Thereupon he descended into the Vale, and made his Approaches towards the Battalion so near, as to be able to distinguish their Banners, judge of their Colours, and observe their Devices; more especially one that was to be seen on a Standard of white Sattin, on which was represented to the Life a masculine Ass, much like a *Sardinian* Ass-Colt, holding up his Head, stretching out his Neck, and thrusting out his Tongue in the very Posture of an Ass that is braying, with this Distich written in fair Characters about it,

*'Twas something more than Nothing which one Day
Made one and t'other Bailiff bray.*

Don *Quixote* drew this Inference from the Motto, That those were the Inhabitants of the braying Town, and he acquainted *Sancho* with what he had observ'd,

observ'd, giving him also to understand, that the Man who told 'em the Story of the two braying Aldermen was apparently in the Wrong, since according to the Verses on the Standard, they were two Bailiffs and not two Aldermen. It matters not one Rush what you call them, quoth *Sancho*; for those very Aldermen that bray'd might in Time come to be made Bailiffs of the Town, and so both those Titles might have been given 'em well enough. But what is it to you, or me, or the Story, whether the two Brayers were Aldermen or Bailiffs, so they but bray'd as we are told? As if a Bailiff were not as likely to bray as an Alderman?

In short, both Master and Man plainly understood, that the Men who were thus up in Arms, were those that were jeer'd for Braying, got together to fight the People of another Town, who indeed abus'd them more than was the part of good Neighbours; thereupon *Don Quixote* advanc'd towards them, to *Sancho*'s great Grief, who had no manner of liking to such kind of Adventures. The Multitude soon got about the Knight, taking him for some Champion, who was come to their Assistance. But *Don Quixote* lifting up his Vizor, with a graceful Deportment, rode up to the Standard, and there all the chief Leaders of the Army got together about him, in order to take a Survey of his Person, no less amaz'd at this strange Appearance than the rest. *Don Quixote* seeing 'em look so earnestly on him, and no Man offer so much as a Word or Question, took Occasion from their Silence to break his own; and raising his Voice, Good Gentlemen, cry'd he, I beseech you with all the Endearments imaginable, to give no Interruption to the Discourse I am now delivering to you, unles you find it distasteful or tedious; which if I am unhappy enough to occasion, at the least hint you shall give me, I will clap a Seal on my Lips, and a Padlock on my Tongue. They al
cry'd

cry'd that he might speak what he pleas'd, and they would hear him with all their Hearts. Having this License, Don *Quixote* proceeded. Gentlemen, said he, I am a Knight-Errant: Arms are my Exercise; and my Profession is to shew Favour to those that are in Necessity of Favour, and to give Assistance to those that are in Distress. I have for some time been no Stranger to the Cause of your Uneasiness, which excites you to take Arms to be reveng'd on your Insulting Neighbours; and having often busied my Intellectuals, in making Reflexions on the Motives which have brought you together, I have drawn this Inference from it, That according to the Laws of Arms, you really injure your selves, in thinking your selves affronted; for no particular Person can give an Affront to a whole Town and Society of Men, except it be by accusing 'em all of High-Treason in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix some Treasonable Action, of which he supposes some of them to be guilty. We have an Instance of this Nature in Don *Diego Ordóñez De Lara*; who sent a Challenge to all the Inhabitants of *Zamora*, not knowing that *Vellido de Oifos* had Assassinated the King his Master in that Town, without any Accomplices; and so accusing and defying 'em all, the Defence and Revenge belong'd to 'em all in general. Though it must be own'd, that Don *Diego* was somewhat unreasonable in his Defiance, and strain'd the Point too far: For, it was very little to the Purpose to defy the Dead, the Waters, the Bread, those that were yet Unborn, with many other ludicrous Matters mentioned in the Challenge. But it signifies not much; for when the Choler boils over, the Tongue grows unruly, and knows no Moderation. Taking it for granted then, that no particular Person can affront a whole Kingdom, Province, City, Commonwealth, or Body Politick; it is but just to con-

clude, That 'tis needless to revenge such a pretend-ed Affront; since such an Abuse is no sufficient Provocation, and indeed, positively no Affront. It would be a pretty Piece of Wisdom, truly, should those out of the Town of *Reloxa* sally out every Day on those, who spend their ill-natur'd Breaths miscalling 'em every while. 'Twould be a fine Business indeed, if the Inhabitants of those several famous Towns that are nick-nam'd by our Rabble, and call'd the one Cheese-mongers, the other Coster-mongers, these Fish-mongers, and those Soap-boilers, should know no better than to think themselves Dishonour'd, and in revenge, be always drawing out their Swords at the least Word, for every idle insignificant Quarrel. No, no, Hea-ven forbid! Men of Sagacity and Wisdom, and well-govern'd Commonwealths are never induc'd to take up Arms, nor endanger their Persons, and Estates, but on the four following Occasions. In the first Place, to defend the Holy Catholick Faith. Secondly, for the Security of their Lives, which they are commanded to preserve by the Laws of God and Nature. Thirdly, the Preservation of their good Name, the Reputation of their Family, and the Conservation of their Estates. Fourthly, the Service due to their Prince in a just War; and if we please, we may add a Fifth, which indeed may be referr'd to the Second, the Defence of our Country. To these five Capital Causes may be subjoin'd several others, which may persuade Men to vindicate themselves, and have Recourse even to the way of Arms: But to take 'em up for meer Trifles, and such Occasions as rather challenge our Mirth and contemptuous Laughter, than Revenge, shews the Person who is guilty of such Proceed-ings, to labour under a Scarcity of Sense. Besides, to seek after an unjust Revenge (and indeed no Human Revenge can be just) is directly against the Holy Law we profess, which commands us to forgive

forgive our Enemies, and to do good to those that hate us. An Injunction, which though it seems difficult in the implicit Obedience we shou'd pay to it; yet is only such to those who have less of Heaven than of the World, and more of the Flesh than of the Spirit. For, the Redeemer of Mankind, whose Words never could deceive, said, *That his Yoke was easy, and his Burden light*; and according to that, he could prescribe nothing to our Practice which was impossible to be done. Therefore, Gentlemen, since Reason and Religion recommend Love and Peace to you, I hope you will not render your selves obnoxious to all Laws, both Human and Divine, by a Breach of the publick Tranquillity — The Devil fetch me, quoth *Sancho* to himself, if this Master of mine must not have been bred a Parson; if not, he's as like one as one Egg is like another. *Don Quixote* paus'd a while, to take Breath; and perceiving his Auditory still willing to give him Attention, had proceeded in his Harangue, had not *Sancho*'s good Opinion of his Parts, made him lay hold on this Opportunity to talk in his Turn. Gentlemen, quoth he, my Master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, once call'd the Knight of the Woful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious Gentleman, and talks Latin and his own Mother-Tongue as well as any of your Varsity-Doctors. Whatever Discourse he takes in hand, he speaks ye to the purpose, and like a Man of Metal, he has ye all the Laws and Rules of that same thing you call *Duel* and *Punctilio* of Honour, at his Fingers Ends; so that you have no more to do but to do as he says, and if in taking his Counsel you ever tread awry, let the Blame be laid on my Shoulders. And indeed, as you've already been told, 'tis a very silly Fancy to hear one Bray; for I remember when I was a Boy, I could Bray as often as I listed, and no body went about to hinder me; and I could do it so rarely, and to the Life, without

without Vanity be it spoken, that all the Asses in our Town would fall a Braying when they heard me Bray; yet for all this, I was an honest Body's Child, and came of a good Parentage, d'ye see; 'tis true, indeed, four of the best young Men in our Parish envy'd me for this great Ability of mine; but I car'd not a Rush for their Spite. Now, that you mayn't think I tell you a Flam, do but hear me, and then judge; for this rare Art is like Swimming, which, when once learn'd, is never to be forgotten. This said, he clapp'd both the Palms of his Hands to his Nose, and fell a Braying so obstreperously, that it made the neighbouring Valleys ring again. But while he was thus Braying, one of those that stood next him, believing he did it to mock 'em, gave him such a hearty Blow with a Quarter-Staff, that down he brought him Neck and Shoulders to the Ground. Don *Quixote* seeing what a rough Entertainment had been given to his Squire, mov'd with his Lance in a threatening Posture towards the Man that had us'd poor *Sancho* thus; but the Crowd thrust themselves in such a manner between them, that the Knight found it impracticable to pursue the Revenge he design'd. At the same time, finding that a Shower of Stones began to rain about his Ears, and a great Number of Cross-Bows and Muskets were getting ready for his Reception, he turn'd *Rozinante*'s Reins, and Gallop'd from 'em as fast as four Legs would carry him, fending up his hearty Prayers to Heaven to deliver him from this Danger, and, being under grievous Apprehensions at every Step, that he should be shot through the Back, and have the Bullet come out at his Breast, he still went fetching his Breath, to try if it did any ways fail him. But the Country-Battalion were satisfy'd with seeing him fly, and did not offer to shoot at him.

As for *Sancho*, he was set upon his Ass before he had well recover'd his Senses, which the Blow had taken

taken from him, and then they suffer'd him to move off; not that the poor Fellow had Strength enough to guide him; but *Dapple* naturally follow'd *Rozinante* of his own accord, not being able to be a Moment from him. The Don being at a good Distance from the arm'd Multitude, fac'd about, and seeing *Sancho* pacing after him without any troublesome Attendants, stay'd for his coming up. As for the Rabble, they kept their Posts till it grew dark, and their Enemies having not taken the Field to give 'em Battle, they march'd Home, so overjoy'd to have shewn their Courage, without Danger, that had they been so well bred, as to have known the ancient Custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a Trophy in that Place.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Of some Things which Benengeli tells us, he that Reads shall know, if he Reads 'em with Attention.

WHEN the Valiant flies, he must have discover'd some foul Play, and 'tis the part of prudent Persons to reserve themselves for more favourable Opportunities. This Truth is verified in *Don Quixote*, who, rather than expose himself to the Fury of an incens'd and ill-designing Multitude, betook himself to Flight, without any Thoughts of *Sancho*, till he found himself beyond the reach of those Dangers in which he had left his trusty Squire involv'd. *Sancho* came after him, as we have told you before, laid a-crofs his A's, and having recover'd his Senses, overtook him at last, and let himself drop from his Pack-saddle at *Rozinante*'s Feet, all Batter'd and Bruis'd, and in a sorrowful

rowful Condition. Don *Quixote* presently dismount-ed to search his Wounds, and finding no Bones bro-ken, but his Skin whole from Head to Feet; You must Bray, (cry'd he angrily) you must Bray, with a Pox, must you! 'Tis a piece of excellent Discre-tion to talk of Halters in the House of a Man whose Father was Hang'd. What Counter-part could you expect to your Mulick, Blockhead, but a Thorough-Bass of Bastinadoes? Thank Prov-i-dence, Sirrah! that as they gave you a dry Bene-diction with a Quarter-Staff, they did not cro-s you with a Cutlass. I han't Breath to answser you at present, quoth *Sancho*, but my Back and Shoul-ders speak enough for me. Pray let's make the best of our way from this cursed Place, and whene'er I Bray again, may I get such another Polt on the Kidneys. Yet I can't help saying, that your Knight-Errant can betake themselves to their Heels to save one upon Occasion, and leave their trutly Squires to be beaten like Stock-fish, in the mid-st of their Enemies. A Retreat is not to be accounted a Flight, reply'd Don *Quixote*; for know, *Sancho*, that Courage that has not Wisdom for its Guide, falls under the Name of Temerity; and the rash Man's successful Actions are rather owing to his good Fortune, than to his Bravery. I own I did retire, but I deny that I fled; and in such a Retreat I did but imitate many Valiant Men who, not to hazard their Persons indiscreetly, re-serv'd themselves for a more fortunate Hour. His-tories are full of Examples of this nature, which I do not care to relate at present, because they would be more tedious to me, than profitable to thee.

By this time Don *Quixote* had help'd *Sancho* to bestride his As, and being himself Mounted on *Rozinante*, they Pac'd softly along, and got into a Grove of Poplar-Trees, about a Quarter of a League from the Place where they Mounted. Yet as los-si-

ly as they rode, *Sancho* could not help now and then heaving up deep Sighs and lamentable Groans. Don *Quixote* ask'd him, why he made such a heavy Moan? *Sancho* told him, That from his Rump to his Pole, he felt such grievous Pains, that he was ready to sink. Without doubt, said Don *Quixote*, the Intenseness of thy Torments, is by reason the Staff with which thou wert struck, was broad and long, and so having fallen on those Parts of thy Back, caused a Contusion there, and affects them all with Pain; and had it been of a greater Magnitude, thy Grievances had been so much the greater. Truly, quoth *Sancho*! you've clear'd that in very pithy Words, of which no Body made any doubt. Body of me! was the Cause of my Ailing so hard to be guess'd, that you must tell me that so much of me was sore as was hit by the Weapon? Shou'd my Ankle-bone ake, and you scratch your Head till you had found out the Cause of it, I wou'd think that something. But for you to tell me that Place is sore where I was Bruis'd, every Fool could do as much. Faith and Troth, Sir Master of mine, I grow Wiser and Wiser every Day: I find you're like all the World, that lay to Heart no Body's Harms but their own. I find whereabouts we are, and what I'm like to get by you; for e'en as you left me now in the Lurch to be well belabour'd and Rib-roasted, and t'other Day to dance the Carp-Galliard in the Blanket you wot of; so I must expect a Hundred and a Hundred more of these good Vails in your Service; and as the Mischief has now lighted on my Shoulders, next Bout I look for it to fly at my Eyes. A Plague of my Jolter-head, I have been a Fool and Sot all along, and am never like to be Wiser while I live. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my Wife and Children, and look after my House with that little Wit that Heauen has given me, without galloping after your Tail high and low,

low, through confounded cross Roads and By-ways, and wicked and crooked Paths, that the Ungodly themselves can't find out! And then most commonly to have nothing to moisten one's Weasand that's fitting for a Christian to drink, nothing but meer Element and Dog's Porridge! And nothing to stuff one's Puddings that's worthy of a Catholick Stomach? Then after a Man has tir'd himself off his Legs, when he'd be glad of a good Bed, to have Master cry, Here, are you sleepy? Lie down Mr. Squire, your Bed's made: Take six Foot of good hard Ground, and measure your Corps there; and if that won't serve, take as much more and welcome: You're at Rack and Manger, spare not, I beseech your Dogship; there's Room enough. Old Nick roast and burn to a Cinder that unlucky Son of Mischief that first set People a madding after this Whim of Knight-Errantry, or at least the first Ninny-hammer that had so little Forecast as to turn Squire to such a Parcel of Mad-men as were your Knights-Errant — in the Days of Yore I mean; I am better bred than to speak ill of those in our Time; no, I honour them, since your Worship has taken up this blessed Calling; for you've a long Nose, the Devil himself could not out-reach you, you can see farther into a Miltone than he. I durst lay a Wager, said Don *Quixote*, that now thou art suffered to prate without Interruption, thou feel'st no manner of Pain in thy whole Body. Pr'ythee talk on, my Child, say any thing that comes uppermost to thy Mouth, or is burdensome to thy Brain; so it but alleviates thy Pain, thy Impertinencies will rather please than offend me; and if thou hast such a longing Desire to be at home with thy Wife and Children, Heaven forbid I should be against it. Thou hast Money of mine in thy Hands: See how long 'tis since we fallied out last from Home, and cast up the Wages by the Month, and pay thy self. An't like your Wor-

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Worship, quoth *Sancho*, when I serv'd my Master *Carrasco*, Father to the Batchelor, your Worship's Acquaintance, I had two Ducats a Month, besides my Victuals: I don't know what you'll give me; tho' I'm sure there's more Trouble in being Squire to a Knight-Errant, than in being Servant to a Farmer; for truly we that go to Plough and Cart in a Farmer's Service, though we moil and sweat so a-days as not to have a dry Thread to our Backs, let the worft come to the worft, are sure of a Bellyful at Night out of the Pot, and to snore in a Bed. But I don't know when I have had a good Meal's Meat or a good Night's Rest in all your whole Service, unless it were that short time when we were at Don *Diego*'s House, and when I made a Feast on the savoury Skimming of *Camacho*'s Cauldron, and Eat, Drank, and Lay at Master *Bafu*'s. All the rest of my time I have had my Lodging on the cold Ground, and in the open Fields, subject to the Inclemency of the Sky, as you call it; living on the Rinds of Cheese, and Crusts of mouldy Bread; drinking sometimes Ditch-water, sometimes Spring, as we chanc'd to light upon't in our way. Well, said Don *Quixote* I grant all this, *Sancho*; then how much more dost thou expect from me, than thou hadst from thy Master *Carrasco*? Why, truly, quoth *Sancho*, if your Worship will pay me Twelve-pence a Month more than *Thomas Carrasco* gave me, I shall think it very fair, and tolerable Wages; but then instead of the Island which you know you promis'd me, I think you can't in Conscience give me less than six and thirty Pence a Month more, which will make in all Thirty Reals, neither more nor less. Very well, said Don *Quixote*, let's see then, 'tis now twenty five Days since we set out from home, reckon what this comes to, according to the Wages thou hast allowed thy self, and be thy own Pay-master. **Udsdiggers!** quoth *Sancho*, we are

are quite out in our Account; for as to the Governor of an Island's Place, which you promised to help me to, we ought to reckon from the time you made the Promise, to this very Day. Well, and pray how long is it, ask'd. *Don Quixote*? If I remember rightly, quoth *Sancho*, 'tis about some twenty Years ago, Two or Three Days more or less. With that *Don Quixote*, hitting himself a good clap on the Forehead, fell a Laughing heartily. Why, cry'd he, we have hardly been out two Months from the very beginning of our first Expedition, and in all the time we were in *Sierra Morena*, and our whole Progress: And hast thou the Impudence to affirm it's twenty Years since I promis'd the Grant of the Island? I am now convinc'd thou hast a mind to make all the Money which thou hast of mine in thy Keeping, go for the Payment of thy Wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good, e'en take it, and much Good may it do thee; for rather than be troubled any longer with such a Varlet, I would contentedly see my self without a Penny. But tell me, thou Perverter of the Laws of Chivalry that relate to Squires, where didst thou ever see or read, that any Squire to a Knight-Errant stood capitulating with his Master, as thou hast done with me, for so much or so much a Month? Launch, unconscionable Wretch, thou Cut-Throat Scoundrel; launch, launch, thou base Spirit of Mammon, into the vast Ocean of their Histories; and if thou canst shew me a Precedent of any Squire that ever dar'd to say, or but to think as much as thou hast presum'd to tell me, then will I give thee leave to affix it on my Forehead, and hit me four Fillips on the Nose. Away then, pack off with thy Ass this Moment, and get thee Home, for thou shalt never stay in my Service any longer. Oh how much Bread, how many Promises have I now ill bestow'd on thee! Vile groveling Wretch, that hast more of the Beast than of the Man!

When

When I was just going to prefer thee to such a Post, that in spight of thy Wife thou had'st been call'd my Lord, thou sneak'st away from me. Thou'rt leaving me, when I had fully resolv'd, without any more Delay, to make thee Lord of the best Island in the World, Sordid Clod! Well might'st thou say indeed, that Honey is not for the Chaps of an Ass. Thou art indeed a very Ass, an Ass thou wilt live, and an Ass thou wilt die; for I dare say, thou'l never have Sense enough while thou liv'st, to know thou art a Brute. While Don *Quixote* thus upbraided and rail'd at *Sancho*, the poor Fellow, all dismay'd, and touch'd to the quick, beheld him with a wittful Look; and the Tears standing in his Eyes for Grief, Good sweet Sir, cry'd he, with a doleful and whining Voice, I confess I want nothing but a Tail to be a perfect Ass; if your Worship will be pleas'd but to put one to my Back-side, I shall deem it well set on, and be your most faithful Ass all the Days of my Life: But forgive me, I beseech you, and take pity on my Youth. Consider I've but a dull Head-piece of my own; and if my Tongue runs at random sometimes, 'tis because I'm more Fool than Knave, Sir. Who errs and mends, to Heaven himself commends. I shou'd wonder much, said Don *Quixote*, if thou shouldst not interlard thy Discourse with some pretty Proverb. Well, I will give thee my Pardon for this once, provided thou correct those Imperfections that offend me, and shew'lt thy self of a less craving Temper. Take Heart then, and let the Hopes which thou may'st entertain of the Performance of my Promise, raise in thee a nobler Spirit. The Time will come, do not think it impossible because delayed. *Sancho* promised to do his best, though he could not rely on his own Strength.

Matters being thus amicably adjusted, they put into the Grove, where the Don laid himself at the Foot

Foot of an Elm, and his Squire at the Foot of a Beech; for every one of those Trees, and such others, has always a Foot, though never a Hand. *Sancho* had but an ill Night's Rest of it, for his Bruises made his Bones more than ordinarily sensible of the Cold. As for *Don Quixote*, he entertain'd himself with his usual Imaginations. However they both slept, and by Break of Day continu'd their Journey towards the River *Ebro*, where they met — what shall be told in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XIX.

The Famous Adventure of the incbanted Bark.

FAIR and softly, Step by Step, *Don Quixote* and his Squire got in Two Days Time to the Banks of the River *Ebro*, which yielded a very entertaining Prospect to the Knight. The Verdure of its Banks, and the abounding Plenty of the Water, which clear like liquid Crystal, flow'd gently along within the spacious Channel, awaked a thousand amorous Chimeras in his roving Imagination, and more especially the Thoughts of what he had seen in *Montesino's* Cave; for tho' Master *Peter's* Ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it all true; quite contrary to *Sancho*, who thought it every Tittle as false as Hell.

While the Knight went on thus agreeably mused, he spied a little Boat without any Oars or Tackle, moor'd by the River-Side to the Stump of a Tree: Thereupon looking round about him, and discovering no Body, he presently alighted, and ordered *Sancho* to do the like, and tye their Beal-

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fast to some of the Elms or Willows thereabouts. *Sancho* ask'd him what was the Meaning of all this? Thou art to know, answer'd Don *Quixote*, that most certain this Boat lies here for no other Reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the Relief of some Knight or other Person of high Degree that is in great Distress: For thus, according to the Method of Inchanter's, in the Books of Chivalry, when any Knight whom they protect happens to be involv'd in some very great Danger, from which none but some other valorous Knight can set him free; then though they be two or three thousand Leagues at least distant from each other, up the Magician snatches the auxiliary Champion in a Cloud, or else provides him a Boat, and in the Twinkling of an Eye, in either Vehicle, through the airy Fluid or the liquid Plain, he wafts him to the Place where his Assistance is wanted. Just to the same Intent does this very Bark lie here; 'tis as clear as the Day, and therefore, before it be too late, *Sancho*, tye up *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, let us commit our selves to the Guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though bare-footed Friars should beg me to desist. Well, well, quoth *Sancho*, if I must, I must: Since you will every Foot run haring into these — I don't know how to call them, these confounded Vagaries, I have no more to do but to make a Leg, and submit my Neck to the Collar; for, as the Saying is, *Do as thy Master bids thee, though it be to sit down at his Table*. But for all that, fall Back fall Edge, I must and will discharge my Conscience, and tell you plainly, that as blind as I am, I can see with Half an Eye, that it is no enchanted Bark, but some Fisherman's Boat; for there are many in this River, whose Waters afford the best Shads in the World. This Caution did *Sancho* give his Master while he was tying the Beasts to a Tree, and going to leave them to the Protection of Inchanter's, full fore

sore against his will. Don *Quixote* bid him not be concern'd at leaving them there, for the Sage who was to carry 'em through in a Journey of such an Extent and Longitude, would be sure to take care of the Animals. Nay, nay, as for that Matter, quoth *Sancho*, I don't understand your Longitude, I never heard such a cramp Word in my Born-days. Longitude, said Don *Quixote*, is the same as Length: I don't wonder that thou dost not understand the Word, for thou'rt not oblig'd to understand *Latin*. Yet you shall have some forward Coxcombs pretend to be knowing when they are ignorant. Now the Beasts are fast Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what's next to be done? Why now, answer'd Don *Quixote*, let us recommend our selves to Providence and weigh Anchor, or to speak plainly, embark and cut the Cable. With that, leaping in, and *Sancho* following, he cut the Rope, and so by Degrees the Stream carry'd the Boat from the Shore. Now when *Sancho* saw himself towards the Middle of the River, he began to quake for fear; but nothing griev'd his Heart so much as to hear *Dapple* bray, and to see *Rozinante* struggle to get loose. Sir, quoth he, hark how my poor *Dapple* brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor *Rozinante* tugs hard to break his Bridle, and is e'en wild to throw himself after us. Alack and alack! my poor dear Friends, Peace be with you where you are, and when this mad Freak, the Cause of our doleful parting, is ended in Repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet Company again. This said, he fell a blubbering, and set up such a Howl, that Don *Quixote* had no Patience with him, but looking angrily on him, What dost thou fear, cry'd he, thou great white-liver'd Calf? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou dastardly Craven, thou Cowardly Mouse, thou Soul of a Milk-sop, thou Heart of Butter? Dost want for any thing, base unsatisfy'd Wretch?

What

What would'st thou say, wert thou to climb barefoot the rugged *Riphean Mountains*? I thou that sittest here in State like an Archduke, Plenty and Delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm Current of this delightful River, which will soon convey us into the Main Ocean? We have already flow'd down some seven or eight hundred Leagues. Had I but an Astrolabe here to take the Latitude of the Pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded to an Inch: Tho' either I know but little, or we have just pass'd, or shall presently pass the *Equinoctial Line*, that divides and sets the two opposite Poles at an equal distance.

And when we come to this same *Line* you speak of, quoth *Sancho*, how far have we gone then? A mighty way, answered Don *Quixote*. When we come under the *Line* I spoke of, we shall have measured the other half of the Terraqueous Globe, which according to the System and Computation of *Ptolomy*, who was the greatest Cosmographer in the World, contains three hundred and sixty Degrees. Odsbodikins quoth *Sancho*, you've brought me now a notable Fellow to be your Voucher, Goodman *Tollme*, with his *Amputation* and *Cistern*, and the rest of your Gibberish! Don *Quixote* smil'd at *Sancho*'s Blunders, and going on, The *Spaniards*, said he, and all those that Embark at *Cadiz* for the *East-Indies*, to know whether they have pass'd the *Equinoctial-Line*, according to an Observation that has been often experienc'd, need do no more than look whether there be any Lice left alive among the Ship's Crew; for if they have pass'd it, not one is to be found in the Ship, though they would give his weight in Gold for him. Look therefore, *Sancho*, and if thou find'st any such Vermin still creeping about thee, then we have not yet pass'd the *Line*; but if thou dost not, then we have surely pass'd it. The Devil a Word I believe of all

all this, quoth *Sancho*. However, I'll do as you bid me. But hark you me, Sir, now I think on't again, where's the need of trying these Quirks; Don't I see with my two Eyes that we are not five Rods length from the Shore? Look you there stands *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, upon the very spot where we left them; and now I look closely into the Matter, I will take my Corporal Oath that we move no faster than a Snail can Gallop, or an Ant can Trot. No more Words, said *Don Quixote*, but make the Experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to Colures, Lines, Parallels, Zodiacks, Eclipticks, Poles, Solstices, Equinoctials, Planets, Signs, Points, and Measures, of which the Spheres Celestial and Terrestrial are compos'd; for didst thou know all these Things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what Parallels we have cut, what Signs we have pass'd, and what Constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thy self; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear from Vermin as a Sheet of white Paper. Thereupon *Sancho* advancing his Hand very gingerly towards the left side of his Neck, after he had grop'd a while, lifted up his Head; and staring in his Master's Face, look you Sir, quoth he, pulling out something, either your Rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair League from the Place you spoke of. How! answer'd *Don Quixote*, hast thou found something then, *Sancho*? Ay, marry have I, quoth *Sancho*; and more things than one too, and so saying he shook and snapp'd his Fingers, and then dipp'd his whole Hand into the River; down whose Stream the Boat drove gently along, without being mov'd by any secret Influence or hidden Inchantment, but only by the help of the Current, hitherto calm and smooth.





Don Quixote's Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

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By this time they descry'd two great Water-mills in the middle of the River, which Don *Quixote* no sooner spy'd, but calling to his Squire, Look, look, my *Sancho*, cry'd he! see'it thou yon City or Castle there! This is the Place where some Knight lies in Distress, or some Queen or Princess is detain'd, for whose Succour I am convey'd hither. What a Devil do you mean with your City or Castle, cry'd *Sancho*? Body of me! Sir, don't you see as plain as the Nose on your Face, they are nothing but Water-mills, in the midst of the River, to grind Corn; Peace, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, they look like Water-mills I grant you, but they are no such things: How often, have I not told thee already, do these Magicians change and overturn every thing as they please, not that they can change their very Being, but they disguise and alter the Appearances of them; in which we have an Instance in the unhappy Transformation of *Dulcinea*, the only Refuge of my Hope.

The Boat being now got into the very strength of the Stream began to move less slowly than it did before. The People in the Mills perceiving the Boat to come a-drift full upon the Mill-wheels, came running out with their long Poles to stop it; and as their Faces and Cloaths were powder'd all over with Meal-dust, they made a very odd Appearance. So-ho! there, cry'd they as loud as they could bawl, is the Devil in the Fellows? Are ye mad in the Boat there? Hold! You'll be drown'd, or ground to pieces by the Mill-wheels. Don *Quixote* having cast his Eyes on the Millers, Did I not tell thee, *Sancho*, said he, that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my Arm. Look what Hang-dogs, what horrid Wretches come forth to make Head against me! How many Hobgoblins oppose my Passage! Do but see what deform'd Phyliognomies

mies they have. Meet Bug-bears! But I shall make ye know, Scoundrels, how insignificant all your Efforts must prove. Then standing up in the Boat, he began to threaten the Millers in a haughty Tone: Ye paltry Slaves, cry'd he, base and ill-advis'd Scum of the World, release instantly the Captive Person who is injuriously detain'd and opprest'd within your Castle or Prison, be he of high or low Degree; for I am Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise call'd the Knight of the Lions; for whom the happy Atchievement of this Adventure is reserv'd, by the Decree of Heaven. This said, he unsheathe'd his Sword, and began to fence with the Air, as if he had been already engaging the Millers; who hearing, but not understanding his mad Words, stood ready with their Poles to stop the Boat, which was now near the Mill-dain, and falling into the rapid Stream and narrow Channel of the Wheels.

In the mean time, *Sancho* was devoutly fallen on his Knees, praying Heaven for a happy Deliverance out of this mighty Plunge, but this one time. And indeed his Prayers met with pretty good Success; for the Millers so bestirr'd themselves with their Poles that they stopp'd the Boat, yet not so cleverly but they over-set it, tipping Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* over into the River. 'Twas well for the Knight that he could swim like a Duck; and yet the weight of his Armour sunk him twice to the Bottom; and had it not been for the Millers, who jump'd into the Water, and made a shift to pull out both the Master and the Man, in a manner Craining them up, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hawl'd a shore, more over-drench'd than thirsty, *Sancho* betook himself to his Knees again, and with up-lifted Hands and Eyes made a long and hearty Prayer, that Heaven might

keep

keep him from this time forwards clear of his Master's rash Adventures.

And now came the Fisher-men who own'd the Boat, and finding it broken to pieces, fell upon *Sancho*, and began to strip him, demanding Satisfaction both of him and his Master for the Loss of their Bark. The Knight with a great deal of Gravity and Unconcern, as if he had done no manner of Harm, told both the Millers and the Fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the Boat, provided they would fairly surrender the Persons that were detain'd unjustly in their Castle. What Persons, or what Castle, you mad Oaf, said one of the Millers; Marry guep, would you carry away the Folk that come to grind their Corn at our Mills? So, said Don *Quixote*, a Man had as good preach to a Stone-wall, as to expect to persuade with intreaties such Dregs of Human Kind to do a good and generous Action. Two Sage Inchanters certainly clash in this Adventure; and the one thwarts the other: One provided me a Bark, t'other overwhelm'd me in it. Heaven send us better Times! There is nothing but Plotting and Counter-plotting, Undermining and Counter-mining in this World. Well, I can do no more. Then raising his Voice, and casting a fix'd Eye on the Water-mills, Well my dear Friends, cry'd he, who-ever you are that are immur'd in this Prison, pardon me, I beseech ye; for so my ill Fate and yours ordains, that I cannot free you from Oppression: The Adventure is reserv'd for some other Knight. This said, he came to an Agreement with the Fisher-men, and order'd *Sancho* to pay them fifty Reals for the Boat. *Sancho* pull'd out the Money with a very ill Will, and parted with it with a worse, muttering between his Teeth, that two Voyages like that would sink their whole Stock.

The Fisher-men and the Millers could not forbear admiring at two such Figures of Human Offspring, that neither spoke nor acted like the rest of Mankind: for they could not so much as guesst what *Don Quixote* meant by all his Extravagant Speeches; so taking them for Mad-men, they left 'em, and went the Millers to their Mills, and the Fisher-men to their Huts. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* return'd to their Beasts like a Couple of as senseless Animals; and thus ended the Adventure of the Inchanted Bark.

C H A P. XXX.

What happen'd to Don Quixote with the Fair Huntress.

WITH wet Bodies and melancholick Minds, the Knight and Squire went back to *Rozianne* and *Dapple*; though *Sancho* was the more cast down and out of Sorts of the Two; for it griev'd him to the very Soul to see the Money dwindle; being as chary of that as of his Heart's Blood, or the Apples of his Eyes. To be short, to Horse they went, without speaking one Word to each other, and left the famous River: *Don Quixote*, bury'd in his amorous Thoughts, and *Sancho* in those of his Preferment, which he thought far enough off yet. For, as much a Fool as he was, he plainly perceiv'd that all, or most of his Master's Actions were idle and silly: Therefore he but waited an Opportunity to give him the Slip, and go home, without coming to any farther Reckoning, or taking a formal Leave. But Fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 269

It happen'd that the next Day about Sun-set, as they were coming out of a Wood, Don *Quixote* cast his Eyes round a Verdant Meadow, and at the farther End of it descry'd a Company, whom upon a nearer View he judg'd to be Persons of Quality, that were taking the Diversion of Hawking; approaching nearer yet, he observ'd among 'em a very fine Lady upon a white pacing Mare, in green Trappings, and a Saddle of Cloth of Silver. The Lady her self was dress'd in Green, so Rich and so Gay, that nothing could be finer. She rode with a Goss-Hawk on her left Fist, by which Don *Quixote* judg'd her to be of Quality, and Mistress of the Train that attended; as indeed she was. Thereupon calling to his Squire, Son *Sancho*, cry'd he, run and tell that Lady on the Palfry with the Goss-Hawk on her Fist, that I the *Knight of the Lions* humbly salute her Highness; and that if she pleases to give me leave, I should be proud to receive her Commands, and have the Honour of waiting on her, and kissing her fair Hands. But take special Care, *Sancho*, how thou deliverest thy Message, and be sure don't Lard my Compliment with any of your old Saws. Why this to me, quoth *Sancho*? Marry, you need not talk of Larding, as if I had never went Ambassador before to a High and Mighty Dame. I don't know that ever thou did'st, reply'd Don *Quixote*, at least on my Account, unless it were when I sent thee to *Dulcinea*. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*: But a good Paymaster needs no Surety; and where there's Plenty the Guests can't be empty: That is to say, I need none of your telling nor tutoring about that matter; for, as silly as I look, I know something of every thing. Well, well, I believe it, said Don *Quixote*. Go then in a good Hour, and Heaven inspire and guide thee.

Sancho put on, forcing *Dapple* from his old Pace to a Gallop; and approaching the fair Huntress,

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he alighted, and falling on his Knees; Fair Lady, quoth he, that Knight yonder, call'd the *Knight of the Lions*, is my Master; I am his Squire, *Sancho Pança* by Name. This same *Knight of the Lions*, who but t'other Day was call'd *The Knight of the Woful Figure*, has sent me to tell you, That so please your Worship's Grace to give him leave with your good Liking, to do as he has a mind; which as he says and as I believe, is only to serve your high-flown Beauty, and be your eternal Vassal; you may chance to do a thing that would be for your own good, and he will take it for a huge-ous Kindness at your Hands. Indeed, honest Squire, said the Lady, you have acquitted your self of your Charge with all the graceful Circumstances which such an Embassly requires: Rise, pray rise, for 'tis by no means fit the Squire to so great a Knight, as *The Knight of the Woful Figure*, to whose Name and Merit we are no Strangers, should remain on his Knees. Rise then, and desire your Master, by all means to honour us with his Company, that my Lord Duke and I may pay him our Respects at a House we have hard by.

Sancho got up, no less amaz'd at the Lady's Beauty than at her Affability, but much more because she told him they were no Strangers to his Master, *The Knight of the Woful Figure*. Nor did he wonder why she did not call him by his Title of *Knight of the Lions*; considering, he had but late-ly assumed it.

Pray, said the Dutchesse, (whose particular Title we don't yet know) is not this Master of yours the Person, whose History came out in Print, by the Name of the *Renwn'd Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Mistress of whose Affections is a certain Lady call'd *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very same, an't please your Worship, said *Sancho*; and that Squire of his that is, or should be in the Book,

Sancho

Sancho Pança by name, is my own self, if I was not chang'd in my Cradle; I mean, chang'd in the Press. I am mighty glad to hear all this, said the Dutches. Go then, Friend *Pança*, and tell your Master, That I congratulate him upon his Arrival in our Territories, to which he is Welcome; and assure him from me, that this is the most agreeable News I could possibly have heard.

Sancho, over-joy'd with this gracious Answer, return'd to his Master, to whom he repeated all that the great Lady had said to him; praising to the Skies, in his clownish Phrase, her great Beauty and courteous Nature.

Don Quixote, pleas'd with this good beginning, seated himself handsomely in the Saddle, fix'd his Toes in his Stirrups, set the Bever of his Helmet as he thought best became his Face, rous'd up *Rozinante*'s Mettle, and with a graceful Assurance mov'd forwards to kiss the Dutches's Hand. As soon as *Sancho* went from her, she sent for the Duke her Husband, and gave him an account of *Don Quixote*'s Embassie. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleasant Impatience; for, having read the first Part of his History, they were no less desirous to be acquainted with his Person; and resolv'd, as long as he stay'd with them, to give him his own Way, and humour him in all things, treating him still with all the Forms essential to the Entertainment of a Knight-Er-rant; which they were the better able to do, having been much conversant with Books of that kind.

And now *Don Quixote* drew nigh with his Vizor up; and *Sancho* seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his Stirrup: But as Ill-luck would have it, as he was throwing his Leg over his Pack-Saddie to get off, he entangl'd his Leg so strangely in the Rope that serv'd him instead of a Stirrup, that not be-

ing able to get his Foot out, he hung by the Heel with his Nose to the Ground. On the other Side, Don *Quixote*, who was us'd to have his Stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking *Sancho* had hold of it already, lifted up his right Leg over the Saddle to alight; but as it happened to be ill-girt, down he brought it with himself to the Ground, confounded with Shame, and muttering between his Teeth many a hearty Curse against *Sancho*, who was all the while with his Foot in the Stocks. The Duke seeing them in that Condition, order'd some of his People to help them; and they rais'd Don *Quixote*, who was in no very good Case with his Fall; however, limping as well as he could, he went to pay his Duty to the Lady, and would have fall'n on his Knees at her Horse's Feet: But the Duke alighting, would by no means permit it; and embracing Don *Quixote*, I am sorry, said he, Sir Knight of the *Woful Figure*, that such a Mischance should happen to you at your first coming on my Ground, but the Negligence of Squires is often the Cause of worse Accidents. Most generous Prince, said Don *Quixote*, I can think nothing bad that could befall me here, since I have had the Happiness of seeing your Grace: For though I had fallen low as the very Center, the Glory of this Interview would raise me up again. My Squire indeed, a Vengeance seize him for't, is much more apt to give his saucy Idle Tongue a Loose, than to gird a Saddle well; but Prostrate or Erect, on Horseback or on Foot, in any Posture I shall always be at your Grace's Command, and no less at her Grace's, your worthy Consort's Service. Worthy did I say, yes, she is worthy to be call'd the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady of all Courtesy. Pardon me there, said the Duke, Noble Don *Quixote de la Mancha*; where the Peerless *Dulcinea* is remember'd, the Praise of all other Beauties ought to be forgot.

Sancho

Sancho was now got clear of the Noose, and standing near the Dutches, an't please your Wor-ship's Highness, quoth he, before his Master could answer, it can't be deny'd, nay, I dare vouch it in any Ground in *Spain*, that my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* is woundy handsome and fair: But *where we least think, there starts the Hare*. I've heard your great Scholards say, That she you call Dame Nature, is like a Potter, and he that makes one handsome Pipkin may make two or three Hundred. And so, d'ye see, you may understand by this, that my Lady Dutches here does not a jot come short of my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Don Quixote, upon this addressing himself to the Dutches, Your Grace must know, said he, that no Knight-Errant ever had such an eternal Babbler, such a bundle of Conceit for a Squire, as I have; and if I have the honour to continue for some time in your Service, your Grace will find it true. I am glad, answer'd the Dutches, that honest *Sancho* has his Conceits, it's a shrewd sign he is wise; for merry Conceits, you know, Sir, are not the Offsprings of a dull Brain, and therefore if *Sancho* be jovial and jocose, I'll warrant him also a Man of Sense. And a Prater, Madam, added Don Quixote. So much the better, said the Duke; for a Man that talks well, can never talk too much. But not to lose our time here, Come on, Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, —— Knight of the Lions, your Highness should say, quoth *Sancho*: The Woful Figure is out of Date; and so pray let the Lions come in play. Well then, said the Duke, I intreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his Presence at a Castle I have hard by, where he shall find such Entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a Personage, such Honours as the Dutches and my self are wont to pay to all Knights-Errant that travel this Way.

Sancho having by this got *Rozinante* ready, and girded the 'saddle tight, Don *Quixote* mounted his Steed, and the Duke a stately Horse of his own; and the Dutchess riding between 'em both, they mov'd towards the Castle: She desir'd that *Sancho* might always attend near her, for she was extremely taken with his notable Sayings; *Sancho* was not hard to be intreated, but crowded in between 'em, and made a fourth in their Conversation. The Duke and the Dutchess were very well satisfied, esteeming themselves very fortunate in having an Opportunity to entertain at their Castle such a Knight Errant and such an erring Squire.

C H A P. XXXI.

Which treats of many and great Matters.

Sancho was over-joy'd to find himself so much in the Dutchess's Favour, flattering himself that he shou'd fare no worse at her Castle than he had done at Don *Diego*'s and *Basil*'s Houses; for he was ever a Cordial Friend to a plentiful way of Living, and therefore never fail'd to take such Opportunities by the Fore-top, where-ever he met them. Now the History tells us, that before they got to the Castle, the Duke rode away from them, to instruct his Servants how to behave themselves toward Don *Quixote*; so that no sooner did the Knight come near the Gates, but he was met by two of the Duke's Lacquies or Grooms in long Vests, like Night-Gowns, of fine Crimson Satin. These suddenly took him in their Arms, and lifting him from his Horse without any further Ceremony, Go great and mighty Sir, said they, and help my Lady Dutchess down. Thereupon Don

Quixote

Quixote went and offer'd to do it; and many Compliments, and much Ceremony pass'd on both sides: but in Conclusion, the Dutchess's Earnestness prevail'd; for she would not alight from her Palfry but in the Arms of her Husband, excusing her self from incommoding so great a Knight with so insignificant a Burden. With that the Duke took her down. And now, being enter'd into a large Court yard, there came two Beautiful Damsels, who threw a long Mantle of fine Scarlet over Don Quixote's Shoulders. In an Instant, all the Galleries about the Court-yard were crowded with Men and Women, the Domesticks of the Duke, who cry'd out, Welcome, Welcome, the Flower and Cream of Knight-Errantry! Then most, if not all of them, sprinkl'd whole Bottles of sweet Water upon Don Quixote, the Duke and the Dutchess. This Usage agreeably surpriz'd the Don, and this was indeed the first Day he knew and firmly believ'd himself to be a Real Knight-Errant, and that his Knighthood was more than Fancy; finding himself treated just as he had read the Brothers of the Order were entertain'd in former Ages.

Sansho was so transported, that he even forsook his beloved *Dapple*, to keep close to the Dutchess, and enter'd the Castle with the Company: But his Conscience flying in his Face for leaving that dear Companion of his alone, he went to a Reverend old *Duena*, who was one of the Dutchess's Retinue, and whispering her in the Ear, Mrs. *Gonfales*, or Mrs. — Pray forsooth may I crave your Name? *Duena Rodriguez de Grijalva* is my Name, said the old Waiting-Woman; What is your Business with me, Friend? Pray now, Mistress, quoth *Sansho*, do so much as go out at the Castle-Gate, where you'll find a *Dapple* Ass of mine; see him put into the Stable, or else put him in your self; for poor thing, 'tis main fearful and timorous, and can't abide

abide to be alone in a strange Place. If the Master, said she pettishly, has no more Manners than the Man, we shall have a fine time on't. Get you gone, you saucy Jack, the Devil take thee and him that brought you hither, to affront me. Go seek somewhere else for Ladies to look to your Ass, you Lollpoop? I'd have you to know, that Gentlewomen like me are not us'd to such Drudgeries. Don't take Pepper in your Nose at it, reply'd *Sancho*, you need not be so frumpish, Mistress. As good as you have done it. I have heard my Master say (and he knows all the Histories in the World) that when Sir *Lancelot* came out of *Britain*, Damsels look'd after him, and Waiting-women after his Horse. Now by my Troth! whether you believe it or no, I would not swop my Ass for Sir *Lancelot's* Horse, I'll tell you that. I think the Fool rides the Fellow, quoth the Waiting-woman: Hark you, Friend, if you be a Buffoon, keep your Stuff for those Chapmen that will bid you fairer. I would not give a Fig for all the Jests in your Budget. Well enough yet, quoth *Sancho*, and a Fig for you too, an' you go to that: Adad! should I take thee for a Fig, I might be sure of a ripe one, your Fig is rotten Ripe, forsooth; say no more; if Sixty is the Game, you're a Peep out. You Rascally Son of a Whore, cried the Waiting-woman, in a pelting Chafe, whether I am Old or no, Heaven best knows, I shall not stand to give an Account to such a Raggamuffin as thou, thou Garlick-eating Stinkard. She spoke this so loud, that the Dutchesse overheard her; and seeing the Woman so altered and as red as Fire, asked what was the Matter? Why, Madam, said the Waiting-woman, here's a Fellow would have me put his Ass in the Stable; telling me an idle Story of Ladies that looked after one *Lancelot*, and Waiting-women after his Horse; and because I won't be his Ossler, the Rake-shame very civilly

calls

calls me Old. Old, said the Dutches, that's an Affront no Woman can well bear. You are mistaken, honest *Sancho, Rodriguez* is very Young, and the long Vail she wears, is more for Authority and Fashion-sake, than upon account of her Years. May there be ne'er a good one in all those I've to live, quoth *Sancho*, if I meant her any Harm, only I've such a natural Love for my Ass, an't like your Worship, that I thought I cou'd not recommend the poor Titt to a more charitable Body than this same Madam *Rodriguez*. *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, with a four Look, do's this Talk befit this Place? D'you know where you are? Sir, quoth *Sancho*, every Man must tell his Wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought my self of *Dapple*, and here I spoke of him: Had I call'd him to mind in the Stable, I wou'd have spoken of him there.

Sancho has Reason on his side, said the Duke; and no Body ought to chide him for it. But let him take no further care, *Dapple* shall have as much Provender as he will eat, and be us'd as well as *Sancho* himself.

These small Jars being over, which yielded Diversion to all the Company, except Don *Quixote*, he was led up a stately Stair-Case, and then into a noble Hall, sumptuously hung with rich Gold-Brocade. There his Armour was taken off by Six young Damsels, that serv'd him instead of Pages, all of 'em fully instructed by the Duke and Dutches how to behave themselves so towards Don *Quixote*, that he might look on his Entertainment as conformable to those which the famous Knights-Erant receiv'd of Old.

When he was unarm'd, he appear'd in his close-Breeches, and Shamoy-doublet, raw-boned and meagre, tall and lank, with a pair of Lantern-Jaws that met i'the middle of his Mouth; in short, he made so very odd a Figure, that notwithstanding the strict Injunction the Duke had laid on the

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Young Females who waited on him, to stifle their Laughter, they were hardly able to contain. They desir'd he would give 'em leave to take off his Cloaths, and put him on a clean Shirt. But he would by no Means permit it, giving 'em to understand, That Modesty was as commendable a Virtue in a Knight as Valour; and therefore he desir'd them to leave the Shirt with *Sancho*; and then retiring to an adjacent Chamber, where there was a rich Bed, he lock'd himself up with his Squire, pull'd off his Cloaths, shifted himself, and then while they were alone he began to take him to Task.

Now said he, modern Buffoon and Jolter head of old, what canst thou say for thy self? Where learned you to abuse such a Venerable Ancient Gentlewoman, one so worthy of Respect as *Donna Rodriguez*? Was that a proper time to think of your *Dapple*? Or can you think Persons of Quality, who nobly entertain the Masters, forget to provide for their Beasts? For Heaven's sake, *Sancho*, mend thy Behaviour, and don't betray thy home-spun Breeding, lest thou be thought a Scandal to thy Master. Dost not thou know, saucy Ruttick, that the World often makes an Estimate of the Master's Discretion by that of his Serv'ts, and that one of the most considerable Advantages the great have over their Interiors, is to have Servants as good as themselves? Art thou not sensible, pitiful Fellow as thou art, the more unhappy I, that if they find thee a gross Clown, or a mad Buffoon, they will take me for some Hedge-Knight or paltry shifting Rook? Pr'ythee, therefore, dear *Sancho*, shun these Inconveniences; for he that aims too much at Jests and Drolling, is apt to trip and tumble, and is at last despis'd as an insipid ridiculous Buffoon. Then curb thy Tongue, think well, and ponder thy Words before they get loose; and take notice, we are come to a Place, whence by the Assistance of Heaven and the Force

of this puissant Arm, we may depart better'd five to one in Fortune and Reputation. *Sancho* promis'd him to behave himself better for the future, and to sew up his Mouth or bite out his Tongue, rather than speak one Word which was not duly consider'd, and to the purpose; so that his Master need not fear any one shou'd find out what they were. Don *Quixote* then dress'd himself, put on his Belt and Sword, threw his Scarlet-Cloak over his Shoulders, and clapt on a Montere-Cap of Green Velvet, which had been left him by the Damsels. Thus accoutred he enter'd the State-Room, where he found the Damsels rang'd in two Rows, attending with Water, and all Necessaries to wash in State; and having done him that Office, with many humble Curt'sies, and solemn Ceremonies immediately twelve Pages with the Gentleman-Sewer at the Head of 'em, came to conduct him to Supper, letting him know that the Duke and Dutches expected him. Accordingly, they led 'em in great Pomp, some walking before and some behind, into another Room, where a Table was magnificently set out for four People.

As soon as he appr ach'd, the Duke and the Dutches came as far as the Door to receive him, and with them a grave Clergyman, one of those that assume to govern Great Men's Houses, and who, not being nobly born themselves, don't know how to instruct those that are, but would have the Liberality of the Great measur'd by the Narrowness of their own Souls, making those whom they govern Stingy, when they pretend to teach 'em Frugality. One of these in all likelihood was this grave Ecclesiastick, who came with the Duke to receive Don *Quixote*.

After a thousand courtly Compliments on all sides, Don *Quixote* at last approach'd the Table, between the Duke and the Dutches, and here arose a fresh Contest; for the Knight, being offer'd the

the Upper End of the Table, thought himself oblig'd to decline it. However, he cou'd not withstand the Duke's pressing Importunities, but was forced at last to comply. The Parson sat right against him, and the Duke and the Dutchess on each Side.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder to see the Honour done his Master; and observing how many Ceremonies pass'd, and what Intreaties the Duke us'd to prevail with him to sit at the Upper End of the Table: With your Worship's good Leave, quoth he, I'll tell you what happen'd once in our Town, in reference to this stir and ado that you've had now about Places. The Words were scarce out of his Mouth, when Don *Quixote* began to tremble, as having reason to believe he was going to throw up some impertinent thing or other. *Sancho* had his Eyes upon him, and presently understanding his Motions, Sir, quoth he, don't fear; I won't be Unmannerly, I warrant you. I'll speak nothing, but what shall be pat to the purpose: I han't so soon forgot the Lesson you gave me about talking Sense or Nonsense little and much. I don't know what thou mean'st, said Don *Quixote*; say what thou wilt, so thou say'st it but quickly. Well, quoth *Sancho*, what I am going to tell you is every tittle true. Should I trip never so little in my Story, my Master is here to take me up, and give me the Lye. Pr'ythee, said Don *Quixote*, lie as much as thou wilt, for all me; I won't be thy hindrance. But take heed what thou say'st. Nay, nay, quoth *Sancho*, let me alone for that: I have heeded it and re-heeded it over and over, and that you shall see — I warrant you. Truly, my Lord, said Don *Quixote*, it were convenient, that your Grace should order this Fellow to be turned out of the Room; for he will plague you with a thousand Impertinences. Oh! as for that you must excuse me, said the Dutchess;

Sancho

Sancho must not stir a step from me; I'll engage for him, he shall say nothing, but what's very proper. Many and many proper Years, quoth *Sancho* may your Holiness live, Madam Dutchesse, for your good Opinion of me; tho' 'tis more your Goodness than my Deserts. Now then for my Tale.

Once upon a time a Gentleman in our Town, of a good Estate, and Family, for he was of the Blood of the *Alamos* of *Medina del Campo*, and married one *Donna Mencia de Quinones*, who was the Daughter of Don *Alonzon de Maramon*, a Knight of the Order of St. *Jago*, the very fame that was drown'd in the *Herradura*, about whom that Quarrel happen'd formerly in our Town, in which I heard say, that my Master Don *Quixote* was embroil'd, and little *Tom*, the Mad-cap, who was the Son of Old *Balvastro* the Farrier, happen'd to be sorely hurt — Is not all this true now, Master? Speak the Truth and shame the Devil, that their Worships Graces may know that I am neither a Prater nor a Liar. Thus far, said the Clergyman, I think thou art the first rather than the latter; I can't tell what I shall make of thee by and by. Thou producest so many Witnesses, *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, and mention'st so many Circumstances, that I must needs own, I believe what thou say'st to be true. But go on, and shorten the Story; for as thou beginnest, I'm afraid thou'l not have done these two Days. Pray don't let him shorten it, said the Dutchesse: Let him go his own way, tho' he were not to make an end these six Days; I'll hear him with Pleasure, and think the Time as pleasantly employ'd as any I ever pass'd in my Life — I say then, my Masters, quoth *Sancho*, that this same Gentleman I told you of at first, and I know him as well as I know my Right Hand from my Left, for 'tis not a Bow-shot from my House to his; this Gentleman invited a Husbandman to Dine with him, who was a poor Man

Man, but main Honest —— On, Friend, said the Chaplain, at the rate you proceed, you won't have made an end before you come to t'other World. I shall stop short of half Way, quoth *Sancho*, and it be Heaven's blessed Will: A little more of your Christian Patience, good Doctor! Now this same Husbandman, as I said before, coming to this same Gentleman's House, who had given him the Invitation, Heaven rest his Soul, poor Heart! for he's now dead and gone; and more than that, they say, he dy'd the Death of an Angel. For my part, I was not by him when he dy'd; for I was gone to Harvest-Work, at that very Time, to a Place call'd *Tremblique*. As you love your Life, Friend, said the Clergyman, leave your Reaping, come back quickly from *Tremblique*, without staying to bury the Gentleman, unless you've a Mind to make more Funerals; and pray make an end of your Story. —— You must know then, quoth *Sancho*, that as two were ready to sit down at Table, — I mean, the Husbandman and the Gentleman — Methinks I see them now before my Eyes plainer than ever I did in my born Days. The Duke and the Dutches were infinitely pleas'd to find how *Sancho* spun out his Story, and how the Clergyman fretted at his Prolixity, and Don *Quixote* spent himself with Anger and Vexation. Well, quoth *Sancho*, to go on with my Story, when they were going to sit down, the Husbandman wou'd not sit till the Gentleman had taken his place; but the Gentleman made him a Sign to put himself at the Upper-end. By no means, Sir, quoth the Husbandman. *Sit down*, said t'other. *GoodyourWorship*, quoth the Husbandman --- *Sit where I bid thee*, said the Gentleman. Still the other excus'd himself, and would not; and the Gentleman told him, he should, as meaning to be Master in his own House. But the over-mannerly *Lolpoop*, fancying he should be huge well-bred and civil in it, scrap'd and cring'd, and

and refus'd; till at last the Gentleman, in a great Passion, e'en took him by the Shoulders and forc'd him into the Chair. Sit there, Clod-pate, cry'd he, for let me sit where-ever I will, that still will be the Upper-end, and the Place of Worship to thee. And now you have my Tale, and I think I ha' spoke nothing but what's to the Purpose.

Don *Quixote*'s Face was in a thousand Colours that speckl'd its natural Brown; so that the Duke and the Dutchesse were oblig'd to check their Mirth, when they perceiv'd *Sancho*'s Roguery, that Don *Quixote* might not be put too much out of Countenance. And therefore to turn the Discourse, that *Sancho* might not run into other Fooleries, the Dutchesse ask'd Don *Quixote*, what News he had of the Lady *Dulcinea*, and how long it was since he had sent her any Giants or Robbers for a Present, not doubting but that he had lately subdu'd many such? Alas! Madam, answer'd he, my Misfortunes have had a beginning, but they will never have an end. I have vanquished Giants, Elves and Cut-throats, and sent them to the Mistress of my Soul, but where shall they find her? She is Inchanted, Madam, and transform'd to the ugliest Piece of Rusticity that can be imagin'd. I don't know, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, when I saw her last she seem'd to be the finest Creature in the Varsal World; thus far at least I can safely vouch for her upon my own Knowledge, that for Activity of Body, and Leaping, the best Tumbler of 'em all does not go beyond her. Upon my honest Word, Madam Dutchesse, she'll Vault from the Ground upon her Ass like a Cat. Have you seen her Inchanted, said the Duke? Seen her, quoth *Sancho*? And who the Devil was the first that hit upon this Trick of her Inchantment, think you, but I? She is as much Inchanted as my Father.

The Church-man hearing 'em talk of Giants, Elves, and Inchantments, began to suspect this was

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was Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History the Duke so often us'd to read, tho' he had several times reprehended him for it; telling him, 'twas a Folly to read such Follies. Being confirm'd in his Suspicion, he address'd himself very angrily to the Duke. My Lord, said he, your Grace will have a large Account to give one Day, for Pampering this poor Man's Follies. I suppose this same Don *Quixote*, or Don *Quite Sot*, or whatever you are pleas'd to call him, cannot be quite so besotted as you endeavour to make him, by giving him such Opportunities to run on in his fantastical Humours. Then directing his Discourse to Don *Quixote*, Hark ye, said he, Good-man Addle-pate, who has put it into your Crown that you are a Knight-Errant, that you vanquish Giants and Robbers? Go, go, get you Home again, look after your Children, if you have any, and what honest Business you have to do, and leave wandring about the World, building Castles in the Air, and making your self a Laughing-stock to all that know you, or know you not. Where have you found, in the Name of Mischief, that there ever has been or are now any such Things as Knights-Errant? Where will you meet with Giants in *Spain*, or Monsters in *La Mancha*? Where shall one find your enchanted *Dulcinea's*, and all those Legions of Whimsies and Chimera's that are talk'd of on your Account, but in your empty Skull?

Don *Quixote* gave this reverend Person the hearing with great Patience to his severe Reprof. At last, seeing him Silent, without minding his Respect to the Duke and Dutches, up he started with Indignation and Fury in his Looks, and said— But his Answer deserves a whole Chapter by it self.

C H A P. XXXII.

*Don Quixote's Answer to his Reprover, with
other grave and merry Accidents.*

DON Quixote being thus suddenly got up, shaking from Head to Foot for Madness, as if he had Quick-silver in his Bones, cast an angry Look on his indiscreet Censor, and with an eager Delivery, sputtering and stammering with Choler. This Place, cry'd he, the Presence of these noble Persons, and the Respect I have always had for your Function, check my just Resentment, and tie up my Hands from taking the Satisfaction of a Gentleman. For these Reasons, and since every one knows that you Gown-men, as well as Women, use no other Weapon but your Tongues, I'll fairly engage you upon equal Terms, and combat you at your own Weapon. I should rather have expected sober Admonitions from a Man of your Character, than infamous Reproaches. Charitable and wholesome Correction ought to be manag'd at another rate, and with more Moderation. The least that can be said of this Reproof which you've given me here so bitterly, and in Publick, is, that it has exceeded the Bounds of Christian Correction, and a gentle one had been much more becoming. Is it fit, that without any Insight into the Offence which you reprove, you should without any more ado, call the Offender, Fool, Sot, and Addle-pate? Pray Sir, what foolish Action have you seen me do, that should provoke you to give me such ill Language, and bid me so Magistratically go Home to look after my Wife and Children, before you know whether I have any? Don't you think those deserve

deserve as severe a Censure, who screw themselves into other Men's Houses, and pretend to Rule the Master? A fine World 'tis truly, when a poor Pedant, who has seen no more of it than lies within twenty or thirty Leagues about him, shall take upon him to prescribe Laws to Knight-Errantry, and judge of those who profess it! You, forsooth, esteem it an idle Undertaking, and Time lost to wander through the World, though scorning its Pleasures, and sharing the Hardships and Toils of it, by which the Vertuous aspire to the high Seat of Immortality. If Persons of Honour, Knights, Lords, Gentlemen, or Men of any Birth, should take me for a Fool or a Coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable Affront. But for mere Scholars, that never trod the Paths of Chivalry, to think me mad, I despise and laugh at it. I am a Knight, and a Knight will I die, if so it please Omnipotence. Some chuse the high Road of haughty Ambition; others the low Ways of base servile Flattery; a Third sort take the crooked Path of deceitful Hypocrisy; and a few, very few, that of true Religion. I for my own Part, guided by my Stars, follow the narrow Track of Knight-Errantry; and for the Exercise of it, I despise Riches, but not Honour. I have redress'd Grievances, and righted the Injur'd, chastis'd the insolent, vanquish'd Giants, and trod Elves and Hobgoblins under my Feet! I am in Love, but no more than the Profession of Knight-Errantry obliges me, to be; yet I am none of this Age's vicious Lovers, but a chaste Platonick. My Intentions are all directed to virtuous Ends, and to do no Man Wrong, but Good to all the World. And now let your Graces judge, most excellent Duke and Dutchess, whether a Person who makes it his only Study to practise all this, deserves to be upbraided for a Fool.

Well

Well said, I'faith! quoth *Sancho*; say no more for your self, my good Lord and Master, stop when you're well; for there's not the least matter to be added more on your side, either in Word, Thought, or Deed. Besides, since Mr. Parson has had the Face to say point-blank, as one may say, that there neither are, nor ever were any Knights-Errant in the World, no mar'l he does not know what he says. What! said the Clergyman, I warrant you are that *Sancho Pança*, to whom they say your Master has promis'd an Island? Ay, marry am I, answer'd *Sancho*; and I am he that deserves it as well as another Body; and I am one of those of whom they say, *Keep with good Men and thou shalt be one of them*; and of those of whom 'tis said again, *Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed; and lean against a good Tree, and it will shelter thee*. I have lean'd and stuck close to my good Master, and kept him Company this many a Month; and now he and I are all one; and I must be as he is, an't be Heaven's blessed Will; live he, and I shall live. He sha'nt want Kingdoms to Rule, nor shall I want Islands to Govern.

That thou shalt not, honest *Sancho*, said the Duke; for I, on the great Don Quixote's Account, will now give thee the Government of an odd one of my own of no small Consequence. Down, down on thy Knees, *Sancho*, cry'd Don Quixote, and kiss his Grace's Feet for this Favour. *Sancho* did accordingly: But when the Clergyman saw it, he got up in a great Heat. By the Habit which I wear, cry'd he, I can scarce forbear telling your Grace, that you are as mad as these Sinful Wretches. Well may they be mad, when Wise Men humour and canonize their Frenzy; you may keep 'em here and stay with 'em your self, if your Grace pleases; but for my part I'll leave you and go home, to excuse my self from reprobating what

I can't remedy. With that, leaving the rest of his Dinner behind him, away he flung; the Duke and the Dutchesse not being able to pacify him: Though indeed the Duke could not say much to him, for Laughing at his impertinent Passion. When he had done Laughing, Sir Knight of the Lions, said he, you've answer'd so well for your self, and your Profession, that you need no farther Satisfaction of the angry Clergyman; especially if you consider, that whatever he might say, it was not in his Power to fix an Affront on a Person of your Character, since Women and Churchmen cannot give an Affront. Very true, my Lord, said Don Quixote; and the Reason is, because he that cannot receive an Affront, consequently can give none. Women, Children and Churchmen, as they cannot vindicate themselves when they are injur'd, so neither are they capable of receiving an Affront. For there is this difference betwixt an *Affront* and an *Injury*, as your Grace very well knows; an *Affront* must come from a Person that is bothable to give it, and maintain it when he has given it. An *Injury* may be done by any sort of People whatsoever. For Example, a Man walking in the Street about his Business is set upon by Ten arm'd Men, who cudgel him; he draws his Sword to revenge the Injury, but the Assailants over-powering him, he cannot have the Satisfaction he desi'd. This Man is injur'd, but not affronted. But to confirm it by another Instance; Suppose a Man comes behind another's Back, hits him a Box o'the Ear, and then runs away, the other follows him, but can't overtake him. He that has received the Blow has received an Injury, 'tis true, but not an Affront; because to make it an Affront, it should have been justify'd. But if he that gave it, though he did it basely, stands his Ground, and faces his Adversary, then he that receiv'd is both Injur'd and Affronted: Injur'd, because he was struck in a cowardly

Cowardly manner; affronted, because he that struck him stood his Ground to maintain what he had done. Therefore according to the settled Laws of Duelling, I may be Injured, but am not Affronted; for Children and Women are in no Danger, they need not fly, nor are they oblig'd to stand, and 'tis the same thing with the Clergy, for they carry no Arms, either Offensive or Defensive. Therefore though they are naturally bound by the Law of Self-preservation to defend themselves, yet are they not oblig'd to offend others. Upon second Thoughts then, though I said just now, I was Injur'd; I think now, I am not. For he that can receive no Affront, can give none. Therefore I ought not to have any Resentment for what that good Man said, neither indeed have I any. I only wish he would have staid a little longer, that I might have convinc'd him of his Error, in believing there were never any Knights-Errant in the World. Had *Amadis* or any one of his innumerable Race, but heard him say any thing like this, I can assure his Reverence, it would have gone hard with him. I'll be sworne it would, quoth *Sancho*; they would have undone him, as you would undo an Oyster; and have cleft him from Head to Foot, as one would slice a Pomegranate, or a ripe Muskmelion; take my word for't. They were a Parcel of tough Blades, and would not have swallow'd such a Pill. By the Mackins I verily believe, had *Rinaldo of Montalbæz* but heard the poor Toad talk at this rate, he would have laid him on such a Poult over the Chaps with his Shoulder o' Mutton Fist, as would have secur'd him from prating these three Years. Ay, ay, if he had fallen into their Clutches, see how he would have got out again!

The Dutcheis was ready to die with laughing at *Sancho*, whom she thought a more pleasant Fool, and a greater Mad-man than his Master; and she was

not the only Person at that time of this Opinion. In short, Don *Quixote* being pacify'd, they made an end of Dinner, and then while some of the Servants were taking away, there came in four Damsels, one carrying a Silver Bason, another an Ewer of the same Metal; a third two very fine Towels over her Arm, and the fourth with her Sleeves tuck'd above her Elbows, held in her Lilly-white Hand (for doubtless white it was) a large Wash-ball of *Naples-Sap*. Presently she that held the Bason, went very civilly, and clapp'd it under Don *Quixote*'s Chin, while he, wondring at this extraordinary Ceremony, yet fancying it was the Custom of the Country to wash the Face instead of the Hands, thrust out his long Chin, without speaking a Word; and then the Ewer began to rain on his Face, and the Damsel that brought the Wash-ball fell to Work, and be-lather'd his Beard so effectually, that the Suds, like huge Flakes of Snow, flew all over the passive Knight's Face; insomuch, that he was forc'd to shut his Eyes.

The Duke and the Dutchess, who knew nothing of the matter, stood expecting where this extraordinary Scouting would end. The Female Barber, having thus laid the Knight's Face a soaking a handful high in Suds, pretended she wanted Water, and sent another with the Ewer for more, telling her the Gentleman would stay for it. She went and left him in one of the most odd ridiculous Figures that can be imagined. There he sat expos'd to all the Company, with half a yard of Neck stretch'd out, his bristly Beard and Chaps all in a white Foam, which did not at all mend his Walnut Complexion, insomuch that 'tis not a little strange how those that had so comical a Spectacle before 'em could forbear laughing outright. The Malicious Damsels, who had a Hand in the Plot, did not dare to look up, nor let their Eyes

of the Renown'd *Don Quixote.* 291

Eyes meet those of their Master or Mistress, who stood strangely divided between Anger and Mirth, not knowing what to do in the Case, whether they should punish the Girls for their Boldness, or reward 'em for the Diversion they took in seeing the Knight in that Posture.

At last the Maid came back with the Water, and the other having rins'd off the Soap, she that held the Linen, gently wip'd and dry'd the Knight's Beard and Face; after which all four dropping a low Curt'sy, were going out of the Room. But the Duke, that *Don Quixote* might not smell the Jest, call'd to the Damsel that carried the Bason, and order'd her to come and wash him too, but be sure she had Water enough. The Wench being sharp and cunning, came and put the Bason under the Duke's Chin, as she had done to *Don Quixote*, but with a quicker Dispatch; and then having dry'd him clean, they all made their Honours, and went off. It was well they understood their Master's meaning, in serving him as they did the Knight; for as it was afterwards known, had they not done it, the Duke was resolv'd to have made 'em pay dear for their Frolick.

Sancho took great Notice of all the Ceremonies at this Washing. S'Life! quoth he, I'd fain know whether 'tis not the Custom of this Country to scrub the Squire's Beard, as well as the Knight's. For o' my Conscience mine wants it not a little. Nay, if they would run it over with a Razor too, so much the better. What art thou talking to thy self, *Sancho*, said the Dutchess? Why an't like your Grace's Worship, quoth *Sancho*, I'm only saying, that I've been told how in other great Houses, when the Cloth is taken away, they use to give Folks Water to wash their Hands, and not Suds to scour their Beards. I see now 'tis good to Live and Learn. There's a Saying indeed, He that

lives long, suffers much. But I have a huge Fancy, that to suffer one of these same Scourings is rather a Pleasure than a Pain. Well, *Sancho*, said the Dutches, trouble thy self no farther, I'll see that one of my Maids shall Wash thee, and if there be occasion, lay thee a Bucking too. My Beard is all I want to have scrubb'd at present, quoth *Sancho*. As for the rest, we'll think on't another time. Here, Steward, said the Dutches, see that *Sancho* has what he has a mind to, and be sure do just as he would have you. The Steward told her Grace, that Signior *Sancho* shou'd want for nothing; and so he took *Sancho* along with him to Dinner.

Mean while Don *Quixote* stay'd with the Duke and Dutches, talking of several Matters, but all relating to Arms and Knight-Errantry. The Dutches then took an Opportunity to desire the Knight to give a particular Description of the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*'s Beauty and Accomplishments, not doubting but his good Memory would enable him to do it well; adding withal, that according to the Voice of Fame, she must needs be the finest Creature in the whole World, and consequently in all *La Mancha*.

With that, Don *Quixote*, fetching a deep Sigh, Madam, said he, cou'd I rip out my Heart, and expose it to your Grace's View in a Dish on this Table, I might save my Tongue the Labour of attempting that which it cannot expres, and you can scarce believe; for there your Grace would see her Beauty depainted to the Life. But why should I undertake to delineate, and copy one by one each several Perfection of the Peerless *Dulcinea*? That Burden must be sustain'd by stronger Shoulders than mine: That Task were worthy of the Pencils of *Perrhasius*, *Timantes*, and *Apelles*, or the Tools of *Lysippus*. The Hands of the best Painters and Statuaries shou'd indeed be employ'd to give in Speaking Paint, in Marble and *Corinthian Brass*, an

exact

exact Copy of her Beauties; while *Ciceronian* and *Demosthenian* Eloquence labour'd to reach the Praise of her own Endowments. Pray, Sir, ask'd the Dutches, what do you mean by that Word *Demosthenian*? *Demosthenian* Eloquence, Madam, said Don *Quixote*, is as much as to say, the Eloquence of *Demosthenes*, and the *Ciceronian* that of *Cicero*, the two greatest Orators that ever were in the World. 'Tis true, said the Duke; and you but shew'd your Ignorance, my Dear, in asking such a Question. Yet the Noble Don *Quixote* would highly oblige us, if he would but be pleas'd to attempt her Picture now; for even in a rude Draught of her Lineaments, I question not but she will appear so Charming, as to deserve the Envy of the Brightest of her Sex. Ah! my Lord, said Don *Quixote*, it should be so indeed, if the Misfortune which not long since befel her, had not in a manner raz'd the Idea out of the Seat of my Memory; and as it is, I ought rather to bewail her Change, than describe her Person: For your Grace must know that as I lately went to Kiss her Hands, and obtain her Benediction and Leave for my intended Absence in quest of new Adventures, I found her quite another Creature than I expected. I found her Inchanted, Transform'd from a Princess to a Country-Wench, from Beauty to Ugliness, from Courtliness to Rusticity, from a Reserv'd Lady to a Jumping *Joan*, from Sweetness it self to the Stench of a Polecat, from Light to Darkness, from an Angel to a Devil; in short, from *Dulcinea del Toboso* to a Peasantess of *Sayago*. Bless us! cry'd the Duke with a loud Voice, What Villain has done the World such an Injury? Who has robb'd it not only of the Beauty that was its Ornament, but of those charming Graces that were its Delight, and that Virtue which was its Living Honour? Who should it be, reply'd Don *Quixote*, but one of those damn'd Inchanters, one of those numerous En-

vious Fiends, that without Cessation persecute me? That wicked Brood of Hell, spawn'd into the World to Eclipse the Glory of Good and Valiant Men, and Blemish their Exploits; while they labour to Exalt and Magnify the Actions of the Wicked. These Cursed Magicians have Persecuted me, and Persecute me now, and will continue till they have sunk me and my lofty Deeds of Chivalry into the Profound Abyss of Oblivion. Yes, yes, they chuse to Wound me in that Part which they well know is most sensible: Well knowing, that to deprive a Knight-Errant of his Lady, is to rob him of those Eyes with which he sees, of the Sun that enlightens him, and the Food that sustains him. For as I have often said, a Knight-Errant without a Lady, is like a Tree without Leaves, a Building without Mortar, or a Shadow without a Body that causes it.

I grant all this, said the Dutchesse; yet if we may believe the History of your Life, which was lately Publish'd with Universal Applause, it seems to imply, to the best of my Remembrance, that you never saw the Lady *Dulcinea*, and that there is no such Lady in the World; but rather that she is a meer Notional Creature, engender'd and brought forth by the Strength and Heat of your Fancy, and there Endow'd with all the Charms and good Qualifications, which you are pleas'd to ascribe to her.

Much may be said upon this Point, said Don *Quixote*; Heaven knows whether there be a *Dulcinea* in the World or not, and whether she be a Notional Creature or not. These are Mysteries not to be so narrowly enquir'd into. Neither have I Engender'd, or Begot that Lady. I do indeed make her the Object of my Contemplations, and as I ought, look on her as a Lady endow'd with all those Qualifications that may raise the Character of a Person to Universal Fame. She is to me

beautiful

beautiful without Blemish, reserv'd without Pride, generous with Modesty, agreeable for her Courteous Temper, and courteous, as an Effect of her generous Education; and, in short, of an Illustrious Parentage. For Beauty displays its Lustre to a higher Degree of Perfection when match'd with Noble Blood, than it can in those that are meanly Descended.

The Observation is just, said the Duke; but give me leave, Sir, to propose to you a Doubt, which the Reading of that History hath started in my Mind: 'Tis, that allowing there be a *Dulcinea* at *Toboso*, or elsewhere, and as Beautiful as you describe her, yet I do not find she can any way equal in Greatness of Birth the *Oriana*'s, the *Alastrajarea*'s, the *Madafima*'s, and a thousand others of whom we read in those Histories, with which you have been so Conversant. To this, said Don Quixote, I Answer, that *Dulcinea* is the Daughter of her own Actions, and that Virtue ennobles the Blood. A Virtuous Man of mean Condition, is more to be esteem'd than a Vicious Person of Quality. Besides, *Dulcinea* is posses'd of those other Endowments that may entitle her to Crowns and Scepters, since Beauty alone has rais'd many of her Sex to the Throne. Where Merit has no Limits, Hope may well have no Bounds; and to be Fair and Virtuous is so Extensive an Advantage, that it gives, tho' not a *Formal*, at least a *Virtual* Claim to larger Fortunes. I must own, Sir, said the Dutchess, that in all your Discourse, you, as we say, proceed with the Plummet of Reason, and Fathom all the Depths of Controversy. Therefore, I submit, and from this time I am resolv'd to believe, and will make all my Domesticks, nay, my Husband too, if there be Occasion, believe and maintain, that there is a *Dulcinea del Toboso* extant, and living at this Day; that she is Beautiful and of good Extraction; and to sum

up all in a Word, altogether deserving the Services of so great a Knight as the Noble *Don Quixote*; which I think is the highest Commendation I can bestow on her. But yet I must confess, there is still one Scruple that makes me uneasy, and causes me to have an ill Opinion of *Sancho*. 'Tis that the History tells us, that when *Sancho Pança* carried your Letter to the Lady *Dulcinea*, he found her Winnowing a Sack of Corn, by the same Token that it was the worst sort of Wheat, which makes me much doubt her Quality.

Your Grace must know, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that almost every thing that relates to me, is manag'd quite contrary to what the Affairs of other Knights-Errant us'd to be. Whether it be the unfathomable Will of Destiny, or the Implacable Malice of some envious Inchanter orders it so, or no, I can't well tell. For 'tis beyond all doubt, that most of us Knights-Errant still have had something peculiar in our Fates. One has had the Privilege to be above the Power of Inchantments, another to be Invulnerable, as the famous *Orlando*, one of the twelve Peers of *France*, whose Flesh, they tell us, was impenetrable every where but in the Sole of his left Foot, and even there too he cou'd be Wounded with no other Weapon than the Point of a great Pin; so that when *Bernardo del Carpio* deprived him of Life at *Roncesvalles*, finding he cou'd not Wound him with his Sword, he lifted him from the Ground, and squeez'd him to Death in his Arnis; rememb'ring how *Hercules* kill'd *Anæus*, that cruel Giant, who was said to be the Son of the Earth. Hence I infer, that probably I may be secur'd in the same manner, under the Protection of some particular Advantage, tho' 'tis not that of being Invulnerable; for I have often found by Experience, that my Flesh is tender, and not impenetrable. Nor does any private Preroga-

tive

tive free me from the Power of Inchantment; for I have found my self clapp'd into a Cage, where all the World cou'd not have Lock'd me up, but the force of Necromantick Incantations. But since I got free again, I believe that even the Force of Magick will never be able to confine me thus another time. So that these Magicians finding they cannot work their wicked Ends directly on me, revenge themselves on what I most esteem, and endeavour to take away my Life by persecuting that of *Dulcinea*, in whom, and for whom I live. And therefore I believe, when my Squire deliver'd my Embassy to her, they Transform'd her into a Country-Dowdy, poorly busied in the low and base Employment of Winnowing Wheat. But I do aver, that it was neither Rye, nor Wheat, but Oriental Pearl: and to prove this, I must acquaint your Graces, that passing t'other Day by *Toboso*, I could not so much as find *Dulcinea*'s Palace; whereas my Squire went the next Day, and saw her in all her native Charms, the most beautiful Creature in the World; yet when I met her presently after, she appear'd to me in the Shape of an Ugly, Course, Country-Mawkin, Boorish, and Ill-bred, though she really is Discretion it self. And therefore, because I my self cannot be enchanted, the unfortunate Lady must be thus enchanted, Mis-us'd, Disfigur'd, chopp'd and chang'd. Thus my Enemies wreaking their Malice on her, have reveng'd themselves on me, which makes me abandon my self to Sorrow, till she be restor'd to her former Perfections.

I have been the more large in this Particular, that no Body might insist on what *Sancho* said, of her sifting of Corn: For if she appear'd chang'd to me, what Wonder is it if she seem'd so to him. In short, *Dulcinea* is both Illustrious and well-born, being descended of the most ancient

and best Families in *Toboso*, of whose Blood I am Positive she has no small Share in her Veins; and now that Town will be no less famous in After-Ages for being the Place of her Nativity, than *Troy* for *Helen*, or *Spain* for * *Cava*, though on a more honourable Account.

As for *Sancho Pança*'s part, I assure your Grace he is one of the most pleasant Squires that ever waited on a Knight-Errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp Simplicities, that one is pleasantly puzzl'd to judge, whether he be more Knave or Fool. The Varlet, indeed, is full of Roguery enough to be thought a Knave; but then he has yet more Ignorance, and may better be thought a Fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing; and when one would think he had entangl'd himself in a piece of downright Folly beyond Recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the Skies. In short, I would not change him for the best Squire that wears a Head, tho' I might have a City to boot, and therefore I don't know whether I had best let him go to the Government which your Grace has been pleas'd to promise him. Though, I must confess, his Talent seems to lie pretty much that way: For, give never so little a whet to his Understanding, he will manage his Government as well as the King does his Customs. Then Experience convinces us, that neither Learning nor any other Abilities, are very material to a Governor. Have we not a Hundred of them that can scarce read a Letter, and yet they govern as sharp as so many Hawks. Their main Busines is

* The Nick-name of Count Julian's Daughter, who having been Ravish'd by King Rodrigo, occasion'd the bringing in of the Moors into Spain

only to mean well, and to be resolv'd to do their best; for they can't want able Counsellors to Instruct them. Thus those Governors who are Men of the Sword, and no Scholars, have their Assessors on the Bench to direct them. My Counsel to *Sancho* shall be, that he neither take Bribes, nor lose his Privileges, with some other little Instructions, which I have in my Head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both to his private Advantage, and the publick Good of the Island he is to Govern.

So far had the Duke, the Dutchess, and Don *Quixote* been discoursing together, when they heard a great Noise in the House, and by and by *Sancho* came running in unexpectedly into the Room where they sate, in a terrible Fright, with a Dish clout before him instead of a Bib. The Scullions, and other greasy Rabble of the Kitchen were about him, one of them pursuing him with a little Kneading-Trough full of Dish-water, which he endeavour'd by any means to put under his Chin, while another stood ready to have wash'd the poor Squire with it. How now, Fellow, said the Dutchess! What's the matter here? What would you do with this good Man? Don't you consider he's a Governor Elect? Madam, quoth the Barber-Scullion, the Gentleman won't let us wash him according to Custom, as my Lord Duke and his Master were. Yes marry but I will, quoth *Sancho*, in a mighty Huff, but then it shall be with clearer Suds, cleaner Towels, and not quite so slovenly Paws; for there's no such difference between my Master and me neither, that he must be wash'd with *Angel-Water*, and I with the Devil's Lye: So far the Customs of great Men's Houses are good as they give no Offence. But this same Beaulty washing in a Puddle, is worse Penance than a Friar's Flogging. My Beard is clean enough,

nough, and wants no such refreshing. Stand clear, you had best; for the first that comes to wash me or touch a Hair of my Head (my Beard I would say) Sir Reverence of the Company, I'll take him such a Dowfe o' the Ear, he shall feel it a Twelve-month after: For these kind of Ceremonies and Soapings, d'ye see, look more like Flouts and Jeers, than like a civil Welcome to Strangers! The Dutchesse was like to have burst her Sides with Laughing, to see *Sancho*'s Fury, and hear how he argu'd for himself. But Don *Quixote* did not very well like to see him with such a nasty Dish-Clout about his Neck, and made the Sport of the Kitchen-Pensioners. Therefore after he had made a deep Bow to the Duke, as it were desiring leave to speak, looking on the Scullions: Hark ye, Gentlemen, cry'd he, very gravely, Pray let the Young Man alone, and get you gone as you came, if you think fit. My Squire is as cleanly as another Man; your Trough won't do, you might as well have brought him a Dram-Cup. Away; be advis'd by me, and leave him: For neither he nor I can abide such slovenly Jestings. No, no, quoth *Sancho*, taking the Words out of his Master's Mouth, let them stay, and go on with their Show. I'll pay my Barbers, I'll warrant ye. They had as good take a Lion by the Beard as meddle with mine. Let 'em bring a Comb hither, or what they will, and Curry-comb it, and if they find any thing there that should not be there, I'll give 'em leave to cut and mince me as small as a Horse. *Sancho* is in the right, said the Dutchesse, still Laughing, and will be in the right, in all he says; he is as clean and neat as can be, and needs none of your scouring, and if he does not like our way of Washing, let him do as he pleases. Besides, you who pretend to make others clean, have shewn your selves now very Careless and Idle, I don't know

know whether I mayn't say Impudent too, to offer to bring your Kneading-Trough and your Dish-Clouts to such a Person, and such a Beard, instead of a golden Bason and Ewer, and fine Diaper-Towels. But you are a Pack of unmannerly Varlets, and like saucy Rascals as you are, can't help shewing your Spight to the Squires of Knights-Errant.

The greasy Regiment, and even the Steward, who was with them, thought verily the Dutchesse had been in earnest. So they took the Cloth from *Sancho*'s Neck, and sneaked off quite out of Countenance. *Sancho* seeing himself delivered from his Apprehension of this Danger, ran and threw himself on his Knees before the Dutchesse. Heaven bless your Worship's Grace, quoth he, Madam Dutchesse. Great Persons are able to do great Kindnesses. For my part, I don't know how to make your Worship amends for this you've done me now. I can only wish I might see myself an arm'd Knight-Errant for your sake, that I might spend all the Days of my Life in the Service of so high a Lady. I am a poor Country-Man, my Name is *Sancho Pança*, Children I have, and serve as a Squire. If in any of these Matters, I can do you any good, you need but speak; I'll be nimbler in doing than your Worship shall be in ordering. 'Tis evident *Sancho*, said the Dutchesse, that you have learn'd Civility in the School of Courtesy it self, and have been bred up under the Wings of Don *Quixote*, who is the very Cream of Compliment, and the Flower of Ceremonies. All Happiness attend such a Knight and such a Squire; the one the North Star of Chivalry-Errant, the other the bright Luminary of Squire-like Fidelity. Rise, my Friend *Sancho*, and assure your self, that for the Recompence of your Civilities, I will persuade my Lord Duke to put you in Possession of the

the Government he promis'd you, as soon as he can. After this, Don *Quixote* went to take his Afternoon's Sleep. But the Dutchesse desir'd *Sancho*, if he were not very sleepy, he would pass the Afternoon with her and her Woman in a cool Room. *Sancho* told her Grace, that indeed he did use to take a good sound Nap, some four or five Hours long in a Summer's Afternoon; but to do her good Honour a Kindness, he would break an old Custom for once, and do his best to hold up that Day, and wait on her Worship. The Duke on his Side gave fresh Orders, that Don *Quixote* should be entertain'd exactly like a Knight-Errant, without deviating the least step from the Road of Chivalry, such as is observable in Books of that kind.



C H A P. XXXIII.

The savoury Conference which the Dutchess, and her Women held with Sancho Pança, worth your Reading and Observation.

THE Story afterwards informs us, that *Sancho* slept not a Wink all that Afternoon, but waited on the Dutchess as he had promised. Being mightily taken with his comical Discourse, she order'd him to take a low Chair and sit by her; but *Sancho*, who knew better things, absolutely declin'd it, till she pres'd him again to sit as he was a Governor, and speak as he was a Squire; in both which Capacities he deserv'd the very Seat of *Cid Ruy Diaz*, the famous Champion. *Sancho* shrugg'd up his Shoulders and obey'd, and all the Dutchess's Women standing round about her to give her silent Attention, she began the Conference.

Now that we are private, said she, and no Body to over-hear us, I would desire you, my Lord Governor, to resolve me of some Doubts in the printed History of the great *Don Quixote*, which puzzle me very much. First, I find that the good *Sancho* had never seen *Dulcinea*, (the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* I should have said) nor carried her his Master's Letter, as having left the Table-Book behind him in *Sierra Morena*; how then durst he feign an Answer, and pretend he found her winnowing Wheat?

Wheat? A Fiction and Banter so injurious to the Reputation of the peerless *Dulcinea*, and so great a Blemish on the Character of a faithful Squire. Here *Sancho* got up without speaking a Word, laid his Finger on his Lips, and with his Body bent, crept cautiously round the Room, lifting up the Hangings, and peeping in every Hole and Corner: At last, finding the Coast clear, he return'd to his Seat. Now, quoth he, Madam Dutches, since I find there's no Body here but our selves, you shall e'en hear, without Fear or Favour, the Truth of the Story, and what else you'll ask me; but not a Word of the Pudding. First and Foremost I must tell you, I look on my Master Don *Quixote* to be no better than a down-right Madman, tho' sometimes he'll stumble on a Parcel of Sayings so quaint and so tightly put together, that the Devil himself could not mend 'em; but in the main, I can't beat it out of my Noddle but that he's as Mad as a *March-Hare*. Now, because I'm pretty confident of knowing his blind Side, whatever Crotchets comes into my Crown, though without either Head or Tail, yet can I make them pafs upon him for Gospel. Such was the Answer to his Letter, and another Sham that I put upon him but t'other Day, and is not in Print yet, touching my Lady *Dulcinea*'s Inchantment; for you must know, between you and I, she's no more enchanted than the Man in the Moon. With that, at the Dutches's Request, he related the whole Passage of the late pretended Inchantment very faithfully, to the great Diversion of the Hearers. But Sir, said the Dutches, I have another Scruple in this Affair no less unaccountable than the former; for I think I hear something whisper me in the Ear, and say, if Don *Quixote de la Mancha* be such a Shallow-brains, why does *Sancho Pança*, who knows him to be so, wait upon this Madman, and rely thus upon his vain extravagant Promises?

mises? I can only infer from this, that the Man is more a Fool than the Master; and if so, will not Madam Dutches be thought as Mad as either of 'em, to bestow the Government of an Island, or the Command of others, on one who can't govern himself? By'r Lady, quoth *Sancho*, your Scruple comes in Pudding-time. But it need not whisper in your Ear, it may e'en speak plain, and as loud as it will. I am a Fool that's certain, for if I'd been wise, I had left my Master many a fair Day since; but it was my Luck and my vile Errantry, and that's all can be said on't. I must follow him through Thick and Thin. We are both Towns-born Children; I have eaten his Bread, I love him well, and there's no Love lost between us. He pays me well, he has giv'n me three Colts, and I am so very true and trusty to him, that nothing but Death can part us. And if your High and Mightiness does not think fit to let me have this same Government, why even do so; with less was I born, and with less shall I die; it may be for the Good of my Conscience to go without it. I am a Fool 'tis true, but yet I understand the Meaning of the Saying, the Pismire had Wing to do her Hurt; and *Sancho* the Squire may sooner get to Heaven than *Sancho* the Governor. There's as good Bread bak'd here as in *France*, and *Joan's* as good as my Lady in the Dark. In the Night all Cats are gray. Unhappy's he that wants his Breakfast at Two in the Afternoon. 'Tis always good Fast-ing after a good Breakfast. There's no Man has a Stomach a Yard bigger than another, but let it be never so big, there will be Hay and Straw enough to fill it. A Belly full's a Belly full. The Sparrow speeds as well as the Sparrow-Yawk. Good Serge is fine, but coarse Cloth is warm; and four Yards of the one are as long as four Yards of the other. When the Hour is come we must all be pack'd.

pack'd off; the Prince and the Prick-Lorife go the same Way at last: the Road is no fitter for the one than the other, and the Pope and the Sexton may peer in the Pit; so good Den and good Night Friends must part, as the King said to his Hounds. And let me tell you again, if you don't think fit to give me an Island, cause I'm a Fool, I'll be so wise not to care whether you do or no. 'Tis an old Saying, the Devil lurks behind the Crofs. All is not Gold that glifters. From the Tail of the Plough, *Bamba* was made King of Spain; and from his Silks and Riches was *Rodrigo* caſt to be devour'd by the Snakes, if the old Ballads ſay true; and ſure they are too old to tell a Lye. That they are indeed, ſaid *Donna Rodriguez*, the old Waiting-woman, who listen'd among the reſt; for I remember one of the Ballads tells us, how *Don Rodrigo* was shut up alive in a Tomb full of Toads, Snakes and Lizards; and how after two Days, he was heard to cry out of the Tomb in a low and doleful Voice, Now they eat me, now they gnaw me in the Part where I ſinn'd moft: And according to this, the Gentleman is in the Right, in ſaying, He had rather be a poor Labourer, than a King, to be guaw'd to Death by Vermin.

Sancho's proverbial Aphorisms, and the ſimple Waiting-woman's Comment upon the Text, were no ſmall Diversion to the Dutchesſ. You know, ſaid ſhe, honest *Sancho*, that the Promise of a Gentleman or Knight, muſt be as precious and ſacred to him as his Life; I make no Question then, but that my Lord Duke (who is alſo a Knight, though not of your Master's Order) will infallibly keep his Word with you in reſpe&t of your Government. Take Courage then *Sancho*, for when you leaſt dream on't, in ſpite of all the Envy and Malice of the World, you will ſuddenly ſee your ſelf in

in full Possession of your Government, and seated in your Chair of State in your rich Robes, with all your Marks and Ornaments of Power about you. But be sure to administer true Justice to your Vassals, who by their Loyalty and Discretion will merit no less at your Hands.

As for the governing Part, quoth *Sancho*, let me alone. I was ever charitable and good to the Poor, and scorn to take the Bread out of another Man's Mouth. On the other side, by'r Lady, they shall play me no foul Play. I'm an old Cur at a Crust, and can sleep Dog-sleep when I List. I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the Cobwebs out of my Eyes. I know where the Shoe wrings me; I'll know who and who's together. Honesty's the best Policy. I'll stick to that. The Good shall have my Hand and Heart, but the Bad neither Foot nor Fellowship. And in my Mind, the main Point in this point of Governing, is to make a good Beginning. I'll lay my Life, that as simple as *Sancho* sits here, in a Fortnight's Time he'll manage ye this same Island as rightly as a Sheaf of Barley. You say well *Sancho*, said the Dutchess, for Time ripens all things. No Man's born wise; Bishops are made of Men, and not of Stones. But to return once more to the Lady *Dulcinea*; I am more than half persuaded that *Sancho*'s Design of putting the Trick upon his Master, was turn'd into a greater Cheat upon himself: For I am well assur'd, that the Creature whom you fancy'd to be a Country-Wench, and took so much pains to persuade your Master that she was *Dulcinea del Toboso*, was really the same *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and really enchanted, as *Don Quixote* thought; and the Magicians that persecute your Master first invented that Story, and put it into your Head. For you must know, that we have our Inchanters here that have a Kindness for us, and give us an Account of what

what happens in the World faithfully and impartially, without any Tricks or Equivocations ; and take my Word for't the jumping Country-Wench was and is still *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who is as certainly Inchanted as the Mother that bore her ; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her true Shape and in all her native Lustre, and then *Sancho* will find 'twas he himself was bubbl'd. Troth Madam, quoth *Sancho*, all this might well be : And now I'm apt to believe what my Master tells me of *Montesinos's Cave* ; where, as he says, he saw my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* in the self same Garb, and as handsome as I told him I had seen her when it came into my Noddle to tell him she was inchanted. Ay, my Lady, it must be quite contrary to what I ween'd, as your Worship's Grace well observes ; for, Lord bless us ! who the Devil can imagine that such a Numskull as I should have it in him to devise so cunning a Trick of a sudden ? Besides, who can think that my Master's such a Goose, as to believe so unlikely a Matter upon the single Vouching of such a dunder-headed Fellow as I ? But for all that, my good Lady, I hope you know better things than to think me a Knave ; alack-a-day, it can't be expected that such an Ignoramus as I am, shou'd be able to divine into the Tricks and Wiles of wicked Magicians. I invented that *Flam* only because my Master wou'd never leave teizing me ; but I had no Mind to abuse him, not I ; and if it fell out otherwise than I meant, who can help it ? Heaven knows my Heart. That's honestly said, answered the Dutchesse, but pray tell me, *Sancho*, What was it you were speaking of *Montesinos's Cave* ? I've a great Mind to know that Story. Thereupon *Sancho* having related the whole Matter to the Dutchesse ; Look you, said she, this exactly makes out what I said to you just now ; for since the great Don *Quixote* affirms

affirms he saw there the same Country-Wench that *Sancho* met coming from *Toboso*, 'tis past all doubt 'twas *Dulcinea*; and this shews the Inchanters are a subtil sort of People that will know every thing, and give a quick and sure Information. Well, quoth *Sancho*, if my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* be inchanted, 'tis the worse for her: What have I to do to Quarrel with all my Master's Enemies? They can't be few for ought I see, and they are plaguy Fellows to deal withal. Thus much I dare say, She I saw was a Country-Wench; a Country-Wench I took her to be, and a Country-Wench I left her. Now if that same Dowdy was *Dulcinea* in good Earnest, how can I help it? I ought not to be call'd to an Account for't. No, let the Saddle be set upon the right Horse, or we shall ne'er ha' done. *Sancho* told me this, cries one, *Sancho* told me that, cries t'other; *Sancho* o' this Side, *Sancho* o' that Side; *Sancho* did this, and *Sancho* did that; as if *Sancho* were I don't know who, and not the same *Sancho* that goes already far and near thro' the World in Books, as *Sampson Carrasco* tells me, and he's no less than a Batchelor of Arts at *Salamanca* Varsity, and such Folks as he can't tell a Lye, unless they be so dispos'd, or it stands them in good stead. So let no Body meddle or make, nor offer to pick a Quarrel with me about the Matter, since I'm a Man of Reputation; and, as my Master says, a good Name is better than Riches. Clap me but into this same Government once, and you shall see Wonders. He that has been a good Servant, will make a good Master; a trusty Squire will make a rare Governour I will warrant you. *Sancho* speaks like an Oracle, said the Dutchess; every thing he says is a Sentence like those of *Cato*, or at least the very Marrow of *Michael Verino*, *Florentibus occidit annis*; that is, he dy'd in his Spring: In short, to speak after his Way, Under a bad Cluak look for a good Drinker.

Faith

Faith and Troth Madam Dutches, quoth *Sancho*, I never drank out of Malice in my born Days; for Thirst perhaps I may; for I ha'nt a Bit of Hypocrify in me, I drink when I have Occasion, and sometimes when I have no Occasion: I'm no proud Man. d'ye see, and when the Liquor's offer'd me I whip it off, that they mayn't take me for a Churl or a Sneaksby, or think I don't understand my self nor good Manners; for when a Friend or a good Fellow drinks and puts the Glass to one, who can be so hard-hearted as to refuse to pledge him, when it costs nothing but to open one's Mouth? However, I commonly look before I leap, and take no more than needs must. And truly there's no fear we poor Squires to Knights-Errant should be great Trespassers that way. Alack-a-day! mere Element must be our daily Beveridge, Ditch-water, for want of better, in Woods and Deserts, on Rocks and Mountains, without lighting on the Blessing of one merciful Drop of Wine, though you'd give one of your Eyes for a single Gulp.

I believe it, *Sancho*, said the Dutches; but now it grows late, and therefore go and take some Rest; after that we'll have a longer Conversation, and will take Measures about *clapping* you suddenly into this same Government, as you're pleas'd to word it. *Sancho* kiss'd the Dutches's Hand once more, and begg'd her Worship's Grace that special Care might be taken of his *Dapple*, for that he was the Light of his Eyes. What is that *Dapple*, ask'd the Dutches? My Beast, a'nt like your Honour, answer'd *Sancho*; my Ass I would say, saving your Presence; but because I won't call him Ass, which is so common a Name among Men, I call him *Dapple*. 'Tis the very same Beast I wou'd have given Charge of to this same Gentlewoman when I came first to this Castle; but her Back was up presently, and she flew out

out as if I had call'd her ugly Face, old Witch, and what not. However, I'll be judged by any one, whether such like sober grave Bodies as the and other *Duenas* are, be not fitter to look after Asses, than to sit with a prim Countenance to grace a fine State Room? Passion o'my Heart! What a deadly Grudge a certain Gentleman of our Town, that shall be nameless, had to those Creatures! Some filthy Clown I dare engage, said *Donna Rodriguez* the *Duena*; had be been a Gentleman, or a Person of good Breeding, he wou'd have prais'd them up to the Skies. Well, said the Dutcheſſ, let's have no more of that; let *Donna Rodriguez* hold her Tongue, and Signior *Sancho Pança* go to his Repose, and leave me to take care of his *Dapple*'s good Entertainment; for since I find him to be one of *Sancho*'s Moveables, I'll place him in my Esteem above the Apple of my Eye. Place him in the Stable, my good Lady, reply'd *Sancho*, that's as much as he deserves; neither he nor I are worthy of being placed a Minute of an Hour where you said: Odsbobs! I'd sooner be stuck in the Guts with a Butcher's Knife, than you should be served so; I am better bred than that comes to; for tho' my Lord and Master has taught me, that in Point of Haviour one ought rather to over-do than under-do, yet when the Case lies about an Ass and the Ball of one's Eye, 'tis best to think twice, and go warily about the Matter. Well, said the Dutcheſſ, your Ass may go with you to the Government, and there you may feed him, and pamper him, and make as much of him as you please. Adad! my Lady, quoth *Sancho*, don't let your Worship think this will be such a strange Matter neither. I have seen more Asses than one go to a Government before now; and if mine goes too, 'twill be no new thing e'trow.

Sancho's Words set again the Dutches a Laughing; and so sending him to take his Rest, she went to the Duke, and gave him an Account of the pleasant Discourse between Her and the Squire. After this they resolved to have some notable Contrivance to make Sport with *Don Quixote*, and of such a romantick Cast as should humour his Knight-Errantry. And so successful they were in their Management of that Interlude, that it may well be thought one of the best Adventures in this famous History.

The End of the Thir'd Volume.



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